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NATURAL EDUCATION

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By

WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH SERIES

EDITED BY M. V. O'SHEA

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

During the last three or four years, the newspapers and magazines of the country have given much space to the discussion of a group of so-called precocious children. Probably no one in this group has received more attention than Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr. Her reported abilities have been analyzed by teachers and students of child development; and there has been a wide-spread desire to have more accurate and intimate knowledge of her actual attainments and her education than could be obtained through the public press. The writer of these lines, in projecting this series of volumes on *Childhood and Youth*, determined to secure a book, if possible, describing the training and abilities of Miss Stoner. With this end in view, he, in company with Dean Chambers of the University of Pittsburgh, paid a visit to the Stoner family in Pittsburgh, during the summer of 1913. Contrary to their expectations, they found young Miss Stoner far above the typical child of her age in physical vigor and stamina. At first glance she looked more like a child of nature than an intellectual prodigy. During the interview, and at the request of the visitors, she gave an exhibition of her linguistic, musical and artistic ability. She also recited some of her original jingles, constructed for the purpose of helping her remember dates and facts in history, rules in language and mathematics, and so on.

The visitors were so favorably impressed with the child's development, which seemed entirely natural although exceptional, that they both thought an account of her training should in some manner be put into print, so that parents, teachers and students of

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

child nature and education could have access to it. So the writer proposed to Mrs. Stoner, who has been the girl's chief teacher, that she should write this book. She was told that what was wanted was a simple, informal, concrete and unbiased statement of just what methods she employed in the training of her daughter which had produced such unusual results. "Tell the story in your book just as you are telling it to me," said the writer. "Be perfectly frank about it, even if you do rebel against bringing your domestic affairs into such publicity. Your daughter has already been discussed in the papers anyway, and it has really become necessary for you to describe how she has been trained in order to correct erroneous impressions, and to put a stop to certain wild conjectures which are circulating through the press."

So after some urging, Mrs. Stoner agreed to prepare this volume. She has succeeded in doing what was requested of her. She has given an intimate and detailed account of the methods she has used with her daughter, from the cradle up to the ninth or tenth year. She has done this in a wholly unaffected manner, and in an optimistic, cheerful and gracious spirit. During the last few years, several persons who have trained precocious children have appeared in print in condemnation of prevailing methods of education in the home and in the school. There appears to be a strange influence which a precocious child exerts upon his parents and teachers. They contract an almost morbid hostility to existing educational institutions and those who administer them. Their books are full of denunciation and bitterness. But there is not a word of this sort of thing in the present volume. Mrs. Stoner's book is wholly constructive and suggestive. She is writing on *natural* education, and she has made

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

her treatment illustrative of the thing that she is writing about. She has had very unusual opportunities for travel and for reading in educational and general literature, which fact will be readily apparent to any one who may read this book.

Probably every reader of these lines is familiar with Rousseau's *Émile*. The plans for the education of this mythical boy have exerted an extraordinary influence upon educational theory in many countries. But Rousseau's book is purely theoretical. It was probably written behind a desk, without any actual contact with children. Mrs. Stoner's book is written in as attractive a style as *Émile*; and it has the advantage of being an account of what has actually been accomplished, rather than an exposition of what an educational philosopher thinks would be desirable in bringing up a child. It is not beyond reason to expect that the present volume will do for the practise of teaching in home and in school what *Émile* has done for the theory of education.

Natural Education will be found to be a treasure house of practical devices for getting children to master useful knowledge in the play spirit. It would not be appropriate here to enter into a psychological analysis of Mrs. Stoner's methods and results; but it will be appropriate to point out that she has shown exceptional resourcefulness in devising captivating games of a competitive kind, to carry on which involves the learning of facts of educational value. The present writer has no doubt that Winifred Stoner's rapid learning of the usual branches of education has been due in large part to the fact that her play life has involved the use of subjects of educational value, while the typical child does not have an opportunity to play games in which he can utilize his geography

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

or Latin or history or geometry or spelling, or anything of the kind.

There is no attempt in this volume to discuss the question of the desirability of early mastery of the formal subjects of study. There will probably be some readers who will doubt the wisdom of teaching certain things as early as Mrs. Stoner taught them to her daughter. But it is not at all vital to the success of the methods employed whether they are used the first year of age, or deferred to the fifth year. The problem of the age at which a particular thing should be taught is relatively immaterial, as far as the matters presented in this book are concerned. The purpose has been to describe these methods, and to indicate how they have worked out in the case of a particular child. They would in all likelihood work out in much the same way with any child, though they might have to be postponed to a somewhat later age, and employed oftener and impressed by more frequent repetitions. Again, the question of inherited ability has not been considered in this volume. Doubtless some persons will think that Winifred Stoner's development has been due, in considerable part, to inherited genius. The settlement of this question would be of relatively little value for the parent or teacher, because the methods which have proved successful with the subject of this book would unquestionably be of value in the training of all children, though they might not profit by them as fully or as readily as has Winifred Stoner.

M. V. O'SHEA.

Madison, Wisconsin.

PREFACE

At the beginning of this century benevolent people were supposed to be engaged in building churches and founding universities for young men and women, but outside of helping to maintain asylums nothing was ever done for children. Now the young child is a topic of interest to philanthropists as well as to all mothers. Children are being guarded not alone from physical dangers, but wise men and women are looking into the child's intellectual and moral welfare.

The subject of early child training through environment and play methods seems to be one of vital interest to most parents. Mothers who realize that the glory of their country, as well as the happiness of their children, depends upon the child's earliest training, are giving up bridge parties and pink teas while striving to direct their little ones into paths leading to happiness and success.

During the last five years I have received hundreds of letters from mothers living in all parts of the world, who have asked for information concerning the methods used in training my little daughter, Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., so that she was able to write jingles and stories for newspapers and magazines at the age of five years.

I have devoted many hours in striving to answer these letters so that the inquiring mothers could have some idea of natural educational methods, but it has been impossible to give full explanations to each mother.

In response to the plea that I give my ideas to the world in book form, I hesitated, not wishing to use

PREFACE

my child as an illustrative example of an educational system. All mothers can sympathize with Mère Corbeau who thought her own crowlets so wondrously fair, and as mothers they can realize my difficult position in striving to speak of the apple of my eye as a psychological problem.

However, as mothers continue to ask me for information, I feel it is my duty to help them make the pathway to knowledge one of pleasure rather than drudgery. With this object in view and because I dearly love children and long to see them happy in the pursuit of knowledge, I am trying to tell how I trained my little daughter, who is not a genius (as some believe) but only a healthy, normal, happy child possessed of unusual physical strength and more knowledge than most children of her age through the help of living close to "Mother Nature," and in the company of the great giants "Observation" and "Concentration," and the spritely fairy "Interest," assisted by mortals' best friend, "Imagination."

W. S. S.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF THE EARLY DIRECTION OF TENDENCIES OR TALENTS	1
<p>Every child born with a talent—Retarding mental development—The temperamental and intellectual genius—"Insanity of genius"—Moderation in all things—Great men show talents in youth—Educational ideas of Professor James Thomson—Fate of precocious children—Mental work and physical strength—Opinion of Doctor Boris Sidis—What Spencer says—New products of early education—Cooperation of parents—How Winifred learned to compose jingles in the cradle.</p>	
II EARLIEST DEVELOPMENT	13
<p>Observation, concentration, interest, imagination—Losing powers from disuse—Parents must lay foundation of observative and concentrative powers—"Just as the twig is bent"—Senses to be keenly developed—Vergil a baby pacifier—The effect of classic poetry on a six-weeks-old baby—Effect of early impressions—Developing sound and sight—Remembrance of babyhood days—Making the child acquainted with its surroundings—Learning art in the cradle—Harm done by comic supplements—Developing color sense—Boys particularly need color training—Developing sight memory—Game of "Little Sharp Eyes" to protect children—A balloon best for baby's first toy—Teaching the baby to keep her hands out of her mouth—Every baby should have a brightly colored ball—Keeping baby busy—Effect of change in surroundings.</p>	
III LEARNING TO TALK	27
<p>The harm done by using "baby talk"—Professor Berle on teaching babies five-syllable words—Expressions learned in childhood cling</p>	

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

to us—How to talk to the baby—Word building—Learning English first—A secondary language—Esperanto best auxiliary tongue easily learned in the cradle—A diploma in Esperanto for a four-year-old—We know that which we impart—A dire prediction—Interest in foreign lands—The Junior Peace League of America—Esperanto missionaries—Bringing the world to “shut-ins”—Winifred translates Mother Goose into Esperanto—Professor Guerard’s opinion of this translation—The youngest teacher in Pittsburgh—Old-time airs to learn new words—University students adopting Winifred’s plan to study philology—Esperanto helps to learn other languages.

IV LEARNING THROUGH NATURE’S NURSE PLAY . . . 41

Child training as viewed by Professor William James—Play for a purpose—Work and play defined—How Winifred learned the English alphabet—The joy of service to be learned in the cradle—A child needs self-confidence—Winifred’s lack of conceit—A stab to mother-pride—Learning to read—Each child should have a library of his own—Reading for a purpose—Professor M. V. O’Shea on reading—Proof of this theory—Early musical training—Playing “Finding Notes”—Gaining ideas of rhythm and tone—Feeding the ear on melody—Music in nature—Hawaiians never tone-deaf—Cordelia voices—Learning to dance.

V MUSIC AND SPELLING 56

Usual method of learning music—Interesting ways to learn music—Melodies as exercises—First violin lessons—The mother should cooperate with her child in practising—Why we should all study music—A man known by the music he likes—Bismarck’s regret—Learning to spell through games—Making rhymes to help in spelling—Learning to spell by using the typewriter—The typewriter a good fairy—A hope that typewriters may take the place of pens—The pen an

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

instrument as well as the typewriter—How Winifred learned to write—Keeping a diary—Teaching children to write real letters to real people.

VI LEARNING ABOUT NATURE 69

Dame Nature best teacher—How Reverend Mr. Witte taught his famous son—An interesting way to learn botany—Walking in paths trod by Audubon—Interest in caterpillars—Stories of ants, bees, etc.—Learning about beetles—A lecture on spiders—Spiders compared with insects—No great lover of nature a villain—Nature used to save children from reformatories—A fund for outings—Luther Burbank on nature as a teacher—Winifred's garden—Camping—Mrs. Mary V. Grice on nature—Our friends in the woods—The ugly duckling and the swan—Stories about strange plants—A story of the oak—Largest oaks—Most famous oaks—Uses of oaks—The wishing oak—Children should have pets—Visits to zoos and aquariums—Science through natural play—Boy Scouts and Camp-Fire Girls—Playing in the sand—Playing with a globe—A day in Holland—A day in England—Gaining knowledge while teaching—Dolls of all nations—Modeline as a help—Traveling on a map—Studying physical geography—Never learned definitions—Games in the bath tub—Geography card game—Correspondence with foreigners—Teaching a lesson about the sun and his children—Winifred's geography fact book—Still continues to study geography—Learning geography through travel—A knowledge of God's and man's works.

VII LEARNING THROUGH STORIES, GAMES AND RHYMES 97

Stories help to educate children—Acting out the stories—Use of knowledge of mythology—Experiences with a doubting Thomas—Game to remember characters in mythology—Learning history—Rhymes help—A sample history lesson—No examinations—Pageants and plays without rehearsals—Telling, instead of reading stories—

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

The bones in rhyme—All young children should be taught anatomy and hygiene—Facts to teach reasoning—Characters in literature made real—Making thoughts of great men her own—Visiting homes of noted men—Other games—Profitable knowledge.

VIII THE LEARNING OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES . . . 111

Four factors of education—Reasoning powers developed by different languages—Latin in the cradle—Latin as taught in schools—Prussian method—Natural method—Interesting way to study etymology—Tools: a pen, blank book and dictionary—Other information thus gained—Mother Superbus wins—Using live sentences—Verb life of sentence—Learning English grammar through Latin—Game of building to show how to construct a language—Cicero's orations and Latin songs—Professor Gros' method of teaching French—Learning through teaching—Favorite books—The story "Les Trois Ours" used to teach French—An original French rhyme used to teach the use of X—Reasons why pupils use bad grammar—Simple rules—Games to teach grammar—Rhymes about vowels and consonants—A grammar star—Useless information—Practical knowledge—An "Anti's" opinion of my child—Winifred's opinion of tiddledywinks.

IX EXPLORATIONS IN THE REALMS OF MATHEMATICS . . . 128

The study of arithmetic not interesting—Winifred refuses to learn "the tables"—Professor Hornbrook comes to the rescue—What Professor Hornbrook has taught Winifred—Games played to learn the relation and use of numbers—Learning to add quickly through throwing dice—Never playing for more than fifteen minutes—A chart to help teach the tables—Game of two step, three step, etc.—Tin soldiers in battle—Playing knights—Addition and subtraction with a Japanese computer—A chart to learn odd and even numbers—Game of "Witch" to learn these numbers—Learn-

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

ing prime and composite numbers from Eratosthenes' sieve—Learning tables of weights and measures by practical games—Constant use of knowledge gained—Book called *Explorations in the Land of Arithmos*—Story told by Professor Hornbrook put into rhyme—The Giant Arithmos—Playing games with real money—Playing store—Earning money to learn its value—Questions in compound interest—Stop games while interest is intense—No quizzing—Winifred's methods of teaching arithmetic—Cancellation as a short route and also interesting game—Gaining practical knowledge of the price of food stuffs—Foreign currency—Learning historic data concerning the science of arithmetic—Learning Roman numbers—Winifred's Roman number chart—No use to study geometry by rote—Professor Hornbrook's *Concrete Geometry*—Winifred's description of the Land of Matematiko.

X EDUCATIONAL AMUSEMENTS 151

Play the chief end of man—Mothers amusing children—Glamour of fairy lore—The dramatic sense—Moving pictures—Games for sense development—Developing the bump of locality—Color games—Games of chance—Control of muscles—Resources within—How to make things—A treasure box—Using money to draw pictures—A gift box—Short intervals for sewing—Playing with many children rather than with one—Good for girls to play with boys—Every child should have a garden—Mothers to play with children—Economy in labor—Learning from the Japanese—Card games—Children too old to play—Danger in making mud pies—Pets for playmates—Each child to have a hobby—The mother to be interested in her child's hobby—The kodak as a hobby—Music as amusement—Singing for long life—Social clubs—Books the best amusement—Directed reading—A doll-house book—Sabbath the glad day—Storytelling—Red-letter days in the home.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

XI CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION 177

Imagination makes happiness—Biology and botany poor substitutes for fairy tales—Imagination a help in practical affairs and in gaining happiness—What happens when fairies are banished—Imagination's help to great men—Sir Herbert Tree on imagination—Fairy reared children more successful than children reared on plain facts—Fairies in our home—Winifred's opinions of fairies—Fairies as disciplinarians—Stimulating the imagination through stories and theaters—Making an egoist into an altruist—Games with imaginary children—Mechanical toys and talking dolls stifle the creative faculty—Creative toys—Hawaiian kindergartens—Castles and hopes destroyed by good housekeepers—Mothers complain about children's imaginative qualities—Thinking concretely—Study of astronomy develops imagination—Making paper gods—Ignorance of fairyland—Imagination and enthusiasm child's treasure box—An imaginative child—The Montessori system does not develop imagination—What fairy imagination does for us—Even salvation dependent on imagination.

XII DISCIPLINE 194

Education development of character—Beginning moral training in infancy—Each one a trinity—Prolonging infancy period—The parents' power of suggestion—Bad examples—The influence we exert on those around us—Idleness mother of all evil—No one voluntarily wicked—Self-control one of the first twigs to be bent—Temper the sign of energy—The spoiled child—Self-restraint—Courage—Encourage sympathetic feeling through training your child as a knight or lady—All knights must control their tongues—Parents must be knightly also—The need of good manners—Babies born egoists—Belief that children are not sympathetic—A story of egoism—A young knight who is not an egoist—Commands without explanations—When Winifred did not obey—Lord Chesterfield on manners—Habits are

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

clinging—Is it right to tell "white lies"?—Oliver W. Holmes on a lie—The unvarnished truth sometimes hurts—Sometimes best to give indirect answers—Unselfishness—Each child should work for some purpose—Genius is eternal patience—When self-respect is lost all is lost—In disciplining a child never use physical punishment—Herbert Spencer on child-training—The mother and hysteria—Ilavoc wrought by shrill voices—Religious belief in the rod—Injuries to children from corporal punishment—Gives birth to resentful spirit—Children not naturally bad—A cure for mischievousness—Never scold—Our many scolds—Scolding at bedtime—Only peace angels should hover around a child's bed—Harsh words that sting—Scolding mothers lose the confidence of their children.

XIII PUNISHMENT THROUGH NATURAL CONSEQUENCES 218

A child understands that he brings punishment on himself—Unfulfilled promises—A record chart to help children be good—Golden stars and black marks—Examination of chart—Rewards and deprivations—Experiments have proved effective with this chart—All children must be disciplined—Never say "Don't" to a child—Never say "Must" to a child—The true mother a diplomat—Solitude instead of harsh words—Never allow a child to lose respect for his parents or himself—A daughter ashamed of her mother—Slovenly women—Good clothes—Respect of person—Van-ity—Athletics an antidote—Younger children not to wear cast-off clothes—Dining with his parents—Showing a child that you trust him—Respect for property of others—Never frighten a child—Case of melancholia caused by hell-fire stories—The trustful age—Giving courage by example and suggestion—Taught not to be rash—Fear caused by physical condition—Thoughts can make one brave—Thoughts as life companions—Child who fears his parents and God—Striving not to be a cry baby—No set of prayers or man-made creeds—Teaching broad-mindedness—Never al-

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

low a child to say "I can't"—Teaching perseverance through examples—Showing examples of patience to teach patience—Parents make puppets of children—Parents' fear makes weaklings—Never refuse to answer a child's questions—Do not ridicule a child—Do not deceive your child—Never tease a child—Never allow any other place to become more attractive than your home—A mother's duty to make the home pleasant—No tyrant should rule in the home—Mothers are builders of next generation.

XIV HEALTH FIRST OF ALL 245

Best food for babies—"The man is what he eats"—Stomachs ruined in babyhood—"Whether life is worth living or not depends upon the liver"—No one naturally depraved—Healthy individuals make a healthy nation—Schools to teach mothers hygiene—A genius supposed to look sickly—Many great men and women of strong body and mind—How I tried to make my child strong—Holding to a stick while being lifted—In the open—Games of the bath—Keeping the twenty white horses clean—Washing her dolls—Keeping a clean nose—Benefits of deep breathing exercises, singing and whistling—Keeping down excessive energy through exercise—Cases for the doctor and for well-directed play—Hands out of mouth—No dangerous toys or amusements—A home gymnasium—Healthful and amusing exercises make backbone—Effect of fear, anger, etc.—Allotted life one hundred fifty years—Go to bed with a smile and smile on awaking.

XV EUGENICS, PRENATAL INFLUENCE, ENVIRONMENT 258

Education founded by mothers—Why many great men have had inferior sons—Training in public schools—Eugenics to make better citizens—Eugenics defined—True eugenists—Prenatal influence—A rightful heritage of love and cheer—Endowing a child with good tendencies—Banish-

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

ment of Demon Fear—Improper clothing—Happiness sacrificed beneath wheels of Fashion Juggernaut—Quality not quantity—Motherhood should not make a woman forget her wifehood duties—Hirelings can not give a child his proper early training—Animals better parents than some mothers—Better training for horses than children—Vicious traits result of improper early training—Effect of smiles and frowns upon babies—Environment—Preparing the nursery—Are we growing uglier?—Enlightened motherhood our vital need—All should be teachers—Greatest purpose to educate a child—Chinese advancing since women are being educated—Destinies of nations in hands of mothers—Prosperity of a country depends upon the homes—Upon early training depends happiness in old age.

HELPFUL LITERATURE	275
I MAGAZINES FOR CHILDREN	275
II MAGAZINES FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS	275
III BOOKS WHICH HAVE HELPED WINIFRED	275
IV EDUCATIONAL BOOKS WHICH HAVE HELPED ME	281
INDEX	289

NATURAL EDUCATION

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CHAPTER I

NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF THE EARLY DIRECTION OF TENDENCIES OR TALENTS

I BELIEVE that every normal child is born with some distinctive tendency or talent. Probably the only reason why this talent does not always bear fruit is because it is not discovered and cultivated in babyhood. Sometimes the talent is so strong that it forces its way through choking weeds of neglect and the world is made happier or better with its exercise, but usually an undeveloped talent is smothered by these weeds. It is to the mother we must look to discover her child's talent and to watch it until it grows into a marvelous, joy-giving flower.

Many mothers take excellent care of their children's bodies. They see that the little ones are kept clean, are well-nourished and are given plenty of fresh air so that they may grow physically. Their sole wish is

to see their babies large, fat and strong. They do not strive to develop them mentally, being content to have their children healthy animals.

Some educators believe that children should be allowed to run wild until their seventh or eighth year.

Retarding mental development They argue that children allowed to grow like weeds until this age have made wonderful progress when they entered school with boys and girls who had been studying for several years. It is true that some of these children, mentally retarded purposely, have become successful men and women, showing that they were born with good minds, but not one of them—to my knowledge—has risen to the highest pinnacles of fame. To me this seems deplorable, for if they had received early training it is possible they would have grown into men and women who would have given great works to the world.

So-called geniuses may be divided into two classes—the temperamental and the intellectual. Most mu-

The temperamental and intellectual genius sicians belong to the temperamental order, and as they are generally developed along only one line they are likely to be eccentric. For this reason people have been led to think that there is a narrow line between the genius and the fool.

Herbert Spencer was an intellectual genius, sane and well-balanced, though excelling to greatness only along certain lines, and not in all fields. No one can become exceptionally great who divides his forces,

but the "Jack of all trades" is usually happier than the specialist who, while sitting on the housetop as an authority in one line, knows nothing of the many other interesting matters of which the world is full. So we should not envy the so-called genius. A human being may be compared to a tree. He is most perfect when all his limbs are evenly developed, rather than when several branches grow to enormous proportions and the rest remain dwarfed twigs.

This over- and under-development in great people has led some writers to speak of the "insanity of genius." In a recent number of *The Medical Record* it is suggested that no writer dares aspire to literary distinction without incurring the likelihood of being forced to submit to psychological dissection by alienists. They speak of his emotional instability, which lifts him to the clouds one day and drags him to hell the next. They consider his works in literature, music and art as outlets of his abnormal feelings and passions. If there is any truth in this idea, why then does not our best literature of the present day come from the asylums?

That the real genius is necessarily crazy is ridiculous, but it is true that any quality or talent cultivated to its highest pitch goes beyond being a pleasure and becomes a torment to its owner. To be happy we must be moderate in all things. Even generosity can become prodigality. So, in training her baby, the mother should

seek to develop his talents, but not at the expense of all other powers.

In looking into the history of nearly all distinguished men we find that they showed their various **Great men show talents in early youth.** It is true **talents in youth** that some great men have been looked on as dullards in school because they did not take interest in their lessons. But children whose budding tendencies have been early recognized and cultivated have rarely failed to show great subsequent development. We read of Caius Julius Cæsar—perhaps the greatest of all warriors—riding to war behind his Uncle Marius at the tender age of three. Napoleon at the same age played with a toy cannon and marched imaginary troops to war. Alexander the Great, when but three years old, went out to meet ambassadors and talked to them in the absence of his father.

The three-year-old Confucius played on the lute and talked with his mother's friends on filial piety. When only four years old Milton wrote creditable Latin verse and Pope composed Greek stanzas—while the latter wrote his famous *Ode to Solitude* when he was but twelve. At five little Hannibal held a sword heavier than himself and vowed eternal vengeance against the Romans; Frederick the Great commanded a troop of soldiers, Saint-Saëns wrote waltzes and galops, Mozart composed and played on the violin, Titian painted pictures with a juice squeezed from berries and wild flowers, and Landseer made remark-

able sketches. Millais won his first prize at nine. Pope Leo X received the tonsure at seven and held benefices at eight. Garibaldi when a lad of eight saved a poor washerwoman from drowning. Huxley, who astounded the world with his learning at seven, inherited his genius for work from his energetic mother "who did things while others were thinking about doing them." Goethe, who condemned public schools because he had been fortunate enough to receive his early education from a clever father, did a considerable amount of writing before he was fifteen.

At seven Immanuel Kant, "the little fellow with the big head," began to teach those who were willing to be taught. He was "such a small potato" that he had to stand on a box to be seen, but being a teacher by temperament he held the attention of all who heard him.

Paul Morphy, greatest of chess players, was a champion at nine. Moliere, whose genius was awakened early by going to the theater with his jolly grandfather, wrote plays at ten.

John Stuart Mill knew his Greek alphabet when three, and at five could correct his elders in Latin and Greek. He was his father's constant companion and carried a note-book with him whenever he went for a walk. During these walks he asked all manner of questions and thus gained the greater part of his early education.

Herbert Spencer received his education by being taught to observe things when he was a tiny boy. He

toddled after his father into the schoolroom, and acquired knowledge by the natural method of imitation and seeking knowledge through inquiry while walking with his father, or learning mathematics through interesting puzzles.

Professor James Thomson, of the University of Glasgow, believed that a child should be educated as soon as it showed an intelligent interest in the world and that this education should be along lines shown by the child's tendencies. With this idea in view he began to teach his two boys in the cradle. His friends protested that he would strain the children's minds and break down their intellects, but Professor Thomson replied: "Stuff and nonsense. It is precisely because the education of children begins too late that they find it hard to learn and strain their minds in the attainment of knowledge. Let a child get accustomed to using its mind in early childhood, and study will never tax it, but will be a perpetual joy. At any rate this is the way I intend to bring up my boys."

He did, and possibly as a result of this, both boys became famous men and lived to a ripe old age. The elder boy entered Glasgow University at the age of twelve and led his classes there. He died after living more than threescore years and ten, leaving a reputation as a great teacher and an authority on engineering. The younger brother did even better. As Lord Kelvin of Largs he is known as the greatest of nine-

teenth century physicists, and is ranked with Newton and Farraday and other intellectual giants who have advanced mankind in knowledge of the laws of nature. He lived to be eighty-three, showing that his early education had not done him physical harm.

The Reverend Karl Witte, a German minister, tried similar methods with his son Karl, and attained the same excellent results. His boy entered college at ten, was a doctor of philosophy at fourteen, and when he died at the same age as Lord Kelvin he was accounted one of Germany's greatest scholars.

We have many other examples of great men whose talents were discovered and developed in infancy.

Fate of precocious children And in this century we have a number of children who have surprised the world with the knowledge they have gained at an early age along certain lines. Some people seem to think that the precocity of these children is abnormality, whereas it is simply the right of all children to have a good educational foundation in the days when everything in life is new and interesting.

Some old-fashioned folk believe that all these children must become physical wrecks before they reach the fiftieth mile-stone. Others predict a still more terrible fate, and say that they will become insane "from too much learning." They bury the names of all great men who have been precocious in youth and physically strong throughout a long life, and hold up as examples the great men who have been invalids. Or, even more terrible warning—they speak of the

many prodigies who have crossed the Styx before reaching maturity. It is true that a number of precocious children, particularly in the musical class, have died in their youth, and why? Many of these so-called child-wonders have been taken on "display tours" around the world and compelled to work as hard as adults; to lose sleep and often to get along with food taken at irregular intervals, while being subjected to undue excitement. If these children had been kept in the wholesome surroundings of a comfortable home where they could have lived as most children live, they might have reached a ripe old age and have done much enduring work.

The argument that early mental work prejudices physical strength is about as groundless as the old **Mental work and physical strength** beauty can not have brains. Simply because some great women have not been possessed of beauty, "fogies" argue that God does not give both brains and beauty to one woman. I believe that beautiful women as a rule are blessed with as much brain power as their plainer sisters; but the "beauty," being petted and worshiped from babyhood, thinks only of receiving adulation and does not attempt to develop her mental gifts so as to make herself even more attractive, as does her plainer sister.

Professor Berle's four marvelous children are all blessed with handsome faces and sound physiques, as well as unusually well-developed **Opinion of Doctor Boris Sidis** minds. Norbert Wiener, who was

graduated from Tufts College at fourteen, and was recently given the degree of doctor of philosophy at eighteen, is another sample of all-around development. William James Sidis, who entered Harvard University when he was but eleven years old and lectured to the faculty upon the Fourth Dimension, one of the most abstruse problems in mathematics, has never been a weakling. The father of this marvelous boy, Doctor Boris Sidis, who is an eminent specialist in mental and nervous diseases, says: "We are under the erroneous belief that thinking, study, cause nervousness and mental disorders.

"In my practise, I can say without hesitation that I have not met a single case of nervous or mental trouble caused by thinking or overstudy. This is at present the opinion of the best psychopathologists. What produces nervousness is worry, emotional excitement, and lack of interest in the work.

"But those are precisely the conditions that we cause in our children. We do not take care to develop a love of knowledge in their early life, for fear of brain injury; and then, when it is too late to acquire the interest, we force them to study, and we cram them and feed them and stuff them like geese. What you often get is fatty degeneration of the mental liver."

As Herbert Spencer says: "The brain should not be starved any more than the stomach. Education should begin in the cradle, but in an interesting atmosphere. The

What Spencer says

man to whom information comes in dreary tasks along with threats of punishment is unlikely to be a student in after years, while those to whom it comes in natural forms at the proper times are likely to continue through life that self-instruction begun in youth."

Recently another product of early education has come into the lime-light. He is Edward Hardy, the **New products of early education** five-year-old son of Professor Hardy, of New York University. His mother is a remarkable woman, who is a member of the New York bar and also practises medicine, but she has taken time to help her little son gain astonishing proficiency in language, while developing all of his muscles so as to make him something of an athlete.

In England and France are a number of children well equipped mentally. Miss Daphne Allen, when only thirteen years of age, had drawings exhibited in the Dudley Gallery of London, which received enthusiastic praise. Fitzgerald Villiers-Stuart, the seven-year-old author of *The Biography of a Brownie*, and Byron Cade, the remarkable young pool player, are all examples of the early development of innate tendencies.

In the training of nearly all of these children there was cooperation between the father and mother. **Cooperation of parents** tor and Mrs. Berle began the training of their four children in the cradle, placing the little ones in a proper environ-

ment and striving from the outset to turn their thoughts "to matters worth while," and teaching the children to use only the best of English, believing that correct speaking is an invaluable aid to correct thinking. There was no baby language heard in the Berle home because, as Doctor Berle truly says: "There are many persons of mature age at this moment who will never pronounce certain words properly since they became accustomed in childhood to a false pronunciation because somebody thought it was 'cute.' There are many persons who will never get over certain false associations of ideas, because somebody thought it was very amusing and funny to see the child mixing up things in such a beautiful childlike way."

Professor and Mrs. Wiener, like Doctor and Mrs. Berle, have followed Froebel's adage and have lived with their children. In addition to the well-known Norbert Wiener there are three younger Wieners, who will no doubt become as remarkable as their brother. In speaking of his methods of training these children, Professor Wiener says: "I have not sought to 'force' my children, to cram their minds with facts. But I have sought to train them in effective thinking and to give wholesome food for the strengthening of the intellect. And I have always tried to present this food in an appetizing way—that is, to make the studies to which I wished them to devote themselves really interesting. It is the things in which children are most interested that they most readily learn."

Through prenatal influence I did all in my power to make my little girl love good literature in many languages, and as soon as she was born I brought environment to bear in strengthening this first influence, believing that no child can constantly see works of great minds without being subconsciously trained in perception and logic, even without words. I also began to recite the classics to my baby, and through hearing lines of perfect meter, the work of reason and logic as applied to time and sound, I attribute Winifred's ability to compose jingles when she was in the cradle.

How Winifred
learned to com-
pose jingles in
the cradle

CHAPTER II

* EARLIEST DEVELOPMENT

I CAN not say too much in praise of the great character builders, "Observation," "Concentration," "Interest" and "Imagination." It is they who make wide-awake men and women, traveling along life's road-way with seeing eyes and hearing ears. Mortals who have not become acquainted with these joy givers remain in a lethargic condition, blind to the wonders of nature and deaf to the beauty of sounds.

It is well known that any power loses its strength from disuse. The story is told of a foolish Hindu who vowed to keep his right arm in one position for seventy-two hours. He fulfilled his vow but could never again move his arm.

Surgeon W. C. Rucker, U. S. P. H. S., in a most interesting article on the *cimex lectularius* (dare I give the common name of bed-bug?), tells us that this loathsome insect once had wings but lost them when it no longer worked for its daily food but became a parasite upon human blood. How fortunate for us

that it does not now possess wings! We are glad to know that nature has so punished this pest by curtailing its speedy powers of motion, but from its evolution we may take warning that if we do not use the powers "Mother Nature" has bequeathed to us, our children will suffer even as this naughty insect's progeny.

Many teachers are censured because their pupils do not seem able to concentrate their minds on anything. But the teachers are not wholly to blame. The foundation for observative and concentrative powers must be laid by parents in a child's infancy. Mothers should remember that they can not begin too early in training their little ones. It is the mother who can plant the seeds which will grow into good habits tending toward mental, physical and moral strength, and there is nothing like maternal love to mold a child's wax-like mind into the best form. We mothers are the potters and our children the clay, for, as Plato said, "The beginning is the most important part, especially in dealing with anything young and tender. For that is the time when any impression which we may desire to communicate is most readily stamped and taken."

In fact a mother can almost be certain as to the kind of man or woman her child will become if she trains him properly while he is a tender sapling, easily shaped by
"Just as the twig is bent"

her guiding hand. "Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

First of all, the senses must be keenly developed, since through them the child gains his observative and
Senses to be keen-ly developed. concentrative powers which make work a pleasure and life a joy. Man, as a savage, depended on his senses as well as his muscles to protect him from the enemy. Therefore his powers to see, hear, smell, touch and taste were highly developed. There is no reason why civilization should make our senses dull.

The sense of hearing is first of all the senses to be developed. Therefore my first attempts to train Winifred lay in the direction of sound training. I have always pitied helpless babies who were compelled to hear discordant sounds made by mothers who could not sing, but thought it necessary to put their babies to sleep with so-called melodies. I knew one mother who screeched at her child until the poor infant actually cried itself to sleep.

Not having been blessed with musical vocal cords, I resolved that my child's tympana should not suffer
Vergil a baby pacifier from non-dulcet notes. I conceived the idea of putting her to sleep by scanning portions of Vergil's *Æneid*. I also taught the baby's black mammy to scan the first ten lines of Book I, and we both found that Vergil was more than a great poet, he was a baby pacifier. I have since experimented with many babies, and find

that there is no better method for carrying a little one into the realms of sleep. In singing most songs, there are always notes that startle rather than soothe a sleepy child; but in the even meter of "*Arma virúmque canó, Troiæ qui primus ab óris,*" there are only soothing sounds.

When Winifred was only six weeks old, I began reciting selections from the great poets to her. I found

The effect of classic poetry on a six-weeks-old baby that poems of various meters affected her in different ways. She would lie very quietly and wear almost an angelic expression when

I was repeating Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, but *Horatius at the Bridge* seemed to inspire her to go to war as best she could with kicking feet and waving hands.

By thus training the child's ear to hear the classics in infancy, such an impression was made upon her mind that at the age of one year **Effect of early impressions** she could scan the first ten lines from Book I of Vergil's *Æneid*, and repeat *Crossing the Bar*. Winifred loves this great poem, and repeats it almost every evening as a sort of prayer. She also enjoys playing "Vergil-Ball." In this game I throw the ball to her while saying "*Arma.*" She returns the ball to me with "*virúmque,*" and in this way we often scan a whole page from Vergil. Before the little girl reached her fifth mile-stone she knew the first book of the *Æneid*, and friends who heard her scanning predicted an early demise. But she was not exerting her-

self any more to learn these magnificent lines than if she had committed to memory a lot of silly rhymes. In years to come I am sure she will be glad that she learned poems of worth in babyhood.

To develop Winifred's sense of sound, I let her hear good music every day. And in order to teach her difference in sounds I hung bells of different tones at the bottom of her bed. Through these bells I also attempted to teach her the idea of color. One bell was red and attached by a red ribbon. When I rang this bell I would say "red bell" and so with each bell having a different color. Before Winifred was six months old she knew the color of each bell and could ring the red, blue or green bell at my request. I also used prisms to throw reflections on the walls and these dancing sprites of rainbow colors made the child kick with delight, and wave her hands trying to catch the pretty lights. I called these lights "vibgyors" because of their colors, and even before my baby could talk she would cease crying if I would promise to make the pretty "vibgyors" dance.

From the very first day of Winifred's birth, I treated her as if she were a thinking being. Voltaire claimed that he could remember events from the moment of his birth; and other great men have claimed to remember happenings in the very first months of their existence. As a rule, people are told that they just imagine they have remembrance of infant days, but I have reason to

believe that Winifred can remember something of her life since she was six months old.

The first objects which confronted this little child were fraught with educational value. On the walls of the nursery were hung highly colored copies of great paintings, and there were a number of plaster of Paris copies of great works of sculpture in various parts of the room.

When Winifred was a tiny baby I carried her about the room and pointed out everything to her. I would say "chair" as I pointed to a chair and "table" while pointing to the table. Then I stood before the pictures and spoke of each picture, the color of a robe or some other attractive point, and in passing before the bits of sculpture I would call each by its proper name. I also read to Winifred from illustrated books which I held so she could see the pictures and the reading matter, and either the sound of my voice or the pictures amused her, since she would be very good while I was so engaged.

It seems unfortunate that children often learn nothing of the world's greatest pictures until they enter the higher grammar grades, when their eyes should be trained to know and love these pictures in babyhood.

At first, Winifred was attracted only by the bright colors in paintings, but gradually she began to study the picture as to form and meaning. It is wonderful what pictures can do to teach lessons. We might talk for years in

Making the child acquainted with its surroundings

Learning art in the cradle

favor of international peace, and little impression would be made on a child's mind; but show him a famous war painting like one of Verestchagin's, and he realizes war in all its horrors.

In addition to showing my baby pictures on the wall and copies of great paintings in books and magazines, I also showed her brightly colored pictures of animals, flowers and birds, which I pasted on white sheets of cardboard, and made into books.

One of the most destructive forces of a child's appreciation of true art is the comic supplement of today. A great Italian artist, who **Harm done by comic supplements** visited the United States a few months ago, was horrified on seeing some of the children in our neighborhood gazing at a crude Sunday supplement. He looked at the atrocious pictures, and asked, "Is art dead in America?"

Mothers should not allow these supplements to enter their homes, and they should do all in their power to stop their publication. Perry prints or home-made books such as I have suggested, with brightly colored pictures, will take their place if the mother makes the pictures interesting by telling stories about them.

Mothers who can draw original pictures can always make their children happy by little humorous sketches and stories. Winifred and I often spend hours making up stories and illustrating them. Sometimes I tell the first part of the story, and illustrate it. Then she takes up the thread of my tale, and weaves a second chapter which she illustrates, and so on until we leave

our hero or heroine happy forever and ever. I believe that all children as mere babies should be trained to try and represent objects as they see them, or to produce something with pencil or brush that represents beauty.

The comic supplements are devoid of the beauty-developing powers, and they even stifle real humor. Not long ago an Englishman in talking with me about American children said: "What will become of the Americans? They are growing worse each year and their children are perfectly intolerable."

Knowing that he had not met any American children, I asked him how he had arrived at such a dreadful conclusion, and he replied: "I've read all about them in the Sunday papers. The tricky disrespectful child who mocks his parents and friends is a hero in America." I tried to reason with him that he should not judge American children by these characters, but he had already formed his opinion, and when I met him a month later he told me that he had seen a number of children, and they were all counterparts of the characters they loved so well in the comic supplements. It lies with American mothers to do away with these supplements in the home, as they certainly have a tendency to teach grossness and disrespect.

In training Winifred to develop a keenness in color sense, I used a box of test yarns for the color-blind.

**Developing
color sense**

She had already become acquainted with the colors of the rainbow through the bells and prisms, so it was very simple

for her to pick out the distinct shades of red, blue, green, etc. We played various games with these yarns. Sometimes to make us speedy, I would be "Mother Red" and Winifred, "Mother Green." Then we set to work to see who could collect all of her children (meaning the shades of these colors) in the shorter space of time. At other times the object of the game was to see which "Mother Yarn" had the most babies (or shades). Through playing these games Winifred gained an idea of distinct colors and various shades when she was a mere baby.

I particularly recommend the use of such a box of yarns for all boys. Usually the sense of touch seems to be keener in boys than in girls, while visual detail is stronger in the girl than in the boy. For this reason, if boys are untrained, they generally develop their sense of touch at the expense of visual detail and consequently are often lacking in chromatic powers.

Books containing colors as used by advertising paint firms are generally amusing to babies and highly instructive in teaching color sense. Different colored balls and blocks always delight the little ones and serve the same purpose. Winifred's dolls were dressed in the brightest hues, and as a tiny baby I called her attention to the color of these dresses and to the shades in a rainbow shawl which her godmother knit for her couch. I also taught her to say the names of the colors in the rainbow (violet, indigo, blue, green, orange and

red) and later on she learned to spell them. This knowledge of the colors made the "vibgyor" in our nursery, or the real rainbow, more interesting to her, and the interest was increased tenfold when I told her the story of Bifröst, the rainbow bridge which reached from Asgard, the city of the gods, down through the air to the lower worlds.

We played another game to help the color sense with colored crayons. I would make a red mark on a large piece of manila paper, and Winifred had to select the same colored crayon to make a mark just like mine. We called this game "Going to the Castle," and if Winifred put down a wrong color she could go no farther on her journey and I won the game. Generally we both reached the castle gate together, leaving a double trail of red, blue and green marks behind us.

As soon as my little daughter could walk for any distance we took walks together and talked of the colors in forest, sea and sky. We
Developing sight colors in forest, sea and sky. We
memory also noticed the colors of houses and of people's dresses. To train the child's memory, as well as acuteness of vision, or to give her sight memory, we would keep our eyes open to see certain things along the way. We called this game "Little Sharp Eyes," and when we came to a store window where many things were displayed we would glance at the window, hurry past and then see who had observed the greater number of objects. By training the eye in this way Winifred is now able to tell at a

glance almost everything displayed in any window, or she can describe the way a room is furnished after taking a mere glance at the room. Through her well-developed observative and concentrative powers she has no trouble in reading a whole page of prose or poetry and repeating it verbatim. When she was but five years old, she repeated *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* before a number of college professors at Chautauqua, New York, after having read the poem but once.

She still enjoys her games of "Little Sharp Eyes," and teaches all the children who play with her to use their eyes. One evening not long ago when we were out motoring, she and a tiny friend were busy throughout the ride in playing "How many dogs do I see?" The one who first caught sight of a canine and called out "*Jen estas hundo*," or "Here's a dog," counted that dog in her list.

All children should be taught to observe their surroundings, but it is particularly necessary to develop observation in a city child, who may be injured by street-cars or automobiles unless he has his eyes and ears on the qui vive, being able to scent danger like the first Americans.

Besides, observation of surroundings is one of our greatest educators. As a baby, Winifred not only gained some idea of art from the pictures about her, but she learned to know the names of some of the greatest works of sculpture. When she was but two

years old, she astonished an art dealer by asking him why he didn't have a *Venus de Milo* in his shop as well as a *Venus de Medici*. This was no sign of great intelligence on the part of Winifred, since she had been familiar with these two works of art since her first days on terra firma, and distinguished between them as most children of two years would know the difference between a straight chair and a rocker.

The toys which we give our children can also be used as educators. Winifred's first toy was a bright red balloon. Her father brought it for her when she was but six weeks old. He tied it to one of her wrists, and as she waved her hand in the way all babies do, the balloon would go up and come down, causing the baby to coo and kick with delight. Each week for many following months she was given a new balloon, and learned from my talk about this toy that it was round, light, red or green and that it would go up and come down.

To give the child new adjectives, and to teach her through touch ideas of smoothness, roughness, etc., I placed her on the beach and let her play in the sand when she was still in the so-called long-clothes period. Most mothers are afraid to let young babies lie in the sand, for fear the little ones will get sand in their eyes, nose or mouth. From the first, we held Winifred's hands whenever she attempted to turn her-

self into a sand-pile, and thus she learned to keep her hands away from her face. The impression that she should not put things into her mouth was so strongly made that at the age of six months when I was attempting to teach her the difference in qualities of roughness and smoothness, through playing with sand-paper blocks, tacks, buttons, etc., I had no fear that she would put these baby-killers into her mouth.

The habit of never putting anything into her mouth without asking my permission brought about many amusing episodes. At one time when Winifred was nearly two years old, a maiden lady, who prided herself on baking delicious cookies, gave the child one of her cakes. Winifred turned to me and asked, "May I put it into my mouth?" Naturally the donor felt somewhat chagrined at the child's question.

Every baby should have at least one brightly colored ball as an educational toy. Winifred received her first ball when she was but a few months old. It was a bright red gas ball, and the color pleased her. She also seemed to enjoy watching me throw it up and catch it as it came down. Then I tried to teach her to play with the ball by placing her on the floor, surrounding her with pillows so she could not fall, and throwing the ball to her. As I threw the ball I called out "Red ball for baby!" At first she allowed the ball to remain in her lap, trying to hold it, but after a few days she began to kick it back to me. Later on

she learned to throw it, and all the time I was training her ears to become familiar with the sounds of numbers from one to twenty.

I tried never to excite unduly the child's nervous system, nor yet to leave her in such uninteresting surroundings that she would be compelled to suck her thumb for amusement. I realized that every child generates an excessive amount of energy, and from babyhood I tried to direct this energy into proper channels. I did this by keeping the little one busy with well-directed play in her waking hours, and if she were in pain which could not be immediately relieved by medical treatment I attempted to make this pain subjective by attracting the child's attention to things outside herself.

It has been proved that a sudden change in surrounding conditions changes the mind entirely and makes one forget disagreeable sensations. The story is told of a man who went to drown himself, but climbed a lamp-post when attacked by a mad dog. So, if a baby is crying, attract his attention to something new, and if there is nothing serious the matter with him he will generally cease his lugubrious complaints.

CHAPTER III

LEARNING TO TALK

AS sound makes a great impression on babies there is no reason why any child can not be taught to talk when it is a year old, if the mother talks to her baby as if the little one understood her. Many mothers seem to think that the English language as spoken by "grown-ups" is not suitable for their "eetle, weetie, teetie, tootsie, wootsie babies." While embracing a baby they call it "muver's own tootsums, wootsums, toadie, froggie, pumpkin, honey, lovey, duckie, squeezicks." In talking to the baby they speak of a locomotive as a "choo-choo," and call a cow "a moo-moo." I pity the unfortunate child who must learn that there are two words for almost everything he sees—one for his special use, and one for the "grown-up." In this way he is hindered from gaining a good vocabulary.

Professor A. A. Berle, of Tufts College, father of the three remarkable Berle children, says that any one can teach a baby five-syllable words and sensible English construction as early as baby talk. He says: "The most important period after birth is early baby-

hood. Every one rubs the little body and pulls the limbs of a baby to make it grow physically, yet the minute you try to develop its brain people hold up their hands in horror. The instrument of thought is language. If you use baby talk to the child you are not only giving him a false notion of speech but of sound. If you take pains to use correct language to a child up to his sixth year, he will be so far ahead of the average child that they will never come in sight of each other."

It is certainly true that men and women who are college graduates, but who were not taught to speak

Expressions learned in childhood cling to us good English in infancy, find it difficult to refrain from using expressions heard in childhood. I know several college professors and two well-known authors who sometimes drop into their early habits of using "ain't" for "isn't" and "don't" for "doesn't." Habits acquired in youth are never easily discarded.

It is much more simple to learn English by imitation than it is by rule. This is the reason children may be able to sing off all the rules in grammar, and break them at the same time.

As soon as Winifred was born, I began to speak to her in the best English I could command. I do not

How to talk to baby intend to give the impression that so-called "slang" was always tabooed. Some slang words are most expressive, and we must remember that perhaps three-fourths of the

four hundred fifty thousand English words now in existence belong to this class, having been coined in moments of excitement to express thoughts for which there was no proper vehicle in our language. We need new words in English, just as we need change of style in dress. Therefore it is not objectionable to use so-called slang phrases which are generally accepted in polite society, while talking to little ones. But never lapse into the Chaucerian plan of putting an *ie* or *y* on the end of words in order to make them "swootie" to the baby. When I spoke of a dog to Winifred he was a *dog* and not a *doggie*. A friend of mine was greatly surprised on one occasion when he called to my year-old baby, saying, "Oh, *Chérie*, see the *goosie*," and was reproved by the child's saying, "Oh, no, that is a goose."

I tried Reverend Karl Witte's plan adopted in teaching his boy, who was ready for college at ten, and a doctor of philosophy at fourteen, by talking to the little one while playing with her, and in pointing out all the objects in her surroundings, and saying their names in a clear distinct voice. As a consequence, my baby talked like a grown-up when she was a year old; but when people expressed surprise to hear her talking, her father said: "How can the child keep from talking; she's been talked at ever since she was born?"

Believing that if I taught Winifred to speak correct English in the cradle, she would continue its use to the grave, I was very particular in the selection of

every word and its pronunciation, as well as in the construction of my sentences. But as she grew older, I did not torture her with rules of grammar and diagraming. Until her eighth year she knew nothing of grammar, since I believed with Herbert Spencer that grammar is as unnecessary to a child as *q* to the alphabet, or the proverbial two tails to a cat. This great educator had a perfect command of English, but boasted that he never looked into a grammar until he was sixty years old—and then only out of curiosity. Concerning grammar, he said: "It is the etiquette of words and the man who does not know how to salute his grandmother in the street until he has consulted a grammar is always so troubled about his tenses that his fancies break through language and escape."

Every baby longs for words to express his thoughts, and he should be shown how to use these tools of thought as early as possible. All children love to repeat the words they know, and also enjoy building up words into stories like those of "Dame Wiggins of Lee," "The House That Jack Built" and "Old Mother Hubbard."

I have translated these stories into a number of languages, and found them most helpful in developing a child's memory, as well as constructive powers.

Children from the age of one year to five can learn languages much more easily than at any time in life, because they learn through the natural method of hearing sounds before seeing printed words.

I determined that Winifred should have a foundation in most of the well-known languages before nature began to work overtime in
Learning lengthening the child's arms and
English first limbs; but with the exception of scanning Vergil to her I spoke only English until she could speak English. Some language professors believe they can teach a child two or three languages at one time; but in the cases where I have seen this experiment tried, the child suffered, not being able to speak any language without an accent.

As soon as Winifred could make all her wants known I began to teach her Spanish through conversation and the same direct methods
A secondary I had used in teaching English. I
language chose Spanish as her first secondary tongue because it is the simplest of European languages. By the time that Winifred reached her fifth mile-stone she was able to express her thoughts in eight languages, and I have no doubt that she could have doubled the number by this time if I had continued our games of word construction in various languages. But at this time I began to think that Esperanto would soon become the international medium of communication, and outside of developing linguistic ability a knowledge of many, many tongues could be of no great benefit to my little girl.

If I could begin my child's education again I would teach her English first, and then supply her with

**Esperanto best
auxiliary tongue
easily learned in
the cradle**

Esperanto, the auxiliary tongue which I believe is of more assistance to its owner than any one modern language, since it can be used as an international medium of communication. Tolstoi was able to write a letter in Esperanto after studying it for only one hour, and any baby can learn this simple language in the cradle.

Winifred received a diploma for being able to read, write and speak in Esperanto when she was but four years old. At this age she conceived the idea of giving a play in the auxiliary language, and through the assistance of Miss Julia Bierbower, a most progressive teacher in Evansville, Indiana, the playlet was given as a benefit for the "poor outing fund." This was the first Esperanto play to be given in this country.

The following year Winifred began to teach all her playmates Esperanto, and she could not have found a better way to impress the knowledge she had gained upon her mind. We certainly know that which we impart.

In order to make Esperanto doubly interesting to her playmates the little girl invented a number of games which were full of action and enjoyed by all the children. She also made many new words her own by playing my game of *ĉio* (meaning everything) which is a constructive game consisting of the names of things to

**We know that
which we impart**

games which were full of action and enjoyed by all the children. She also made many new words her own by playing my game of *ĉio* (meaning everything) which is a constructive game consisting of the names of things to

eat, clothes to wear, objects in the home, street, etc. I have used this game in teaching other languages, and found it a great help in giving the student a vocabulary.

When Winifred was five years old I lectured at a number of Chautauqua assemblies in behalf of Esperanto, my little girl demonstrating the simplicity of this language through reciting long poems, and showing the audience how to ask for the ordinary things to eat. At each of these Esperanto demonstrations Winifred and I taught the members of our audience to sing and talk in Esperanto. Thus the little girl converted hundreds to become "*ge-samideanoj*" (followers) and she is accredited with having made more converts for the peace tongue than any one in America.

When we were at Chautauqua, New York, during the first National Esperanto Convention held in this country, in 1907, Winifred read a poem written by Professor George Macloskie, of Princeton University. So that she could be seen by the audience, Professor Macloskie placed her on top of a table on the rostrum, and he stood beside her. It was a very pretty picture to see this child and the white-haired professor, who had passed the threescore-and-ten mark, talking in the international language together. These two Esperantists inspired many young and old people to study Esperanto. Winifred taught all of her converts their first lessons through Helen Freyer's *Reader* and my game of *ĉio*. I remember seeing her sitting on the porch of Mrs. Spencer's cottage while teaching Pro-

fessor John McFadyen, of Knox College, Toronto, his first Esperanto lesson. An old-fashioned professor who was talking with me said, "Oh, madam, you are making such a sad mistake! You are depriving your child of her childish joys. She will never live to attain womanhood."

"Does she look delicate?" I laughingly asked.

"Oh, no," he replied, "but looks are often deceiving. The flush in her cheek may be fever. She can not keep a sturdy body with such marvelous mental development."

Just then a little Texas boy passed the Spencer cottage, and called out, "*Chérie*, come on and play ball!"

A dire prediction "In a minute!" she cried, and giving the learned professor-pupil instructions to read over and over "*Mia patro estas bona, Mia patrino estas bela*" she came running to ask my permission to play with Tom. Permission was granted, and I insisted that Professor X— should accompany me and watch my poor child (destined to an early grave) as she used the medicine ball. He was astounded to see her throw a ball in true boy fashion, and declared she was a regular tomboy. He sat beneath a tree with me and watched her outdo her boy companion (two years her senior) in wrestling, running and jumping matches. But so set was this "old foggy" in his ideas of mental training that he still expressed fears for her sanity if I persisted in "cramming her head with knowledge only fit for grown-ups to know."

When Winifred and I returned to Evansville, Indiana, where my husband was then stationed, the little girl began to write letters in Esperanto to many children whose names were in the *Jarlibro*. When she received letters from Russia she was interested to learn more about Russia; and her interest being awakened, we studied many books about this country together, and also studied how we could travel to the czar's realm, should we desire to visit our Russian friends. In the same way, a great interest was awakened in Japan, India and all other countries. In my opinion, there is no better way to awaken a love of geography than through teaching children Esperanto, and allowing them to correspond with foreigners. Through such correspondence more good can be done to bring the peace angel on earth than so-called peace conferences can do. In fact we must look to our children for the bringing of peace into this world, and Esperanto may be the fairy which is to pacify nations.

At the present time Winifred is at the head of "The Junior Peace League of America," which was formed solely to introduce a feeling of friendship among children of all nations with the hope that seeds of good-will sown in childhood would ripen into friendships for life, break down barriers of race hatred and bring peace into the world. Each member of this league promises to learn Esperanto, and to correspond with at least one foreign child. At every meeting of

the league these letters are read, and then we talk about the native land of each correspondent, generally showing lantern slides of one particular country at a time. Some of the league children are exchanging postals, others stamps, and still others wild flowers, or curios, with their far-away correspondents. Wini-fred is the proud possessor of curios sent to her from every country under the sun (even from supposed-to-be-unexplored Thibet). Among this collection she prizes most highly a five-thousand-word history of China written in Esperanto upon one long sheet of rice paper, and explaining the little Celestial's opinion of his native land. Usually the histories one reads of foreign lands are written by people who are themselves foreigners to these lands, and therefore scarcely competent to express unbiased opinions. How would we enjoy a history of the United States written by a Chinaman who traveled in this country for a few weeks or even months? And yet many of the Japanese and Chinese histories have been written by Americans or Englishmen who spent but a few months in these lands.

Realizing that Esperanto can never become an international language until we all help to make it one, since

Esperanto mis- there is no use to know a language
sionaries unless others know it, just as a
 telephone is useless unless others have telephones, I have asked all of the league members to become mis-sionaries and teach their friends Esperanto. We are particularly eager to help the "little shut-ins" by

bringing the world to them through this magic tongue.

One poor little cripple boy to whom life was a dreary blank before Winifred taught him Esperanto is now delighted with arranging a herbarium containing flowers from all the corners of the earth collected through Esperanto correspondents. His mother is compelled to leave him alone each day, but he is never lonely, as he busies himself arranging his flowers, postal cards, stamps, curios and so on, which he receives each day in the mail, and also answering the letters from foreign friends. Like Winifred, he finds great delight in reading stories about the countries where these friends live, and thus being kept busy and interested he is always happy. The children in the league supply him with postage to carry on his correspondence, and they have arranged some of his postal cards in a large screen and hung others on the wall, while they have given him a number of scrap-books in which to put the cards he most prizes. I can only hope that the day is not far distant when all the little "shut-ins" can be made as happy as this small lad.

When Winifred was five years old I tried to make an Esperanto translation of Mother Goose, as I thought that children all over the world would enjoy these good old jingles. I made very poor rhymes, however, and one day while attempting to put "Baa! Baa! Black Sheep" into Esperanto, Winifred began to beat her hands and feet in keeping time

**Bringing the
world to
"shut-ins"**

**Winifred trans-
lates Mother
Goose into
Esperanto**

and sang: "*Bleku, bleku nigra ŝaf. Ĉu lanon havas vi? Jes Sinjoro, jes Sinjoro havas sakojn tri.*" I showed her how she could cut off final syllables for the sake of euphony and within a few days the child had translated all of these rhymes through her own interpretation of their meaning.

These jingles were published by the Esperanto Association of North America in book form, and have been a great help in making Esperanto converts. Concerning *Patrino Anserino* Professor A. Guerdard, of the Chair of Romance Languages in Stanford University, says: "These nursery rhymes would be a creditable achievement even if their author were a professional linguist and a poet of standing. It is almost impossible to believe that they are the work of a charming little girl of five."

At the present time Winifred is known as the youngest teacher in Pittsburgh. She teaches a large class of children ranging in age from five to fourteen years. Her class meets in the Teachers' Rooms of Carnegie Institute and she teaches through playing games, singing songs and taking trips through various departments of the museum and telling her pupils short stories about the things on exhibition. Very often the little teacher has to do a great deal of studying about the different prehistoric animals, etc., before she feels that she can give instruction, and thus she gains information for her knowledge storehouse.

Professor Guerdard's opinion of this translation

The youngest teacher in Pittsburgh

One of the airs which Winifred finds very helpful in impressing certain words upon the minds of her pupils is that of "Pig in the Parlor." In teaching the word *Belulino* (beauty) her pupils sing:

Vi estas belulino (You are a beauty)

Vi estas belulino

Vi estas belulino

Kaj mi tre amas vin (And I very much love you)

Kaj mi tre amas vin

Kaj mi tre amas vin

Vi estas belulino

Vi estas belulino

Vi estas belulino

Kaj mi tre amas vin.

Needless to add, every child will remember the word for a beautiful lady and the expression, I love you, after singing this song several times.

I have had great success in using this same method of impressing words upon the minds of my students in the University of Pittsburgh. Translating old songs with familiar airs into any language and teaching these simple songs to pupils is a great help in giving them vocabularies.

Students in this class have adopted Winifred's plan of studying philology through Esperanto roots. Glancing at Winifred's book I find on the first page the word *Patro*, or Esperanto for father. Beneath it is the root *Patr*, and built upon

**University
students adopting
Winifred's plan to
study philology**

this root a number of Esperanto words, formed according to certain rules, such as *patra* (paternal), *patre* (paternally) and with the feminine ending *patrino* (mother). With *bo*, showing relationship, is made *bo-patro* (father-in-law), etc. In the second column is shown the root from which our word was derived, the Latin *pater*. This noun is declined in Latin, and its derivatives given. In the third column are placed all the baby English words derived from this stem.

On one page of this interesting book I find that the Esperanto word *sano* (health) has fifty-three words formed from the root *san*. Thus Esperanto helps to learn other languages one can see that outside of the practical benefits derived from Esperanto in saving the need of interpreters and translators, and its wonderful help in traveling, it can be used to gain a knowledge of other languages, since it is not a Frankenstein tongue, but is founded on two hundred of the most aristocratic and best roots, from which in turn all other words are formed by sixteen simple rules.

CHAPTER IV

LEARNING THROUGH NATURE'S NURSE PLAY

THE late Professor William James, of Harvard, to whom I am indebted for my first ideas of early childhood training, believed that every child has hidden ideas which can be brought to life through properly directed play in the cradle.

Child training as viewed by Professor William James

Instead of fearing taxation of the baby's mind, he believed that the sooner a child is given mental training the better for him, as he will thus be able to throw aside obstacles supposed to be insurmountable in childhood and walk unhindered toward broad fields of knowledge.

In educating a child through natural methods it is necessary to arouse the child's interest in something through "Nurse Play" who can keep us youthful from the cradle to the grave. We need play to save us from becoming ossified or turning into human icebergs.

Instinctively all forms of beings play. Puppies delight to play with small objects which they can hold in their teeth; kittens love to chase their own tails; colts and lambs run in glee across the meadows. But if you study the

Play for a purpose

character of animal play you will notice that it is for a purpose. Nature does not intend that any of her energy waves should be wasted. The kitten is taught by its mother to try to catch its tail, so as to strengthen the muscles which will help it in cat-hood days to catch mice. And children should have their play directed so as to develop their mental, physical and moral growth. Therefore they should not be permitted to play alone, but parents should take part in childish games, thus keeping themselves young as well as showing the little ones how to play to a purpose. Through play I have led my little daughter to journey along roads usually traveled only by "grown-ups," and to carry out all tasks in the play spirit.

Professor Kirkpatrick, in his *Fundamentals of Child Study*, says: "Physiologically work requires the use of the same parts of body or brain in the same way, for a considerable time, while play exercises many parts of the body in a variety of ways, and usually no one part for very long without a change. In work, the least available energy is often used and the action is always directed, while in play, parts having the most utilizable energy are in free action. For this reason, work is much harder and more wearisome even when the amount of action is less. Therefore play becomes one of the most effective means of learning to work."

Winifred owes everything to the good "Play Fairy" who is always in our home. Unlike the gnome "Work" he is accompanied by the giants "Observa-

tion," "Concentration" and the "Fairy Interest." He has given us the key to many interesting facts in "Wisdom's Realms," and through his aid Winifred gained her first knowledge of "the three R's."

When my baby was six months old I placed a border of white cardboard four feet in height around the walls of her nursery. On one side of the wall I pasted the letters of the alphabet, which I had cut from red glazed paper. On another wall I formed from the same red letters simple words arranged in rows as bat, cat, hat, mat, pat, rat; bog, dog, hog, log. You will notice that there were only nouns in these lists. On a third wall were the numbers arranged in ten columns, one to ten in first column, ten to twenty in second, etc. On the fourth wall there were pictures of notes in the musical scale.

As babies pay more attention to hearing things than to seeing, I wished to give her a first impression of the alphabet through sound, but was handicapped by not being able to sing. Fortunately the child's "mammy" had a sweet voice, and as I would point to the letters of the alphabet she sang them to the air of *Lauterbach*. Do not imagine that the baby paid any great attention to our first attempts to teach her the alphabet, but hearing the letters sung day after day made an impression upon her ear, while the bright colors attracted her eye and almost unconsciously she thus learned to know the English alphabet.

After singing the letters I would point to the big

red "A" on the wall and then show her "A" on one of her blocks, telling her that I had two Mist'ers "A." From a box of anagrams I would take all the "a" letters and place them beside the block "A." For several days I played "Seeking A" and then I asked her please to give mother one of the little baby anagram "a's." From earliest infancy I tried to teach my child the joy of service, and it gave her great pleasure to "do something for mother." Therefore, when I expressed a great desire to have a little "a" which I could place by big Mr. Block "A," the baby tried very hard to find the small "a" "for mother." We continued to play this letter game for weeks until Winifred could pick out all the letters as I asked for them. This gave her a feeling of pride. Self-conceit is an abomination in an older person when it leads to self-worship, but the child in whom egoism is not strong will never develop into a brilliant man or woman because ambition must be aroused through confidence in one's self. At the present time I know of no other ten-year-old girl so totally lacking in childish conceit or big-headedness as is Winifred, since she seems to understand how little she knows in the wide fields of knowledge, but as a baby she believed she could do whatever her mother did, and through praise and rewards I encouraged her self-confidence. Such confidence is necessary in the human make-up for self-enlargement and development, as the usefulness of mortals depends not alone on having knowl-

edge, but the confidence in one's self to use this knowledge. The man who knows how to save life and does not act is a nonentity in the world's machinery.

It requires a great deal of self-confidence in a child to make his first step, and so it is with all other first acts of childhood. The little one **A child needs self-confidence** looks to us for praise and encouragement and if he does not receive this help he loses his ambition.

As the child grows in years he should still be encouraged in all his attempts; but as regards showing off his knowledge to outsiders he should be taught, as Lord Chesterfield said, "To wear his learning like a watch in a private pocket, never pulling it out merely to show that he has one."

I am very happy that Winifred has none of the "would-be-show-off quality" in her make-up. When **Winifred's lack of conceit** playing with children who know nothing of Latin, Greek or the many subjects she has studied she never mentions these subjects. She only consents to recite her original poems or to play on the violin, dance or speak in various languages as a "great favor to mother" when I ask her to help entertain some of my friends. But she delights in playing on the stage, particularly if the play be given to help some poor children, since the altruistic spirit seems to be very strong in this little girl.

Her father has expressed some fear that this lack

of desire to get ahead of others may retard her in the race of life, but I am glad that she loves knowledge for its own worth and does not work simply for the purpose of getting ahead of other children.

Winifred's Sabbath-school teacher told me that she was much impressed with my daughter's consideration of other pupils, since she would never attempt to answer a question addressed to the whole class unless the others failed.

On several occasions this quality in Winifred's make-up has caused me a great deal of chagrin. I remember on one occasion when we were staying in a hotel at Paducah, Kentucky, when Winifred was two and a half years of age, she gave my mother-pride a terrible blow. An ex-school-teacher who had married and was the proud mother of a delicate, undersized six-year-old was living in the same hotel. The children played together and Winifred, not yet three, could outrun and outwrestle the six-year-old Marian. The fond mother on one occasion apologized for her daughter's physical weakness by saying that she feared she had begun to train "the poor little thing too soon, mentally." She then called Marian to her and proceeded to tell me all the marvelous things that the child could do, such as reading in the first reader, spelling a number of one-syllable words and reciting nearly all the Mother Goose rhymes. Marian listened to her mother's praise with apparent satisfaction and, without any request, stood on a chair and began to sing

off Mother Goose's delightful melodies in a monotonous, non-expressive manner. She also spelled cat, rat, dog, hog, pig, etc., to show her prowess in spelling.

My mother-pride being thus challenged, particularly when the little Marian turned to Winifred and said, "You're only a baby. You can't read and spell like I can," I called Winifred away from her dolls and asked her to spell Nebuchadnezzar, hippopotamus and a few such simple words for Miss Marian who thought she could not spell. Imagine my chagrin when the apple of my eye cried out, "Oh, let Marian spell; I am having such fun playing dolls just now." Marian's mother smiled with a superior air and of course believed that Winifred knew nothing of spelling. I could have insisted that the child obey me, but such insistence would have ruined further plans in keeping interest in our school work, so I swallowed my chagrin and let Marian have all the honors of the occasion.

Quite recently almost a similar experience happened when several boys were visiting in my home. I asked all of the children for some information concerning Charlemagne. Winifred kept silence, and finally one of the boys stammered out a reply. That evening I asked my little girl why she kept silence when she could have answered my question. She replied: "Oh, mother, you know that I have studied all about Charlemagne, so why should I answer when it gave Tom such pleasure?"

After Winifred had learned all of her letters, I be-

gan to teach her the words on the wall by spelling out
Learning to read cat, rat, etc., and making rhymes
about them. I had large scrap-
books full of pictures and letters, and after showing
the child a picture of a cat, I would point to the letters
C A T and spell out the letters which represented cat
on the wall or on her blocks. Then we played with
our anagrams and had great fun picking out all the A's
for one pile, the C's for another, and T's in a third
pile. With these letters we then made a whole page of
cats, placing them around a cardboard representation
of her catship. I found a Noah's ark, and cardboard
representations of both wild and domestic animals
were of much use in many educational games.

Through these games of word-building, and the impression made upon Winifred's mind by reading to her, she learned to read at the age of sixteen months, without having been given a so-called reading lesson. Four of my friends have tried this method and have met with success, as the children who were taught in this way all could read simple English text before they were three years old.

As soon as Winifred could read, the portals to great fields of knowledge were open to her, and from that time I have had little trouble in amusing my daughter. I put good books in her way, and through these books she is helping to fill her mind with knowledge which will be a pleasure to her in the evening of life.

Some parents seem to think that it is not necessary

for children to have books of their own, since they can get reading matter in public libraries, but as the *Philadelphia North American* has said, editorially: "The real joy of books is lost when we don't have them about us as our friends, to dwell with us, to amuse, to entertain, to instruct, to comfort, to inspire us when we feel the need of amusement, entertainment, instruction, consolation or inspiration. No one ever came to know a book intimately unless it were part of his household, unless he lived with it in friendship, sympathy and understanding."

It has been said that Lincoln's reading, until he had begun the study of law, was restricted to the Bible and Shakespeare. But he dwelt with these marvelous books. They were his most intimate companions. No living individuals were so much so. They became part of his life. Their influence is apparent in his words, thoughts and actions throughout his whole career.

I have always directed Winifred in her choice of books, and taught her that reading without a purpose is the idlest of amusements. There is nothing so destructive to muscular and mental tissue as aimlessness in reading, work or play.

Every book that my child reads is with some object in view. Last winter, when a Japanese boy lived with us, she spent most of her spare moments reading books about Japan so she could talk with him about his country. When she wrote her book, *Journeys With*

Fairy Christmas, she read thirty books descriptive of Christmas customs in various lands, and when writing her book, *Journey With Easter Rabbit*, she searched all the libraries in Pittsburgh for books on Easter customs. Again, when she wrote a series of stories about *My Friends in the Zoo*, which were syndicated by the *Pittsburgh Sun*, she not alone visited the zoo and studied the animals as she saw them, but she read all of the books she could find describing animals and their habits.

Last year Winifred joined the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and she hopes to be graduated in the class of 1916.

She believes that reading is one of the greatest joys in the world, and in an altruistic spirit teaches all of her little playmates who express a desire to read. She has grasped the idea expressed by Professor M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin, when he said that, "What really interests the child makes the best material for his reading lessons. He learns quickly when the content of his reading is attractive. He willingly digs his way through the words to their meaning when he finds he is getting something he likes."

Recently Winifred proved this theory with a little five-year-old who was visiting at our house. She became greatly interested in the book, *Six Nursery Classics*, as edited by Professor O'Shea, and when Winifred had to stop reading to her at an interesting point in *The House*

That Jack Built, she spelled out the words and actually dug out the meaning of that ever-interesting child's classic.

As I believe that next to the power to read, the ability to appreciate good music gives mortals the greatest pleasure, I began to teach Winifred something of musical sounds in the cradle. Her ears were trained to love good music by hearing it, and she learned to distinguish tones by means of the bells which were hung at the foot of her bed.

I taught her the names of the notes as soon as she knew the letters of the alphabet, and her nurse would sing certain notes while pointing to them. The baby learned to do likewise and later on, when she was a year old, she loved to play "Finding Notes." I would hide something in the room and she would start to find it. When she came near to the hiding-place, instead of calling out "hot," as some children do, I struck a low note. If she should go away from the hiding-place, I struck a high note. Thus she learned to distinguish between high and low notes on the piano, and I knew she would never suffer from the dreadful mental deformity of being tone-deaf.

Before she could talk, I played "pat-a-cake" with her hands, keeping good time to develop idea of rhythm. I also held her hands on the drumsticks while I beat out certain measures, or I directed her baby fingers to

strike certain tones on the piano. She had a sweet toned xylophone with the notes printed above each key, and sometimes I would point to certain notes on the wall and she would strike them on her xylophone. At the age of three years, Winifred knew all of her notes and could play simple airs in the treble on her play piano.

There are very few children who do not naturally love rhythm as the motive in telling them stories. They love to hear us say, "Long, long time ago there was a little boy who lived far, far away in the dark, dark forest." Repeating and drawing out words to give rhythmic effect always delights childish listeners.

If the child shows no appreciation of rhythm, and does not distinguish one tone from the other, his mother should begin early to play the game I have suggested of "Finding Notes," and continue playing games each day until he finally grasps the significance of high and low tones.

As a further help in rhythmic education, I began to teach Winifred simple dances as soon as she could walk. Each day she was given an opportunity to hear good music and was encouraged to give expression, with both her hands and feet, to feeling aroused by this music. I believe that there should be music in the very air that children breathe, and if a mother can not give expression to this music she should fall back on the best so-called "canned music" in the market, as furnished by records for the Victrola, piano-player or even graphophone.

As we train the eye in infancy to appreciate the beauty of color, so we should train the ear by feeding it on melody and keeping it as much as possible out of the range of discordant sounds.

Babies all listen intently. That is how they learn to talk. When they hear good music their bodies vibrate to rhythmic sounds. That is why tiny babies have always loved musical rattles since days immemorial. At least rattles have been found in Egyptian tombs, showing that the babies of thousands of years ago loved these toys.

Most babies will crow with delight when they hear sleigh-bells, and I have often amused Winifred by tying a long string of sleigh-bells across her bed and letting her kick at them so as to make them ring.

To the baby there is rhythm in the pattering rain, songs borne on the wind, and majestic music in the waters as they dash in waves against the rocky cliffs, chase one another on the beach, flow in gentle brooks or dash themselves down over mighty precipices.

The child's love of music in nature, as well as his imitative power, may be developed by taking him into the woods and teaching him to imitate the songs of the birds through whistling. Winifred began to whistle as a baby and has derived great pleasure from this accomplishment.

The Hawaiian child grows up with a love of music, and he is never tone-deaf, because his parents sing at

Hawaiians never their work and he sings at his tone-deaf play. It is quite an unusual phenomenon to find a Hawaiian child who can not sing, but in our country almost one-third of the adults rarely try to hum a tune. This is because mothers do not begin early enough to teach their children how to sing as well as to talk. I believe that babies should be encouraged to sing just as soon as they have the power of speech. All mothers who can sing should sing songs each day to the little ones. Those who are not so fortunate should let them hear others sing at every opportunity.

All mothers should strive to keep their voices as sweet as possible, and should never use harsh tones in speaking to their little ones. It **Cordelia voices** is a sad fact that the proportion of Cordelia-like voices "ever gentle, soft and low" is indeed small.

I have one musical friend who never allows her voice to show any harshness, even when she is angry, and in calling her little girl, Josephine, she uses the three notes mi-sol-do.

An æolian harp in the nursery pleases the baby as does a set of Japanese wind bells. Winifred also loved to hear me repeat melodious poems while we marched around the room together. A favorite was Poe's *Bells*, but for marching purposes we found nothing better than James Whitcomb Riley's *The Circus Day Parade*.

Sometimes Winifred did interpretative dances to poems which I repeated for her, and she learned to

Learning to dance do the waltz, three-step and two-step before she was six years old.

She delights in dancing Hindu, Japanese and Indian dances, and dances with the castanets, tambourine, cymbals and shawl. She often whistles her own accompaniments or sings simple French opera airs when interpreting them. Some mothers think that dancing leads to immorality, judging all dancing from the results of public dance-halls. There is no better exercise for big or little people and, as Doctor G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, recently said: "Dancing in itself as practised in ancient times is what kept the Greeks and Romans healthy and graceful. Rhythm is the basis of all physical movement, and I am convinced that this form of amusement under proper supervision will become, not alone an adjunct to the church, which is proper and right, but to the schools also."

CHAPTER V

MUSIC AND SPELLING

THE musical education of many children is entirely neglected in infancy. Then when the child reaches his seventh or eighth birthday, the ambitious mother sends him to any music teacher to make a musician out of him. The child whose ears have not been trained finds these lessons a torture, particularly as he is made to hurry home from school so as to practise stupid exercises on the piano. Many nervous troubles have been traced to a child's being compelled to sit at the piano and practise against his wishes.

I do not believe in the method of teaching children only exercises in beginning music. We must have technique, but we need not sacrifice all expression on this altar. Great musicians never began with an unusual display of technique. They first expressed their musical feelings.

All children enjoy trying to pick out on the piano simple melodies that they have heard. This should be encouraged, and the child should also be helped in making original compositions. Winifred has a blank book (one of our note-book library) in which she has

written down all of the simple melodies that she has composed since infancy. In days to come, this book will be very interesting to her. In this book also she keeps all notes concerning musical technique, the names of compositions as she learns them, and all facts relative to musical matters that she collects.

When the child begins to learn piano technique, the mother should play with him and encourage him to master this great instrument. She can teach him little rhymes about the sharps and flats. Winifred has always remembered the lines in the treble by the sentence "Every good boy does finely," the spaces by "f-a-c-e, face." In the bass the lines may be represented by "Good boys do finely always," and the spaces by "A cow eats grass." We often had spelling lessons on the piano, Winifred pretending that she was the Mrs. Piano and talking in treble tones as she struck the notes in the treble, and I played I was a big man with a bear-like voice talking in the bass.

I can not understand why children can not be given melodies as exercises, since they are but exercises in pleasing form. A little boy of my acquaintance studied for one year with a teacher of the violin before he was given the simple melody of *Home, Sweet Home*. His teacher was cross and his mother insisted that he should continue to practise each day, so the child learned to hate the best of all musical instruments.

My daughter was so fortunate as to receive her

first instruction on the violin from a teacher who
First violin knew how to make her pupils love
lessons the violin as a fairy of melody.
 She gave Winifred simple melodies as exercises and
 promised her others when she should master certain
 motions of the bow.

I have helped Winifred to practise on the violin
 by playing her accompaniments on the piano. Simple
 melodies in the first position sound
The mother should very "thin" when played on the
cooperate with her violin alone, but with the help of
child in practising the piano they sound as Winifred says, "like real
 music." I have always played duets with her on the
 piano or played some other instrument while she ac-
 companied me. In this way she felt that she and
 mother were working together. Cooperating with
 a child in practise helps him in keeping time, and
 also makes the practise time a pleasure instead of a
 task.

We can not all be musicians, and some people think
 it is a waste of time to teach a child anything of music
Why we should unless he shows tendencies toward
all study music musical greatness; but I believe
 that every child should have some knowledge of music
 in order that he may appreciate the music of others.
 It is also true that we can not all be great artists, but
 we can learn enough of art to appreciate the work
 of masters and thus gain much more enjoyment in
 life than if we remain in the dark as regards the
 works of great artists and musicians.

Some one has said: "A person may be more fully known by the music he likes than by the coat he wears **A man known by the music he likes** or the books he reads." We study good books to enjoy the style or to gain knowledge therein contained. Why then should we not study music to enlarge our capacities for enjoyment, as well as to give pleasure to others, when we have the power to produce these melodies?

Bismarck, when he was old and had retired from political life, expressed deep regret that he had not **Bismarck's regret** learned to play some musical instrument in his youth, so that he could have found pleasure in its companionship during life's twilight hours.

Did you ever stop to think what life would be without music? It is music that inspires soldiers on the march to victory. Love has employed this goddess to help win his suits. It is music that helps us in hours of sorrow and carries us away to happier worlds.

Through music a child gains rhythm, which is necessary for a graceful poise of body. He also gains powers of observation, memory, order and self-control. The man who hath no music in his soul may not be fit for all the terrible crimes attributed to him by Shakespeare, but he is not a fully developed man. He who loves music hears glad notes in all forms of nature and forgets life's trials when he hears heaven-born musical sounds.

As a child learns to read letters he should learn to

read music, and as he learns the meaning of word pictures he should learn to dissect these words and know the letters that compose them.

I found it very easy to teach Winifred spelling by building up words with anagrams after she had learned the letters. We called this **Learning to spell through games** game "Building Word-Castles," and even to-day we enjoy playing it. We both become greatly interested in seeing who can build the greater number of castles or the larger ones. A few days ago, Winifred formed the word transcontinental, and declared that she had made the longest word in the English language because there was a whole continent between the first and last syllables. I tried to catch up with her by making interoceanic and having a big ocean between my first and last syllables.

Another spelling game that amused Winifred as a little girl was that of "Bee-Hives." We arranged the alphabet in a perpendicular line. Then we began to see how many AT buzzing bees we could make. From *a* to *d* we could make a buzzing bee each time, but nothing could be done with *d* so we drew a parenthesis by its side and called it a drone. *E*, *g*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *n*, *o*, *q*, *u*, *w*, *x*, *y* and *z* were all drones, while *a*, *b*, *c*, *f*, *h*, *m*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *t* and *v* were workers, forming *at*, *bat*, *cat*, *fat*, *hat*, *mat*, *pat*, *rat*, *sat*, *tat*, *vat*. We counted our workers and found there were but eleven, while there were fifteen drones. Therefore, we called our AT Bee-Hive no good. The next day we tried the AD bees and again found more drones

than workers, but on the third day, in an IT Bee-Hive, we were successful in finding fourteen workers and only twelve drones. In most of the hives there were more drones than workers and Winifred, judging of life from the lazy men she saw on our reservation, remarked that it was only natural to find more drones than workers in everything. Unfortunately, this seems to be true in all walks of life.

With the members of our bee-hives we also amused ourselves in making rhymes or singing *p-a-t, pat, c-a-t, Making rhymes to cat*, and so on. The following help in spelling nonsense rhyme was Winifred's first attempt to compose a jingle:

Miss Kitty Kitty Kitty Cat
Lived with a man named Pat
And slept upon a mat
Did Miss Kitty Kitty Cat.

Miss Kitty Kitty Kitty Cat
Each day would eat a rat
And soon she grew so fat
Did Miss Kitty Kitty Cat.

Miss Kitty Kitty Kitty Cat
Looked lovely in a hat
Trimmed with a fuzzy bat
Did Miss Kitty Kitty Kitty Cat.

But Kitty Kitty Kitty Cat
Grew cross with Mister Pat
She humped her back and spat
Did Miss Kitty Kitty Kitty Cat.

Then said this Mister Pat
 I'll give her tit for tat
 So he drowned her in a vat,
 End of Kitty Kitty Kitty Cat.

As a help in learning to spell, I would recommend these games; but better than any rhyme or letter game is the use of the typewriter. Winifred's desire to do whatever she saw her mother do led to my adopting the typewriter as a substitute for the spelling-book. One day when I was busy typewriting, Winifred came to me and asked me to come out-of-doors for a game of ball. I told her to have patience for just a few minutes so that I might finish writing a story, and thus get a lot of nice pennies to buy pretty new books and dolls.

This fired Winifred's ambition to write stories on the typewriter and make lots of money. She begged me to teach her how to write on the money-making machine, but I had no opportunity that day. The next day, when I returned from market, I was greatly surprised by the little girl who presented me with a typewritten copy of the first page of *Peter Rabbit*. There was no spacing or capitalization in this copy, but I did not discourage the baby by telling her of her mistakes. Faultfinding and criticism often discourage a child so that she loses ambition to try again.

The little girl had looked at the letters forming Peter, etc., and then she had picked out the same let-

ters on the typewriter. After I showed her how to space and make capitals she took great delight in copying poems of the masters and in striving to write original rhymes, letters and stories. This was before she was three years old.

A short time after she began to write upon the typewriter, I had to undergo a serious operation in a Chicago hospital. I could not have my baby with me, and the typewriter proved a good fairy in bearing daily messages to my bedside. Each day the little girl wrote me letters telling of her love and describing all the happenings at home. These letters helped me to keep up my courage in the struggle to live, and are still treasured by me.

Winifred continued to write on the typewriter each day and by copying works of great poets, she not only learned how to spell the words and something of punctuation, but she made these poems her own. No one can truly appreciate a great poem until he has committed it to memory, and through the typewriter Winifred has learned over a thousand of these gems, putting them in her memory storehouse to give pleasure not alone in youth but in old age.

When the little girl was three years old she had attained such a remarkable proficiency in spelling that her father often invited visitors to give her any word, having the assurance that she would never fail. She made use of this spelling knowledge whenever we

took walks or rides in the street-cars by spelling the signs, and she pretended to teach all of her pets and dolls how to spell everything in her nursery.

If I were a multimillionaire, I would make a bon-fire of all the spelling-books used in public schools and would introduce typewriters so that every child could learn to spell in this practical manner. The child not only learns how to operate a mechanical instrument, but a word picture is made on his mind each time that he writes a certain word. He learns construction and punctuation, and through its aid he may memorize literature worth remembering. I have also found that using the typewriter developed the muscles in Winifred's fingers and thus helped her in playing the piano and the violin.

I am hoping that the day will come when we shall have small typewriters easily carried in our pockets, but which we can use instead of the pen as the instrument to express our thoughts. In that day there will be no poor spellers, and we shall all be able to read one another's letters. Poor penmanship is sometimes said to be a sign of brains (judging from the writing of Horace Greeley and other prominent men), because the thoughts come faster than the pen can write legibly. With the general use of typewriters, thoughts need not be lost through illegible pen scratches.

Winifred now uses the touch system on the typewriter and often acts as my secretary, writing long

The pen an instrument as well as the typewriter letters with ease. She writes all of her stories, jingles, etc., on the typewriter and uses a pen only when compelled to write letters to friends who still cling to the old idea that a pen-written letter is more characteristic of the writer than one written on the typewriter. As Winifred truly says: "The pen is an instrument, as much as the typewriter. Both are tools to use in expressing thought, and if I write my letters myself and do not dictate them I can not see how it is more courteous to use the pen-tool."

Had typewriters of my dream been in use when Winifred was a baby, I would not have attempted to teach her how to use a pen, but such instruments are still in Utopia. It was Winifred's simian instinct of imitation that led her to learn to use a pen in babyhood as she afterward learned the typewriter. This desire to imitate is nature's method of teaching her young.

When little ones see their mothers writing, they also wish to write, but usually the mother gives her child a pencil and, without directing the little one, allows it to scribble *ad libitum* on everything in sight, thus working destruction and reaping no benefit from energy exerted.

When Winifred expressed a desire to use a pencil, I gave her a bright red crayon and asked her if she would write her name and surprise daddy? She danced with delight at the thought, and day after day the seventeen-

month-old baby tried to write her pet name, *Chérie* Stoner, from samples that I made for her. Thus, before she was two years old, she astonished hotel clerks by asking permission to write her name in the registers beside that of daddy and mother. She also learned to associate a pen or pencil as useful instruments, to be used only in writing her name on a nice white piece of paper, and not given to her to make marks all over the furniture and walls.

I taught her the gliding motion of pen writing by holding her hand as she wrote hen, pen, etc., and she amused herself by printing the letters of the alphabet and making up stories concerning these characters. According to Winifred's ideas, "A" was a house with an up-stairs and down-stairs, "B" had two humps, "D" had one big hump and "P" a little one. "S" was a snake, "T" wore a hat, "Y" was a "V" with a tail and "W" was two little "V's." We put all the slanting letters together, calling them cousins "a," "m," "n," "v," "w," "x," "y," "z." Then we looked for all the letters related to Mr. "I" and found "E," "F," "H," "J," "K," "L" and "T." Then we tried to write all of these letters as neatly as possible in both capital and little letter form, and afterward we looked for all letters with curves and tried to copy them. We found "B," "C," "D," "G," "J," "O," "P," "Q," "R," "S," "U," in this class, and came to the conclusion that the curved line, or "line of beauty," was a favorite in letter formation.

As soon as Winifred could write simple sentences,

I gave her a nicely bound diary and told her to write down what she did each day. **Keeping a diary** From the age of two years until the present time she has always kept a diary, and it has been of great service in teaching her neatness and accuracy, as well as giving amusement on rainy days. She often passes happy hours in reading the diaries written in past years. In years to come, I imagine that these little books will give their owner much pleasure, and they will undoubtedly prove most interesting to children or grandchildren who may come to her.

Mothers should also keep diaries with accounts of their children's progress, as such books always prove interesting to these children when they have children of their own.

Winifred's 1913 diary is a model of neatness. Each day the child takes pleasure in writing an account of the previous day's doings, and up to date no blot has found its way through careless haste to mar the escutcheon of neatness.

If your children have not the diary habit, I would recommend that they acquire it at once. It is an old-fashioned custom, but one that should always remain with us.

Another way in which to arouse a child's interest in writing is to allow him to write real letters to his friends in other parts of the country. The chief reason that children dislike writing in school is be-

Teach children to write real letters to real people

cause they know that any letters they write are simply exercises which do not convey their ideas to real people.

Trying to write little stories for prizes or joining the St. Nicholas League is another way to arouse the child's desire to express his thoughts in writing.

Winifred became a member of this league when she was five years old and has won both the silver and gold badges as prizes for her stories.

CHAPTER VI

LEARNING ABOUT NATURE

THERE never was and never will be so interesting a teacher as good old Dame Nature. But it is a lamentable fact that few of her present-day children come often in contact with this great instructor.

**Dame Nature
best teacher**

The life-stories of birds, plants and the like are always interesting to a child. Reverend Mr. Witte used these nature studies to give his son, Karl Witte, his early information.

**How Reverend
Mr. Witte taught
his famous son**

He told him the history of a loaf of bread as he ate the bread at the table and he described the growth and development of various forms of nature while he walked with his boy.

He taught him about the birds; how they care for their little ones and their assistance to man in his struggle for life. He showed him how these winged workers destroy moths that would kill our trees and deprive us of fruit and how they free the world of troublesome insects. He explained why some birds walk and others hop, and told interesting stories about the birds of all climes.

Through nature this wise teacher explained to his

son the Resurrection and the fact that nothing is ever lost or destroyed. In his walks during the spring months he showed him the miracles performed in the clothing of supposedly dead plants in new glory, the awakening of insect life and the new growth of roots and seeds that had been buried by the winter's frosts.

He explained to him the various relationships of vegetables and flowers and made the study of botany, ornithology and biology a delight to this boy who afterward became a famous scholar.

I attempted to use the same methods in teaching Winifred geography, botany, geology, ornithology, zoology, physics, chemistry, astronomy and mineralogy.

Winifred has found great delight not alone in analyzing flowers after we have studied them beneath a

**An interesting
way to learn
botany**

microscope and in pressing specimens for her herbarium, but in studying relationships of plants.

When I told her that the potato, the tomato and the bull nettle were cousins and all related to the deadly nightshade her imagination was awakened sufficiently to write a very interesting plant story about these unlike cousins.

As in all branches of study, she kept a note-book in which to preserve interesting facts of plant life, and this botany book is full of queer stories written about Cousin Potato, Tomato and so on. She has also followed the history of a sprig of wheat, until it became a loaf of bread and finally part of a nice little girl who

did so many good deeds that the wheat was glad to have given up its life so that she could have the strength to work.

Winifred still continues her research in plant life, and she is making a collection of flowers from various lands, getting her specimens from Esperantist friends living all over the world. She has one book that she prizes most highly, containing flowers plucked from the graves of great men or from historic spots.

Another book she calls her Audubon book because all of the flowers it contains were plucked from old-
Walking in paths time haunts of the great naturalist
trod by Audubon near Henderson, Kentucky. In this wood Winifred gained much knowledge of plant and bird life and learned to love the great writer who has told us so much of nature's wonders as he saw them beneath these majestic oaks and elms entwined with great ropes of wild grape-vines.

When Winifred was a tiny baby she showed great dislike for caterpillars, but when I told her that the
Interest in ugly worms would develop into
caterpillars beautiful butterflies she saw Mr. Caterpillar in a different light and was careful not to harm him when he came in her pathway. On one occasion, I heard her telling a little playmate not to molest a great ugly green tomato worm because he would some day be a lovely fairy horse (as she called butterflies) and would perhaps be ridden by Titania herself.

I told the child stories of ants and their ways of liv-

ing and these stories served not alone to interest her **Stories of ants, bees, etc.** but to awaken her imagination in making up other tales about these wonderful insects. She showed an equal interest in bumblebees, hornets and wasps and tried to make friends with them until she learned through pain that they would not be friendly. Then we made a little class of friends and enemies in the nature world and resolved not to go too near those which were determined to wage war against us.

After an unpleasant encounter with a bumblebee she wrote the following rhyme as a warning to her little friends:

“LET THE BUMBLE BE”

“One day I saw a bumblebee, bumbling on a rose
And as I stood admiring him he stung me on the nose.
My nose in pain, it swelled so large it looked like a
potato,
So Daddy said, though Mother thought 'twas more
like a tomato.
And now dear children this advice I hope you'll take
from me
And when you see a bumblebee just let that bum-
ble be.”

But despite the stings she received from several bees Winifred did not learn to dislike them. She thought they were very handsome and could make such a nice buzzing sound. Nearly all children cling to the habits of their ancestors in affiliating with all

forms of life. Babies will play with snakes and toads as if they were beautiful toys. One of my little friends was so fond of everything of the creeping and crawling order as a baby that he delighted in the companionship of centipedes.

During the last year Winifred and I have made a specialty of studying beetles. In the winter, when we **Learning about** could not find these insects in the **beetles** woods, we went to Carnegie Institute and studied the collections there displayed. In learning something about nearly everything there is no better school for children than a museum. We spend several days out of each week in the Carnegie museum, sometimes sketching the great works of sculpture or studying the different forms of animals as well as races of men and the tools or clothes they have made.

Winifred is now studying about the beetle's relatives. She has learned to know an insect by its six legs and seeks with a microscope to discover the four wings that nature originally gave it. She has learned that there are a hundred and fifty thousand varieties of beetles, but she is ambitious to discover a new one. She has read all the books she could find in the library about beetles, has written a number of beetle stories, and studies his beetleship whenever she meets him.

She is also greatly interested in spiders, and not long ago I was amused to overhear a lecture she was giving **A lecture** to a boy who thirsted for spider **on spiders** life. She told him that spiders had

brains and were superior to insects, who neither had hearts nor brains. She also expressed admiration for spiders because they were never discouraged and would begin to weave a web just as soon as their old one was destroyed. The boy, who was older than Winifred and had studied something about spiders at school, laughed at her, saying that they were not superior to insects, since, as he said, "They're insects themselves."

Winifred then proceeded to enlighten this young man as to the difference between spiders and real insects. She told him that insects have three parts to their make-up and real heads, while spiders have two parts, as their heads stick down in their chests. "Insects," she said, "have six legs, but spiders have two extra ones. Insects always have feelers but spiders have none, while most insects are argus-eyed, but spiders never have more than eight round eyes. Besides, spiders have real poison-fangs like a snake, which insects never have."

I speak of this little conversation to show you how she has learned to compare the different forms of life in nature, and I believe there is no better way to make a child happy than by such study. A child who is brought close to nature becomes so interested in life about him that he has no thought for mischief, which is solely misdirected energy. True students of nature who drink in plenty of ozone and are constantly seek-

ing to know more of the world's wondrous truths have no time to plot against their fellow men. I have never known a great lover of nature to be a villain.

Every child loves to go to the woods, and there is no reason why parents and teachers should not gratify this desire at frequent intervals. The city child has little chance to become acquainted with nature, which really is to be found only in sweet solitude away from the haunts of man, while the call to visit nature in her beauty is ever strong within him.

A very small proportion of the money spent each year in striving to reform bad children could save these children from need of reformatory **Nature used to save children from reformatories** oration if used to provide weekly outings for them in beautiful woods or parks. A child who lives in the soot-laden atmosphere of a large city, breathing all sorts of poisonous fumes, even to sulphureted hydrogen (the property in a rotten egg) can not have a perfectly healthy mind and body if he never comes in contact with pure air and nature's surroundings.

During the last summer a number of kindly disposed Pittsburgh ladies volunteered their services to **A fund for outings** direct the play of children in the parks. But they could not find children with whom to play. My poor laundress, who has six children, laughed bitterly when I asked: "Why don't you send your little ones to the park? They would have a fine time and learn a great deal."

She explained that sixty cents car-fare was "big money" which she could not afford to pay for her children's enjoyment. Ergo, they continue to play in the dirty alley back of her home while the playgrounds in the parks are empty.

I am hopeful that school directors may soon see that an outing fund is necessary for the transportation of children who can not afford to pay car-fare when there are school outings.

Luther Burbank says that any child who has been deprived of rocks to roll, acorns and mud-pies, grasshoppers, mud-turtles, huckleberries and hornets has been deprived of the best part of his education. He believes that every school should have a farm divided into sections and each child be given a plot of ground to make a garden of his very own. Every mother should also have some kind of a garden for her baby to cultivate.

Winifred has had a garden in every place where there has been ground near our home to make one, and we have had great fun in digging and planting both flowers and vegetables. We play that the weeds are dragons and must be killed, but the flowers are fairies. We have often played with the potatoes and made babies of them, and sometimes after we were tired of gardening we lay under a tree and tried to see how many green vegetables people ate, how many brown ones and so on. Sometimes we used this spur for a writing

**Luther Burbank
on nature as a
teacher**

Winifred's garden

lesson and each of us wrote on a piece of paper the number of red, green, brown, etc., vegetables or fruits that grew. We have tried this game with flowers also.

As I believe that nature inspires us, giving us faith in higher powers and uplifting us above the commonplace, I try to spend a few days **Camping** in camp each year with my little girl. We have camped under the great trees in California and under shaggy bushes on the prairie, but have always felt great pleasure in being close to nature, where we have found "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

We wished to forget the noise of cities, and as Mrs. Mary V. Grice in one of her beautiful and clever sermonettes says: "Lie down flat in the deep clover blooms and get acquainted with the 'little world in the grass,' as Goethe calls the insect life. There are wonderful lessons for the children in the habits of the little creatures on every side."

We were fortunate to live near a beautiful piece of woods for several years and I could have had no better text-book from which to teach **Our friends in the woods** my little girl. Nearly every pleasant day when Winifred's father was not at home our good faithful maid, Victoria, *Chérie* and I went to the woods and found quiet, good air and food for thought. As we walked along I would tell my daugh-

ter the names of the trees we were passing, and generally on our return home she could tell me each name correctly.

We carried our kodak with us and took the pictures of favorite trees and lovely flowers, and after I had developed and printed them the little girl found delight in painting them the proper colors. In this wood I taught her many beautiful poems of nature and told her fairy tales, to which she added others, and like Hiawatha, "she learned of every bird its language." She saw also that all forms of nature (except human nature) are always busy, as no birds or insects sit in idleness, and the little squirrels are ever busy collecting their winter food.

In this wood was a pond where a few sad-looking ducks were accustomed to swim. Sitting by the pond

The ugly duckling and the swan I first told Winifred Hans Christian Andersen's story of *The Ugly Duckling*. A few days later while visiting in Indianapolis I had an opportunity to show her a real swan and I explained that this beautiful bird had once been an ugly duckling. On our return home I was greatly amused to hear Winifred consoling one of the orphans, whose asylum was close to our reservation and who often came to the fence for cookies, by saying: "Oh, don't worry about your looks. It is a good thing to be ugly when you are little, for if you are good you will grow up to be very pretty like the swan birds. But if you are too pretty in your baby days people will pet you so much and make you so vain

that when you grow up you will be punished for your vanity by getting the smallpox or the erysipelas, which will ruin your looks."

In Winifred's nature book she writes interesting facts concerning new plants and trees and draws pictures of various flowers, clothing them in their rightful raiment.

Stories about tures of various flowers, clothing
strange plants them in their rightful raiment.

She often visits the Phipps Conservatory and studies the plants of various countries and sometimes writes stories about them. She has written a very amusing tale about the devil's pincushion cactus, causing a lot of trouble in the present Mexican upheaval, and another of her stories recently written for the Evansville, Indiana, *Courier* tells of plants that catch insects and others that are armed with bayonets.

She tells of a great band of Indians being kept from a certain settlement in Florida by means of a Spanish bayonet hedge. She has stories about the beautiful rose which protects itself with thorns, the cactus which wears a formidable armor of prickle and daggers, the sun-spurge which has a poisonous juice that kills any insect which approaches, the bladder-wort which holds insects fast to its sticky stems if they try to climb up and steal the plant's honey, the rattlesnake iris which gives a rattling noise like a rattlesnake, and many other curious plants. There is much material for interesting tales about these marvelous plants and all our children friends love to hear Winifred's plant tales. The little girl also writes stories about trees.

In one of her diaries I find a description of a day spent with the pupils of Miss Pape's school in Savannah, Georgia, in exploring a beautiful piece of woods. At this outing we played a game called "Guess What" with all the wild flowers we had collected and a prize was offered for the best drawing of a live-oak tree. After lunch each child wrote a description of a particular tree or a number of trees. The following is Winifred's description of

"THE KING OF THE FOREST"

“As the lion is king among beasts so the oak is monarch of all trees. Of course all oak trees are not **A story of the oak** kingly in appearance but neither are all kings who rule over people. But the best members of the *oak family* have always ranked ahead of all other trees. In fact the very word *oak* means tree, so I suppose in the beginning of the world oaks grew to be tall trees while elms and sycamores were mere bushes.

"There are about seventy-two kinds of oak trees. Too many for little girls to remember and as I have so many things which I wish to store in my cranium I am not trying to use up all the spare room with the names of every known oak tree. I only wish to remember that there are oaks of eight different colors, blue, chestnut, green, red, scarlet, yellow, black and white. There are also oaks named for the duck, cow and bear. Don't you think these are strange names

for oak trees? I never saw an oak which resembled a duck. Did you? Oak trees are also named for many places. There are British, Jerusalem, Spanish, African, American, Indian, Turkey, New Zealand and Valparaiso oaks. The last named is the same as our beloved live-oaks.

"These trees of the oak family grow almost everywhere except in the high mountains. The largest ones grow in England and in Portland, Oregon. Some of the English oaks are so old that they were on earth when William the Conqueror came to 'Merric England.'

Largest oaks

"Some of the oak's family are almost as famous as great people. We often read of Abraham's oak in Palestine under which the old patriarch pitched his tent; the Royal Oak in England where Charles the Second hid for a day after his defeat at Worcester in 1551; and the Charter Oak at Hartford, Connecticut, in which was concealed in 1687 the Colonial Charter which had been demanded by Governor Andres.

Most famous oaks

"In olden times there were many gospel oaks in England, so called because religious services were held beneath their spreading boughs. All of these oaks are now dead, but many children in England still wear oak leaves on May 29th and call it 'Oak Apple Day' in honor of the oak tree which once sheltered an English king.

"Oaks are used for many purposes. They are so strong that their wood makes excellent houses, boats,

Uses of oaks ships, furniture and wheels. Their bark is used for tanning and also for medicine. Their acorns make excellent food for piggie-wigs, who grow to be large and fat on such diet and furnish us with delicious hams for sandwiches when we go to the woods for picnics. In ancient times the Romans used oak leaves to crown their victors and the Druids in England worshiped the oak tree and the mistletoe growing on it. They had one favorite oak called the 'Druid Oak,' and beneath this tree they would often offer human sacrifices.

"Of all the members of the oak family I love the live-oak best. It keeps its limbs covered with beautiful green waxy leaves all the year round, and it is said that fairies love these trees better than any others. Queen Titania always lives in a live-oak tree.

"For many years she was supposed to have her home in a large live-oak which grew on Granby Street in dear old Norfolk, Virginia. The roots of this ancient oak grew under the sidewalk and its branches hung over the heads of passers-by. This tree was called 'The Wishing Oak,' and people in Norfolk could not tell how old it was nor how it received its name, but nearly every one took pleasure in making wishes under its green leaves, and many people said that their wishes came true.

"Some people said that the tree was called 'The Wishing Oak' because when a little girl had once made a wish under its branches Titania heard her and

whispered the wish to the child's aunt. The aunt gave her niece the much-wished-for ring and ever after, during this little girl's life, she and her friends came here to make wishes. It was believed that many marriages were brought about by lovers wishing under the tree and children often received lovely dolls and toys after whispering their wishes to the good old oak. After having made a wish, however, they were compelled to keep silence while walking for two blocks or the wish would not be granted.

"I shall always feel kindly to the memory of this dear old tree because the fairies brought me to my mother after she had made a wish for a little baby while standing beneath the green branches of Titania's home. It is true that she asked for a boy and Titania's messenger, Madam Stork, made a mistake in delivering the goods, but at the present time mother is glad that the mistake was made and I feel so grateful to the fairy queen that she sent me to my mother instead of to some cross lady.

"'The Wishing Oak' was cut down at the time of the Jamestown Exposition to make room for passers-by, but mother loved the tree so dearly that she picked many barrels of its leaves and put them in little books telling of the good oak's history. She believed that the leaves would grant wishes if people had faith in them and I have written several verses and fastened some of the leaves on cards to send to all my friends. I tell them to kiss the leaf at night just after they have been kissed and tucked into bed

by their mothers and then not to speak a single word but to believe that their wishes will be fulfilled, and generally the wishes come true. Of course we must not think that wishes will come true unless we help Titania, but if we wish and work our desires will come to us."

I am copying this little oak story to show mothers how much interest may be awakened in trees. In this story Winifred shows that she studies etymology and has read books about trees as well as observed their characteristics. She shows her love of the forest monarchs, her knowledge of interesting facts concerning trees from the historical standpoint, and an intense interest in these children of nature in connection with fairy lore.

Last winter Winifred had several bird boxes that were inhabited by a number of birds. She fed them each day and they became so tame
Children should each day and they became so tame
have pets that they would perch on her
 shoulder. In her nursery she has two tame canaries called *Okikusan* (or Oh, the Honorable Mr. Chrysanthemum—in Japanese) and *Niñita* (baby—in Spanish). *Okikusan* is really a remarkable bird. His little mistress has taught him to dance on her hand and sing in perfect time when she plays certain airs on the violin. He perches on her shoulder when she plays on the piano, winks either the right or left eye as requested, like Audubon's crow, and eats bits of bread or corn at lunch-time with Winifred. When

she reads from a book he often perches on the top of the leaves and when she wishes to turn a page he jumps as if jumping the rope and lands on the fresh page, perching his head from side to side as if he understood the text of the book.

I believe that all children should have pets that they can train or care for. It teaches little ones to think of others and also makes them happy.

Of course there is the fear that dogs and cats may carry disease, but if animals are kept clean and children are taught never to kiss them or to put their hands in their mouths after fondling the pets, I believe the danger is slight.

When Winifred was very ill with pneumonia, while living in the far north, she almost forgot her pains by watching the antics of her three kittens, the Graces, Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne. Her dog Rowdy is always a source of delight to her.

While watching the tricks of pet cats and dogs Winifred has become interested in the habits of all their wild relatives.

We make frequent visits to the zoos, watching the unfortunate caged animals while Winifred tells them they will soon be free. Then we return home and study their characteristics in all the interesting animal books we can find. Through these studies Winifred gained knowledge so that she was able to write a series of syndicated newspaper animal stories, and she is now writing a large book containing conversations with most

of the animals in the zoo, called *Chats with My Friends in the Zoo*.

We have used the same plan in learning about fishes. We have an aquarium in the nursery and watch the scaly water sprites as they swim or float, and we have visited nearly all of the large aquariums in the United States.

A naturalist who recently talked with my *Chérie* said that she was undoubtedly another Audubon. I explained to him that the child was simply an ordinary little girl who kept her eyes and ears open to nature's calling and who gained knowledge by seeing, hearing and doing, rather than by simply reading of what others had done.

I have pursued the same plans in teaching the child mineralogy, chemistry, geology and astronomy, seeking for knowledge direct from nature, but using laboratories, museums and interesting books to help me in leading to these paths of knowledge. The fairies and interesting stories in mythology have also been a great help in keeping up intense interest in these branches.

I can not see how astronomy can be made interesting to any child unless he is told of these old-time myths and is allowed to study the stars from nature rather than books.

Winifred has been fortunate also in being able to obtain much information by gazing through some of the largest telescopes in the world and being told of the celestial wonders by great astronomers. One of

her astronomer friends, Professor Edgar Lucien Lar-kin, of Mount Lowe Observatory, says that Winifred inspired him to write his book *Within the Mind Maze*. The little girl says that he must be mistaken since she can not understand everything in this book, but she considers this astronomer one of the most interesting wise men it has been her fortune to meet.

The friendship of great star-gazers and the use of telescopes is not accorded to every child, but the sky is free to all and every mother should take her children beneath the starry canopy and tell them stories of Orion, Ursa Major, Ursa Minor and interesting facts that astronomers of all ages have given to us.

There are always bits of woods where she may go with her little one and while playing Indian with him, **Science through natural play** teach him to tell the hour of the day by the shadows cast on the tree-trunks, teach him direction by gazing up through the trees to the stars, and thus not alone give him a strong body and happy spirit, but teach him science through the happy medium of play.

During the last few years two excellent organizations have been formed whereby boys and girls receive **Boy Scouts and Camp-Fire Girls** practical knowledge from nature and are trained for the battle of life. I refer to the Boy Scouts and the Camp-Fire Girls. Through introduction to Mother Nature these boys and girls are learning to love studies that they one time hated.

Geography, which was once a nightmare of maps

and cities, has become a delight to children taught by natural educational methods.

Winifred never learned any definitions about the five different kinds of geography, but she began to learn about the earth and its inhabitants when she was a tiny baby playing in the sand on Virginia Beach. As we sat watching the great Atlantic Ocean I told her stories of this watery giant and of his brothers in distant lands. I told her stories also of the shells we found on the beach and described the lives of the mollusks that once used them as homes. We watched crabs crawling in the sand and learned many of their funny ways. I talked of ocean life in the many forms that were washed upon the beach, and fortune favored us one day in stranding a huge whale high and dry on the sand where we could watch the great monster.

Some days we collected bits of seaweeds, and I gave Winifred little talks about these flowers of Neptune's realms and also told her facts about the plants growing along the seashore. Often I found my curiosity aroused about plants, fish, etc., and I would seek for information, thus gaining knowledge while striving to educate my little daughter. People often give me credit for possessing a much better memory than I own. They forget that I am constantly refreshing my mind in order to teach my little daughter.

While playing in the sand we formed rivers, seas, bays and mountains, while we used tiny sprigs to cover the mountains with forests and employed little

celluloid dolls as mountain climbers. When we wished to have snow-capped mountains we put white cotton on top of the sand.

Sometimes we carried our big globe to the beach and tried to draw pictures of the continents in the sand. This globe has always been **Playing with a globe** a delight as well as an educator to my baby. At first she looked upon it as only a nice big ball that would turn round and round. But soon she learned the position of Norfolk, Virginia, on this great globe, and took pleasure in pointing with her chubby finger to the place of her birth.

Even on rainy days we had our sand geography lessons, as I kept a large flat box of sand in a store-room handy to the nursery. We **A day in Holland** would wet the sand slightly, turning it into all sorts of molds, and form marvelous villages. Winifred never tired of hearing about far-distant lands and of making representative villages. She was particularly fond of playing that we were in Holland, and she spent many hours striving to make sand windmills and tiny canals. I had dolls dressed to represent all nations, and my little daughter insisted that her best Dutch lady should wear eighteen petticoats so as to look truly Dutch-like and prosperous. We used brightly colored paper tulips to adorn the banks of our canals and stuck Dutch flags into the sand windmills, while our dolls were made to act as the Hollanders in smoking pipes, skating and scrubbing.

On another day we turned our sand-pile into merry England and pretended to hold pageants and tournaments as in olden times. We had a large box of knights in varied armor and they made quite "a glad array" as we arranged them in the field. We had castles with moats, and forests where the knights would go to hunt paper boars, or other wild game.

Thus each day my little daughter learned something new and interesting; and as I was continually reading books to help me make this play-study interesting, I was constantly adding to my storehouse of knowledge. Mothers often say to me "I am, oh, so willing to give up my life for my child, but I simply don't know how to go about teaching him." Of course, a mother must have an educational foundation in order to give her child proper instruction, but it is wonderful how every mother learns of new ways specially adapted to the training of her child and how she can enlarge on any ideas given her and so help to broaden her own sphere of knowledge.

After Winifred had learned something about most of the world's great countries we tried to make a sand-pile world. For this we used dolls dressed to represent all nationalities and also a number of toys that I picked up in various parts of the world. Our little brown Eskimo doll, in her real sealskin robe (the gift of Prince John, a Siwash chief), was seen emerging from her cayout,

which we covered with cotton to represent snow. Our African friend reposed in his twig jungle sans raiment, but ruling over all of these peoples was Queen Lucy (named for Winifred's beloved godmother), who always received first prize as the most beautiful lady in the whole world.

Sometimes instead of playing in the sand we made tiny villages out of modeline, forming mountains for **Modeline** backgrounds and even making **as a help** modeline rivers. The tiny inhabitants were most interesting specimens of my playmate's imitative ability. Some of them were really quite remarkable, and I have preserved a Fiji Islander, made by the little girl when two years of age, as a memento of our modeline geography lessons.

As another means of learning about the different places in this great world, Winifred and I have taken **Traveling** many a jolly trip on a big map **on a map** spread out on our library table. We would stop at certain places, pretend to talk with peoples of various countries and continue our trip by rail or boat. Sometimes we took motor trips and had all sorts of dreadful accidents. Once we slid down a glacier and on another occasion we nearly fell into a crater. We were constantly delayed by punctured tires and had to stay in desolate places where we lived like Robinson Crusoe and made good use of knowledge we had gained from his experiences.

When we wished livelier sport we would turn chairs up-side-down and Winifred, pretending to be

engineer or conductor, would guide me and her pet dog or dolls to many places, calling out the stations as we went along. Sometimes we had accidents and then Winifred turned into a doctor, giving first aid to the injured in putting on bandages and splints as her father had taught her.

When we were stationed at Port Townsend, Washington, Winifred had an excellent opportunity to **Studying physical geography** study the various formations of land and water. Along the sides of the steep stairs leading from our home to the downtown district, there were huge rocks covered with flowers and grass on top, but showing the different stages of rock decay forming soil. One morning when we were taking a walk I told Winifred to pull some grass from the top of these rocks and to feel the dirt around its roots. She rubbed the dirt in her hand and in reply as to how it felt, she replied, "It has a gritty feeling." I then explained that all of this dirt was once solid rock, as she could see below, and that it still contained tiny grains of this substance, which was hard enough to scratch glass. On our way home the child noticed some roots of clover blossoms buried several feet in the rock, while their blossoms were at the top. This gave rise to a new question as to why the roots were away down in the rock.

I told her that plants are often thirsty just as little girls are wont to be and, therefore, they send their little roots down into the damp part of the rock to get moisture.

When Winifred returned home she wrote a story about the soil and the clover blossom, and she has never forgotten our illustrated lesson on soil formation.

In studying geography my child has not been forced to bound states or to name all the rivers, bays and sounds along the entire coast **Never learned definitions** of Africa (a lesson recently assigned by a school-teacher to one of my young friends). We made little charts in our geography information book concerning the largest lakes, rivers, islands, etc., and sometimes represented these great bodies of land or sea in our sand map. In showing the tallest mountains Winifred would put the flag of the nation to which it belonged on top, but the prettiest French flag always adorned her favorite Mont Blanc, concerning whose beauty she never tires of reciting Byron's famous lines:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of ice, in a robe of clouds,
And a diadem of snow."

We made all of the great river systems in the sand and showed how one stream ran into another. When **Games in the bath tub** the little girl took a bath she would play that she was Tom the Water Baby. She would amuse herself by pretending that the water in the tub was the Mississippi, the Amazon, Volga, Lena, Ob, Mackenzie or some other great river. Sometimes a tiny celluloid doll would start at a cer-

tain position in the tub to ride in a birch-bark canoe
 * from Pittsburgh down the Ohio to Cairo, Illinois,
 from there into the Mississippi and on down to the
 Gulf of Mexico.

I have invented a geography card game with up-to-date questions concerning the happenings in various countries and we often play this
Geography card game game with her father in the evenings. There is always some nice prize waiting for the winner, and we all play with zest. Her father tries to win the game from me and I from him, while Winifred strives to get ahead of both parents.

I have made a number of games to teach nearly all branches after the plan of this geography game and have found that pupils take pleasure in playing them. There is a great deal of chance in these games, and if played with the pupil the teacher can do no more than the pupil, so he feels that she is simply cooperating with him and not "bossing the game."

We have found additional pleasure in geography as a study since we began to correspond with foreign
Correspondence with foreigners children through Esperanto, and every week we gain new items of interest for our geography note-book. Whenever Winifred teaches a geography lesson she consults this scrap-book to find items of interest. Just yesterday I saw her reading her notes on *The Sun and His Children* before she attempted to tell a little girl, who had inquired, as to which of the planets was farthest away from the sun. To illustrate her lesson she drew a

round sun in the middle and then made paths showing how Mercury, the nearest to the sun of all planets, travels around, followed by Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and last of all old Father Neptune. She put pebbles in each

**Teaching a lesson
about the sun and
his children**

circle to show how many moons the planets had, and she explained to her pupil how long the years of each planet are supposed to be. When Regina—the pupil—was told that it took Neptune one hundred sixty-five years to travel around the sun she expressed great joy that she had not been born on a planet where she might not have lived for a whole year.

Glancing through this book I find items concerning the coldest place in the world, the hottest, the smallest race of people, the largest, the seven ancient wonders, the seven modern wonders and many facts culled from travels. I am amused to see the statistics concerning California as the child has jotted down information given by guides, who claim that every place in California has at least one of the greatest or largest or best things in the world. There is the largest grape-vine, the largest pigeon farm, the largest ostrich farm, the biggest trees, the largest hot pool, the longest roller-coaster, etc., found in the whole wide world.

The names of all the states are arranged in alphabetical order, and after all of the states come their capitals. Thus Winifred can name the states and capitals at any time, with no effort.

Although my little girl passed a satisfactory examination in geography when she was seven years old, **Still continues to** we do not consider that our work **study geography** on this particular branch is ended, but we continue to study geography every day of our lives.

Winifred has had great advantages in travel, and while going from place to place she has inquired from **Learning geog-** all those whom she met concerning **raphy through** matters of interest relative to each **travel** city and town we have visited.

When we reach a town she takes delight in gathering local data. It seems to me that every teacher should teach her pupils data about the town in which they live. It is sometimes surprising to see how little children know about the factories, public buildings, city officials, etc., of their own home cities.

Children should be taken to visit all of the busy marts in cities, gaining thereby a knowledge of the **A knowledge of** works of man, but to nature they **God's and man's** should go for a knowledge of **works** God's great works which inspire mortals to higher and purer deeds.

CHAPTER VII

LEARNING THROUGH STORIES, GAMES AND RHYMES

THERE is no better way to strengthen a child's memory and to stimulate his imagination, as well as to broaden his intellectual range of vision, than **Stories help to educate children** through telling him interesting stories. Facts which, if given to the pupil in straight doses, would be most distasteful, can be administered like sugar pills through delightful tales. A mother may work all day for her child and he fails to appreciate her labors; but let her tell him an interesting story and she is "just the dearest mother" even if his stockings must go with holes in them because the story took mother's time.

Before Winifred could talk, I told her stories of Grecian, Roman and Scandinavian mythical heroes.

Acting out the stories When she acquired the art of speech she looked on all these myths as her old friends and we played games with our rag and celluloid dolls as Jupiter, Juno, Pluto, Persephone, Neptune, Aegir, Baldur, Freyja, Thor, Odin, etc. We acted out all of the interesting and familiar tales concerning these myths and had great fun together.

I also told Winifred Bible stories, which we staged.

Even at the present day Winifred never reads a new book but she insists on making a play out of it. Such games are interesting and they impress the plot of the story on a child's mind so that he never forgets it.

I was eager to have Winifred well versed in mythology as a help in studying astronomy and a pleasure **Use of knowledge of mythology** when looking at great works of sculpture and art so often associated with the ancient myths. The little girl became so familiar with these characters that she spoke of them as most babies talk about the people with whom they come in daily contact.

When the child was five years old, an old-fashioned professor, who had doubts as to her knowledge of mythological characters, tried to **Experiences with a doubting Thomas** give her an examination by asking her questions about Jupiter. The doubting Thomas laid himself open to the ridicule of several companions when the child answered him pleasantly: "Oh, I am so sorry for you, poor man. You have lived such a long, long time and yet do not know about Jupiter and all the wonderful gods and goddesses. Didn't your mother tell you anything about them when you were a little boy? Well, never mind; you come to see me real early to-morrow before my engagement to play ball with Tom Chesney and I will tell you a lot of exciting tales." The professor kept his engagement and went away convinced that Winifred knew all the famous myths handed down by the Grecians, Romans and Vikings.

A knowledge of these tales has made the study of astronomy a delight to Winifred, has helped her in her art studies, and has made her grasp the meaning of many beautiful passages in literature that would otherwise have been meaningless to her.

At the present time, in order to keep facts concerning these myths fresh in our memory, we play a card game with questions referring to mythological characters at least once or twice a week. And in playing with little children we often present Pegasus, the winged steed, the Graces, Fates, etc., in exciting games.

I taught Winifred the histories of all countries and peoples in the same way. First there were stories, then we acted out the stories, and afterward we played games with questions and answers. We also read many interesting books together, looked at pictures relating to historical matters, made note-books of *Facts in Nutshells*, and above all Winifred helped to stow away historical facts for further use by putting them into her little jingles.

We are never at a loss to say how many days there are in September. If we forget, we sing over our little rhyme about the days of the months and through this jingle keep open our memory drawer to the fact we wish to know.

Winifred salts down all bits of information which she wishes to keep by transforming them into jingle

Rhymes help form. Recently she has published a number of these jingles in a little book entitled *Facts in Jingles*.

For the benefit of mothers who have written asking me about the stories I have told Winifred, I shall try to repeat one of my stories about Roman history:

"To-day my little chum and I are going to talk about a very interesting place in Italy called Rome.

A sample history lesson But before I begin my story please bring me our geography so that we may find this wonderful city on the map. You see it is on the Tiber River which was once a yellow stream like our Ohio. It belongs to Italy, where our friend Tony used to live, and which country looks like a big boot kicking the island of Sicily.

"The early story-tellers of Italy tell us that long, long ago a famous Trojan Prince named Æneas was compelled to flee from his burning home when the Greeks captured Troy. (You know about the destruction of Troy, but let us look at the pictures again so that we may imagine that we can see Æneas fleeing from the burning city while carrying his father Anchises on his back, his household gods wrapped in a piece of dogskin, and leading his pet pig by a leash.)"

I sketch a picture of Æneas and his burden and Winifred laughs in glee, remarking with some pride that she is sure the father of her country never looked so ridiculous as Rome's founder.

After a talk about the cause of Troy's fall and how it was brought about by the wily Greeks, Winifred

telling the story while looking at illustrations of it, I continue my story about Æneas:

"This Trojan must have been a very strong man, as he carried his father and his household treasures over a long rough road to the seashore. There he found a number of friends who chose him as their leader and all embarked in a ship and set sail. The star Venus guided them because this goddess was supposed to be the real mother of Æneas.

"On this journey Æneas met with many adventures of which we shall some day read in two wonderful books called the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*.

"The star Venus guided Æneas until he came to Italy's shores. Then it disappeared and he knew that this was to be the place where he should build a city. But while he was helping his father off the boat, his pet pig broke loose and ran away. He ran after her and after a long chase found her surrounded by thirty baby pigs. This find was as good as a gold-mine to hungry Æneas since it meant breakfast, dinner and supper for many days. But as he stood gazing with delight upon Mama Pig and her babies he heard a strange voice from heaven saying: 'The thirty young are thirty years; when that time has come thy children shall remove to a better land; meanwhile build thy city here.' This message delighted the travel-tired Æneas, who had no desire to remove to a better land even if it flowed with milk and honey.

"A king called Latinus already lived in this country, but he was a kind old fellow and, taking a great fancy

to Æneas, he offered him his daughter as his bride. This lovely maiden named Lavinia was the promised bride of her cousin Turnus, and naturally he was furious when Latinus gave her to a stranger. He therefore persuaded a fierce people called Rutuli to fight Æneas and Latinus. Both Turnus and Latinus were killed in this war, leaving Æneas to be the king as well as to wed Lavinia. For a long time he lived happily with his beautiful queen and the stork brought many fine boys and girls to his palace, but the Rutuli were still angry with him and they persuaded a great king named Mezentius to fight against him.

"In this battle Mezentius won the victory, but Æneas was saved from being killed by his goddess mother who carried him on her beautiful wings to heaven. There he became a god and lived on ambrosia and nectar, while the people on earth built a fine temple in his honor and kept three priests busy offering white pigs as sacrifices to him.

"Now we will play a Roman history game asking all about the story I have told you and if you win ten points the fairies will have something nice for you."

"But, mother," interposes Winifred, "you haven't told me anything about the children of Æneas or the babies in this picture with a wolf. Do tell me about them."

"Not to-day, darling," I reply. "We must talk about the Æneas story. Let us play that I am Æneas and you are Anchises and put a string around Rowdy's

neck to change him into a pig. We will put a lot of small toys in a bag as our 'Lares and Penates' and use daddy's big chair as a boat and here we go sailing along to Italy."

After this sport we play our Roman history card game and I am sure that the story of Æneas will never be forgotten.

History as taught in school is generally a bare chronicle of condensed and date-encumbered facts. No wonder that the pupils do not love this fascinating study from which the school-teaching method has taken all its brightness. Historical scenes could be acted in schools each day by the pupils after hearing stories told by the teacher, and thus the story of past events would become a great pleasure to all children.

Instead of giving examinations each month, a Roman history game such as I have invented, could be played and there would be no **No examinations** dread of any examination. In this game one of the pupils always takes the part of teacher and the rest are pupils. All are busy, all must be on the qui vive if they would win and if some little prize be offered for the pupil who wins the greatest number of points no one will be uninterested. All will strive to win the prize and at the end of this examination the teacher can grade her pupils according to the general knowledge they have of the subject-matter in hand by the number of points won in the game.

School pageants and plays open to the public should

be given by the pupils each month. Teachers generally look on these entertainments as Herculean tasks, but they need not represent any great amount of energy. Each month two or three of the best actors should be selected to manage the play and the others do what the leaders tell them. In this way the plays never drag, as they are always novel and no time is wasted in repeated rehearsals. I gave three plays last winter in Pittsburgh without a single rehearsal and they proved a great success. The plays were given with the help of Winifred and a friend as leaders and the others did just as we told them. They had no fear of forgetting their lines and, having faith that I would keep the ball rolling, there was no stage-fright.

In order to arouse the keenest interest in the study of history I believe that teachers should always tell the stories instead of reading them. **Telling instead of reading stories** Certain good books dealing with historical subjects should be given to the pupils to take home and read and these pupils should be asked to tell the stories they have read. Any pupil should be permitted to ask questions about any historical character, there should be moving-picture scenes displayed in the schoolroom showing the events as they were supposed to have happened and pupils should be encouraged to write original stories about historical characters. In this way I believe every boy and girl would love the word "history," and to make mental impres-

sions of certain facts the children should learn rhymes which tell of these facts in a few lines. Space does not permit or I would quote the rhymes used by my little girl to keep in mind all of the kings of England, France, Spain, Italy and other countries, the presidents of the United States, the great men buried in Westminster Abbey, Shakespeare's plays, important people in Biblical history, the parts of speech, mathematical facts, and even the bones in her body. Believing that the last-named jingle will perhaps do the most good in helping boys and girls to learn the names of their bones I shall quote *A Bony Song* for an example of putting facts into jingles:

"A BONY SONG"

"Eight and twenty bones 'tis said
Are located in my head.
In my trunk are fifty-four
That I add to my bone store.
While my limbs have plenty more,
Full one hundred twenty-four.

"In my skull, the strong round box
Which protects my brains from knocks,
There are eight bones in its wall—
Glad I have them when I fall!
Occipital there is but one;
One ethmoid and wedge-sphenoid one,
One frontal bone not very long—
Compared with oak just twice as strong.
Parietals there are but two;
Two temporals will also do.

"Fourteen bones are in my face
To know them not is a disgrace.
One lower jaw and upper two
Help me each day when I must chew.
Two turbinated, shaped like cones,
Two nasal, malar, palate bones.
Two lachrymals and vomer one,
But very large bones there are none.

"The smallest bones are in my ear,
And help me when I want to hear.
These bones so small are hard to see—
The mallet, anvil, stapes wee.

"My bony trunk it takes good care
Of all the organs hidden there.
Its spinal column, very long,
Has six and twenty bones so strong.
Small bones just seven it doth take
A neck or cervical to make,
With dorsals twelve and lumbar five,
I surely need if I would thrive;
With sacrum one and lots of ribs,
Fourteen true and ten called 'fibs.'
One coccyx, sternum, hyoid small,
With two big hip bones — that is all.

"Now in my limbs just let me see,
I own a clavicle or key,
A scapula or shoulder-blade,
And which for gold I wouldn't trade,
A humerus not meant for fun,
A radius and ulna one.

"Eight carpals help to form my wrist,
 Five metacarpals in my fist,
 While all my fingers have each three
 Phalanges that are strong but wee,
 But my poor thumb can only boast
 Of two phalanges at the most.

"My lower limbs are proud to own
 A sturdy thigh or femur bone;
 This useful bone is very long
 And joined by a patella strong
 To two stout bones within my leg;
 One like a flute, one like a peg,
 One as the fibula is known,
 The other's called 'tibia-bone.'

"My instep has just seven tarsals,
 Shaped à la the eight wrist carpals,
 While the five bones in my feet
 With fourteen more the toes complete.
 Thus each perfect person owns
 Just two hundred and six bones."

This rhyme was written by Winifred when she was eight years old, to help her remember the names of her bones so that she could surprise her father when she should see him after an absence of three months.

Her father taught her anatomy by giving talks illustrated by a skeleton and she learned something of the blood, muscles, etc., by microscopic studies. She has rhymes about her muscles and joints and finds great pleasure in adding new facts to her "made-book" of physiology and hygiene.

**All young children
 should be taught
 anatomy and
 hygiene**

Through this study she has learned how to take care of her body and to protect herself from pathogenic organisms. She knows the value of certain foods and the injurious properties of others.

Such an education I believe should be given to every child so that he may zealously guard the body God has given him and thus save himself from suffering and perhaps early death.

Whenever we desire to interest Winifred in some certain point in hygiene, her father and I talk about it in her presence and having aroused her curiosity she uses the question-battery nature gave her to gain her wall of information.

We have tried the same plan in history, literature, etc. I never give her lists of facts or dates to learn, but the people in history and literature are made to be real companions to her and the days when they lived are impressed upon her mind in connection with other happenings. In other words, believing that mere facts are deadwood unless they stand in relation to other facts I teach her related facts leading to the rudiments of reasoning.

All of the characters of whom we have studied in literature are real breathing people to Winifred. I have made large scrap-books with descriptions of the early life of most great people and these scrap-books are a perpetual delight to my daughter. She likes to compare the lives of Byron, Milton, Longfellow and other great

poets when they were just her age. We have pictures of nearly all these famous poets and she has made notes comparing the noses, eyes, foreheads, etc. Some of these notes are very amusing, but they show the power of observation which is such a help to Winifred in gaining useful knowledge.

Whenever we study the life of any poet or other great writer, the little girl always commits to memory at least one word-painting of the author in question and thus she has greatly enriched her mind with beautiful literature.

In our travels we have visited the homes of many great men and the child looks upon them as sacred spots. We are now living only a few blocks from the former home of Robert Carr Foster and Winifred talks about the great song writer every time we pass his old house.

To impress facts in history and literature upon her mind we play games of authors, of knights and of historical points. A game which amused Winifred as a little girl was to put the pictures of authors in one box and flags of all nations in another. We would draw out one author at a time and one flag. If the flag belonged to the author then the player had one point; if not he had to wait until he could find a flag belonging to the author's native land on his side or on the other player's lines.

In all knowledge given to my little girl I have tried

to give her profitable knowledge that she could use in varied walks in life and not to make her mind simply a storehouse of other people's lumber. I know a man who has committed to memory great volumes of knowledge but who can produce nothing original, nothing worth giving to the world. I have tried to teach Winifred that she must be a useful factor in society and to instil into her mind the altruistic doctrine that she must do something to help her fellow men if her life would be a success. After the motto of the Saint Nicholas League she has been taught to, "Live to learn and learn to live."

CHAPTER VIII

THE LEARNING OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

IN all walks of life there are four important things to learn. First, what to do; second, how to do it; third, the time to act; and fourth, the instruments to use. In equipping Winifred with **Four factors of education** knowledge I have always thought of these points, and believing that most college boys hate Latin because they have not received a foundational knowledge of this mother of tongues in infancy, I began to teach Winifred Latin in her cradle.

We need to know different languages to aid in broadening our avenues to paths of information so we may cull thoughts from great men of different nations; and we need **Reasoning powers developed by different languages** Latin to help us with all Romance tongues.

There is no reason why Latin can not be taught in the cradle just as Mother Tabby teaches her kittens to say "Meow!" As the impression of sound is developed earlier **Latin in the cradle** in children than sight, it is easy for them to acquire a speaking knowledge of many languages in infancy

through nature's method of hearing a word before seeing the characters that form the word.

The usual methods of teaching languages in school through grammatical rules and translations have **Latin as taught** proved an utter failure as regards **in schools** the ability of pupils to use languages as tools for thought expression. Many college students read French for years but when they go abroad they can not ask in a readily understandable manner for a glass of cold water. There are Latin professors who have taught Latin for half a century and do not really know colloquial Latin. When my little daughter was four years old she lost faith in the wisdom of some professors when talking with a Latin instructor who did not understand the salutation *Quid Agis* and gazed at her blankly when she spoke of the courses at the table *ab ovo usque ad mola*.

When my baby heard me scan Vergil as she lay in her crib, her ear was being trained to love good meter and to grasp the sound of the Latin tongue. As soon as she could speak English I taught her to say "Good day" in thirteen languages as a game which we played with our foreign dolls and also as a memory test. She would begin with the Roman salutation of *Quid Agis*, as supposed to be spoken by our doll Marcus Curtius, and continue to make each doll speak in his native tongue. Then the Roman doll would have a chance to outshine all of the doll family by reciting a number of short speeches and sayings. In this way we continued to add Latin words to our lingual storehouse; and we

learned new lines from Vergil each day while playing ball to the time of our scanning; and before Winifred was five years old she knew over five hundred sayings from great Latin authors and could scan from memory the first book of Vergil's *Æneid*. At the present time she can recite portions of Cæsar, Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Horace, etc. She has also translated the works of these great writers and knows the stories they have told. The object of studying Latin I believe is not the power of rehearsal, but an accurate knowledge of the facts and comprehension of the principles of the language.

Early in the last century Doctor Ernest Ruthardt, of Breslau, seeing the failures college professors made with their pupils, invented the so-called **Prussian method** of teaching this mother of all tongues. I have tried to use many of his ideas in teaching Winifred this classic language. Professor B. Sears who tried to have this method adopted in American schools, says: "It is not the least of the advantages of this method, that it requires the teacher to go through the same process with the pupil. One of the principal hindrances to successful teaching is the want of sympathy between teacher and pupil. Where one's knowledge is of so long standing and the ardor of acquisition is lost and the processes by which it was made forgotten, some fresh study, to revive old impressions and awaken new interest, becomes indispensable. Other things being equal, that individual who is himself making the most

rapid progress in his studies, will impart the most interest to his pupils. Fire can not communicate itself after it has gone out."

Up to her sixth year Winifred could not read or translate Latin text. She learned every thing by the

Natural method natural method of acquiring words. Then I began to teach her to read simple sentences and to translate them into English. Through this method I taught the child all that she has learned of English grammar, outside of being taught correct speech from the cradle. She learned the conjugations and declensions as singing exercises before she was four years old. Now she can make use of them in her translations.

As in all of our studies, we keep a note-book containing interesting facts culled in our Latin researches and **Interesting way to study etymology** we have also made a "Baby Book," as Winifred calls her book on etymology. Our game of "Finding Babies" has continued to be a pleasure to the little girl. Scarcely a day passes that she does not add some new word to the list of babies and I do not doubt that she will continue to add babies to the list for years to come. These books will be a great help to her in the study of philology.

To play this game one needs only a stout blank book, a pen and a dictionary. We began with the word *Magna* for our first Latin Mother. We then searched the **Tools: a pen, blank book and dictionary** English dictionary for all the baby

English words, children of Mother *Magna*, that could be found. Turning to Winifred's first etymology book (she has filled twenty) I find that she discovered sixteen *Magna* kiddies. The child did not write down all of these words at once, but as soon as she found one in the dictionary she wrote it down after learning its meaning, and then sought another. In this way each word and its meaning was impressed on her mind. In her excitement of discovering *Magna*-babies she would cry out: "Oh, mother, here is another little *Magna*"; and she would write the name carefully without blots, as if she had found a real treasure.

Some of these words were entirely new to the child and she gained much information by reading the definitions and talking about them. **Other information thus gained** She was delighted to find that two of these babies (the names of her favorite toys, a magnet and magnifying-glass) were Madam *Magna's* children, and she was so delighted with the sound of the word "magnaninity" that she used it on every possible occasion during the dinner hour that evening while conversing with her father. She found the phrase *Magna Charta* among *Magna's* derivatives and then we had a chance to talk about King John of English history. Thus the child not alone gained much information but she acquired the dictionary habit, a good habit for any one to acquire.

The next day we chose *Parva* for our Latin Mother and found that she was not alone small but was a very commonplace mother, not having a Rooseveltian fam-

ily. She did not gain as much information from this word as from *magna* but the word parvanimity, pleasing the child's fancy, was added to her every-day vocabulary.

In Winifred's first etymology book, filled before she reached her seventh birthday, I find "Mother *Super-bus*" crowned with a golden star **Mother Super-bus wins** because she was more prolific than any other Latin Mother with whom Winifred was acquainted at that time. This Latin word lady had two hundred twenty-five children according to Winifred's count.

We never learned Latin words without a knowledge of those things to which they applied; and in translating simple sentences we tried to **Using live sentences** refrain from going to the dictionary for the meaning of words. The Latin Mother whose descendants were sought on a particular day was the chief subject of discussion in each day's lesson and instead of giving Winifred sentences out of Latin books to translate I made live ones, telling something that could be done with the Latin Mother's help.

I have often noticed pupils studying Latin, who spent their time in turning the leaves of a dictionary for almost every word and sometimes looking twice for the same word. This practise, I believe, is a flagitious abuse of the memory.

In these sentences Winifred learned first to find the nominative and the verb. She learned to see that the

**Verb life
of sentenc**

verb is the life of a sentence, which will die without it, and in translating the Latin sentences into English she made simple diagrams showing the subject of the sentence, the verb and attribute or objective complement and the qualifying or limiting adjectives.

I firmly believe in teaching a child English grammar through every-day conversation and giving him Latin construction to show him how our language is built.

Another way in which Winifred gains knowledge of Latin words and construction is through playing a game called "Building," which is partly her invention and partly mine. In this game we never grow tired, as we make new building blocks for forming different word castles as soon as we grow weary of old ones. This game is also most interesting in all of the modern languages and I would recommend its use to mothers who wish to acquire good vocabularies in any tongue.

**Game of building
to show how to
construct a lan-
guage**

Let Winifred and me play a game for you and you will see how amusing as well as instructing "Building" can be. In one box we have a number of slips of paper upon which are typewritten the names of adjectives, verbs, nouns, etc. (For the first game I generally use only the simplest words that a child knows.) In another box we have short sentences, phrases or

idioms. First Winifred draws five slips from the first box and finds the words, "*puella, bona, pupam, habet, est.*" She looks at these words and smiles with delight, for she has unusual good luck and can make a sentence at once—"*Puella bona pupam habet.*" Not being able to use the verb "*est*" she must put it into the pot. Now I draw, but I am not so lucky. My cards read, "*belam, et, albam, rosam, sed,*" but I can not make a sentence with these words, not having a verb and not being able to use "*est*" in the pot with the accusative form of *rosa*. I must therefore throw all my words into the pot and Winifred has another chance to draw and to build word castles. She draws five more lucky cards "*filia, parva, bela, poetae, magnae.*" Better and better for her. She can now lengthen her sentence by putting in "*belam*" and "*et albam rosam.*" This sentence now reads "*Puella bona belam pupam et albam rosam habet.*" (The good girl has a pretty doll and a white rose.)

She can also build a new sentence as follows, "*Filia magnae poetae est parva sed bela.*" (The daughter of the great poet is small but pretty.)

Having two sentences she is now entitled to draw an idiom, sentence or phrase from the second box, which is a sort of prize box, and sometimes one of these phrases will fit in with the sentence and help to make a little story, so that the player wins the game. Otherwise we count the person who can make the greater number of sentences or form the longer sentence as the winner.

Winifred is now learning all of Cicero's orations as a help in gaining knowledge of Latin classics and **Cicero's orations** also as an elocution lesson. She is **and Latin songs** particularly fond of his oration on *Contentment* and often delivers it to her dolls or pets. She teaches them also conjugations and declensions by playing some rather queer airs on the piano and singing them to these ever well-behaved pupils. Sometimes we have marching games with the glorious old *Gaudeamus Igitur* and again we play Latin tag, which is one of Winifred's inventions. When she tags me with the nominative case of a certain noun I must reply with the genitive, she follows with the dative, etc. If one of us makes a mistake in our declension we are "it."

I am pursuing a similar course of tactics in keeping up the other languages Winifred can speak, and in **Professor Gros' method of teaching French** French I am receiving able assistance from Professor Raymond Gros at the head of "Pittsburgh's New School of Languages." He knows how to impart a knowledge of French grammar through playing games with children. I am never present when he and Winifred are together, as I am trying an experiment to see how she will progress with another teacher rather than myself, but I often find the two playing "tag" when I come to take Winifred home with me. Through playing exciting games in French where there is quick action she learns to think and speak quickly in this language, since she knows the game will

end and she will have lost if she makes any English exclamations.

She writes little French poems and dedicates them to her good French professor friend and she delights in singing French songs with him, *Au clair de la Lune* being her favorite. She reads simple and interesting French books and plays; and once a week she and I give an original French play in the presence of the Stoner doll family. The dolls are a great help in all our studies and also in giving Winifred a chance to learn how to teach, since she finds much pleasure in imparting all knowledge given to her.

Just now she is teaching one of her little friends a number of French words through playing a memory game. Winifred begins, "*Une Learning through teaching méchante fille.*" The child repeats this phrase. Then Winifred says, "*Deux bons garçons et une méchante fille.*" Again the child must repeat what Winifred has said. Thus she continues to make longer phrases and the game continues as long as the pupil can repeat all that Winifred says to her, but when she forgets a part of the phrase conglomeration she is beaten and the game must begin over again.

This little teacher's favorite book for giving instruction is the first book of Guerber's *Contes Et Legendes* and her favorite reading books are Favorite books those of Madame la Comtesse De Ségur. *Les Malheurs de Sophie* is perhaps the simplest of this series and I would recommend that it be read first.

In all of this language study there is little mention made of grammatical rules. We read good English, Latin, French, Greek, etc., and through hearing the best construction in all languages learn to know proper from improper speech.

Winifred generally makes her pupils read the story *Les Trois Ours* over and over again. She then applies

The story "Les Trois Ours" used to teach French certain expressions in this ever-interesting tale to other objects and after a few lessons her pupils are able to tell her the story in French. She teaches them the objects in the room by pointing to them and repeating their names in French and then asking, "What is this and what is that?" There are no dreadful rules to be learned, but this young teacher has invented a number of simple rhymes to make the pupils remember certain word formations. To impress upon them that the nouns *pou*, *genou*, *hibou*, *joujou*, *caillou*, *bijou*, *chou* take *x* in the plural she has written the following:

*"Une fois un petit barbare pou,
Echappé d'un gros, vert chou,
A donné grand mal au genou
Du très sage et vieux hibou,
Qui vite jeta son joujou
(Un petit, mais dur caillou
Qui était son cher bijou)
A la tête du méchant pou."*

One reason that going to school and studying gram-

mar does not make a child speak correctly is because

Reasons why pupils use bad grammar grammar taught through rules and diagraming is very difficult and uninteresting. Another reason

is that while the child hears correct speech at school he very often hears incorrect language at home. For this reason it is more necessary to teach the parents than the pupils and there should be some means of giving parents instruction through moving pictures or simple talks.

One thing is certain: that if a mother teaches her baby good English in the cradle he will always use

Simple rules good English. There is no use to teach him rule upon rule concerning cases. Such rules are likely to be forgotten, but he can be taught to know that the verb "seen" is such a weak little fellow that he can never stand alone and must always have a helper to support him, so we must say "I have seen" and never "I seen," while "saw" is a big strong verb who always stands alone and therefore we should never say "I have saw," and many other simple rules.

I have used various games in trying to show Winifred how the English language is constructed, as

Games to teach grammar well as by reading aloud from the classics and calling her attention to the words or expressions used by great writers.

When she was a tiny baby she learned to distinguish between vowels and consonants by a little game in which the vowels were cut from green cardboard

and the consonants from red. The object in this game was to draw the most vowels. We took turns and shut our eyes when drawing and we played the game until all of the vowels had been drawn from the "pot."

Concerning vowels and consonants, Winifred says:

"Of consonants there are a plenty,
Altogether there are twenty.
In numbers vowels don't go so high
A, E, I, O, U and Y."

In order to learn the different parts of speech, we played an English game similar to the Latin game previously described, and sometimes we would play other games called "Winning Nouns," "Winning Verbs," adjectives, etc. We used only the first box for this game, and as we each drew a card we would put our nouns in one pile, verbs in another and adjectives in a third. If we played "Winning Nouns" whoever had the most nouns at the end of a certain set time was the victor.

This game is amusing and certainly impresses on the mind of a child the uses of all the nine parts of speech without taxing his mind with definitions. He thus becomes so familiar with a noun that he says, as one of Winifred's pupils once said: "Of course it's a noun. I know one when I see it."

Not long ago a little girl in the sixth grade at school told me with great pride that she had made ninety-eight per cent. in grammar, the highest mark made in her room.

A grammar star

I congratulated her and, knowing the child's father, I asked her, "What did your father say?" She replied: "Oh, nuthin'; he don't never say nuthin' 'bout my school grades." I asked her if her teacher had taught her to say "nuthin', he don't," etc. She replied, "I dunno."

Out of curiosity I then asked this "Grammar star" to diagram some difficult sentences for me. She did this work correctly though using incorrect language while explaining her work.

This child could tell me where all of the chief cities of the United States were situated, but she had never been in Pittsburgh's historic old block house and knew nothing of its history. She knew who was the king of England, but could not tell me the name of this city's mayor. She had learned something of civil government from books, but knew nothing of practical politics.

I can not see the use of such information, which can be of no practical use to its owner. A child should know how to use English rather than to quote rules. She should learn local history before going abroad for information; and as we expect that both our boys and girls will some day cast a vote and become good citizens of this great republic, they should be taught how to vote and how a town, city or country is governed.

Last summer we had a little voting booth on our reservation and played that a new president was be-

ing elected. The children enjoyed the game and they learned how to vote.

An old lady who is a fierce "Anti," having watched *Chérie* and her friends play "At the polls," said to **An "Anti's" opinion of my child** her, "You poor child, I know your mother will just kill you with the learned games she makes you play. You come over to my house this evening and I'll show you how to have some real fun playing tiddledywinks." The name tiddledywinks aroused Winifred's "risibilities" and she was very eager to accept this invitation. I gladly gave my consent, but waited with impatience for her return, as I wished to see how a silly game with no real goal in view would affect Winifred.

The child came home sooner than I had expected **Winifred's opinion of tiddledywinks** and, when I asked her if she had enjoyed the game of tiddledywinks, she replied, "Oh, mother, it was too silly to be funny!"

"Did you tell Mrs. X that you thought her game silly?" I asked, fearing that Winifred in her outspoken way might have hurt the poor old lady's feelings.

"Oh, no," she replied, "I tried to be polite and say that I had spent a happy evening, but when she talked about our games I told her how very interesting they were and invited her to play with us some day in a pageant or to go to the woods and see how many things she could get for a nature book like mine, and I added, 'Mother's games are so interesting and exciting because they are about real things.'"

The next time that I saw Mrs. X she shook her head and said: "That child of yours is ruined completely. She's queer. Poor little girl, she will never know the joy of playing tiddledywinks."

There was no use to argue with her that play without a purpose wastes energy just as steam uncontrolled or mighty rivers unchecked work havoc, whereas they might be directed to good purposes. She would not listen to me. Neither would she believe that the games played by Winifred were simple lessons needed to make her grow healthy, happy and wise. When I told her that Winifred loved her lessons because they had never been given to her in castor oil doses and that she looked on arithmetic, geography, etc., as good giants or fairies she was confirmed in her belief that my poor child was "queer."

I gave her a copy of the following rhyme written by Winifred concerning her studies, and she said she would keep it as a souvenir of this poor child who would be laid in an early grave.

The rhyme read as follows:

"FIVE GOOD GIANTS"

"Arithmetic Giant so wise never slumbers,
His is the science which teaches of numbers.
His cousin, *Geography*, treats of Ma Earth
And all of her children to whom she gives birth.
His aunt, *Physiology*, brings to us wealth,
Describing our bodies and how to have health.
His grandma, called *Grammar*, tells how to use
Good language at all times in spreading the news.

Great *Literature* teaches of many a work
Written by authors who never would shirk
From learning a little just day after day
By listening to what the wise giants would say,
Who led them to drink from the great Knowledge
Fount
And thus to *Fame's Ladder* helped them to mount."

CHAPTER IX

EXPLORATIONS IN REALMS OF MATHEMATICS

OF all studies, parents and teachers generally find arithmetic the most difficult to surround with a halo of interest. I had no difficulty in teaching my little daughter to know the numbers as described in a previous chapter. **The study of arithmetic not interesting** She also found pleasure in counting out real money when playing store, but when I began to teach her the multiplication tables as I had learned them, she rebelled and for the first time in her life showed a dislike for study. I tried to interest her in singing her tables to musical accompaniment but the airs did not please her and she refused to sing, "Two ones make two, two twos make four," etc.

At the age of five years, when she could speak a number of languages, had written stories and jingles for newspapers and magazines, and **Winifred refuses to learn "the tables"** had a high-school knowledge of history, literature, mythology, etc., she could not recite her multiplication tables. I began to fear that she was lopsided, capable of being highly developed along certain lines but not in others. My

ambition was to make her into a well-rounded, evenly balanced, happy woman and I felt very sad in my belief that she had no mathematical tendencies.

Finally I gave up trying to teach her the tables, as my instruction in this line always seemed to put her in a cross humor and I did not wish to ruin the child's disposition.

At this time I was giving lectures to spread the use of Esperanto as an international medium of communication, and while doing missionary work for this cause at Chautauqua, New York, I had the good fortune to meet an able instructor in mathematics, Professor A. R. Hornbrook, of Starrett School, Chicago.

When I told her of my fears concerning Winifred's lopsidedness she assured me that the child was not deficient in this line, but that I could not impart my knowledge on this subject in such a way as to attract her interest. She explained to me that I had met with success in teaching my child music, art, poetry, history, languages, because I loved these studies and knew how to make them attractive to Winifred, but not loving mathematics I had not brought the "Fairy Interest" to play with us in learning "the tables."

I can not give too much praise to this great teacher who consented to lead Winifred in her explorations of mathematical realms and through whose aid I have had my eyes opened to the relation of numbers and their use in all walks of life.

She consented to give Winifred instruction in

What Professor Hornbrook has taught Winifred mathematics by sending weekly outlines of study-play and allowing me to act as the director, giving the exercise.

Games played to learn the relation and use of numbers I have no right to give Professor Hornbrook's thunder to the world, as she is now putting her ideas into book form, but I can tell you of some of my arithmetical games following Professor Hornbrook's ideas.

We first played games with small objects like beans and buttons. These objects were placed in a box and we would take turns in drawing a handful from the box and seeing who obtained the larger number at each draw. We would take bites from apples or cakes and count the bites. We counted seeds in grapes and when helping Victoria shell peas we counted the peas in each pod and after a while tried to see how many were in two, three or even more pods. We learned our ten table by putting bunches of sticks together in bunches of ten sticks to the bunch and in the same way we learned the relation of five, ten, fifteen, etc., to one another.

Learning to add quickly through throwing dice We played parcheesi as a help in adding and, best of all, used dice to learn to count quickly. We began by throwing two dice at a time. Winifred threw first and if the up-turned faces happened to be "six" and "one" she would add the two together (at first by actually counting the spots) and say she had seven

spots. On a piece of paper were written the names of Mother and *Chérie* at the head of two columns, and after she learned that she had thrown seven she placed the figure seven beneath her name.

Then I would throw and, if my spots happened to be only "one" and "one," "two" was placed in my column. If I threw a "six," however, I not alone got the benefit of adding this six to the other number thrown but had a chance to throw a second time.

After three or four throws on each side Winifred then drew lines beneath her spots and mine and added each sum. The winner always received a prize and generally Winifred begged for a second game, but her request was not always granted because mathematical play is the most strenuous of all educational games and Professor Hornbrook advised that we should never play at any of these games for more than fifteen minutes at a time.

After playing this game for a few weeks Winifred could add two numbers together without any trouble and we then played with three dice, four, five and even six at one time, thus training the eye and brain to alertness.

She learned the tables by playing with sticks arranged in bunches of twos, fours, etc., and by which she could plainly see that two bunches of two sticks in each made four, while two bunches of three sticks made six, etc. As a further help in counting by twos, threes, etc., we arranged a large chart on the wall and

would play that we were giants jumping from two to four, from four to six, or from three to six, etc.

The following chart will show you how a large wall chart may be made:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

Further to impress these tables upon her mind I invented a game called "Two Step," "Three Step," "Game of two step," "Four Step," etc. I would count **three step, etc.** while she was taking steps, but could only say "Caught you," if she happened to be moving when I reached a multiple of two, three or whatever the game happened to be. Suppose we play a game to make it clear to you. I stand at the base and Winifred starts to run away from me. I say, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight." If she happens to be walking when I call out eight, a multiple of two, I say, "Caught you," and she has to take my place at the base. If she is clever enough to reach a certain

distance before I count up to eight she wins the game. In this game the runner never knows when the baseman is to stop in his counting but he must be very quick in his motions to get any distance from the base before the baseman stops on a certain number belonging to the two, three, four, etc., series and cries "Caught you," if the runner happens to be in motion at the time.

Another help in table learning was a box of tin soldiers. We pretended that they were marching to battle and placed them in rows of twos
Tin soldiers tle and placed them in rows of twos
in battle —threes—or fours—according to
the tables we were trying to learn. These soldiers were also used in fighting real battles of addition and subtraction. We would select a number of soldiers and using small jack balls take turns in rolling the balls as imaginary cannon against the soldiers. First Winifred would roll her ball, and having knocked down several of my men, she counted those that were left. If we should commence the battle with twenty men on each side and she knocked two down at her first attack then she knew that I had eighteen men left. Then I had a chance to shoot my cannon-ball and if I only knocked down one of her men she was delighted. Thus we played until most of the soldiers were killed and the army having the greater number of soldiers still alive won the victory.

We played parcheesi, using these same soldiers, and also many knightly games where our knights would

Playing knights travel for a certain number of miles to do battle with other knights. Castles were placed all along the way and there was always a royal palace just half-way between the starting-point of the attacking knights and their opponents. If the tournament or scene of battle was supposed to be twenty miles from the starting-point, then the royal palace was ten miles from each point. Another castle was midway between the palace and starting-point, so when the knight reached this place he had galloped five miles. Sometimes the knight would stop at other places midway between these points in order to get a cooling drink, or to rescue a fair dame, and the distance was always estimated so as to be put on the knight's book.

I found a Japanese computer of much use in teaching Winifred to add and subtract quickly. We would play that General Washington and Lord Cornwallis had two divisions of soldiers and an invincible bullet sent one of Cornwallis' soldiers into oblivion (or right off the frame). Winifred would quickly tell me how many soldiers remained and thus we would add new men or take others away, keeping her attention on the adding and subtracting process. In order to remember the mathematical names applied to the different parts in a question of subtraction, we would make the great General Minuend fight with poor Major Subtrahend and the men who were left on the

Addition and subtraction with a Japanese computer

battle-field were called the poor little remainder. Thus Winifred's first ideas of addition and multiplication came to her through working with real objects.

Professor Hornbrook made Winifred a chart from which she learned to distinguish odd and even numbers and the dolls were also used to show these numbers, poor little Peter being always left behind as an undesirable odd number.

With the chart we played a game called "Witch." Winifred was given first chance to choose a number. She made her selection and wrote it down on a piece of paper, giving me three chances to guess it. For instance, if she should select nineteen she would say: "Oh, clever, clever witch, which, oh, which, is the chosen one? It is in the second column and is an odd fellow." If I guessed the number within three trials I could, in turn, give her a number. If not, she could select a second number.

Winifred learned the difference between prime numbers and composite numbers by playing with the so-called sieve of the famous Greek mathematician, Eratosthenes, who lived in the third century before Christ.

Professor Hornbrook suggests that this sieve also be used in studying composite numbers, divisors and multiples.

This is the sieve:

	11	21	31	41	51	61	71	81	91
2	12	22	32	42	52	62	72	82	92
3	13	23	33	43	53	63	73	83	93
4	14	24	34	44	54	64	74	84	94
5	15	25	35	45	55	65	75	85	95
6	16	26	36	46	56	66	76	86	96
7	17	27	37	47	57	67	77	87	97
8	18	28	38	48	58	68	78	88	98
9	19	29	39	49	59	69	79	89	99
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100

This sieve seems to amuse all children, who like to mark out the composite numbers with red ink, and it impresses on their mind all prime numbers so that they recognize a Mr. Prime whenever they see him. *One* is not mentioned in this sieve because every one knows his standing.

Winifred learned her tables of weights and measures from really measuring things. When learning liquid measure she pretended to have a wine-shop and, when I came to her store, sold me pints, quarts or gallons of water from the hydrant. She charged me a certain sum for each pint of special kinds of wines and would give me an itemized bill with every sale she made.

In learning dry measure we played grocery store

until the little girl was perfectly familiar with pints, quarts, pecks and bushels. For practical knowledge we used the regular market prices and thus the child became acquainted with the cost of living as well as dry measure and the ability to compute quickly.

When we wished to become acquainted with linear measurements we armed ourselves with a tape line and **Constant use of** went forth to measure certain areas **knowledge gained** around our reservation. We came home with a good appetite and with the linear measure stowed away so securely in Winifred's mind that she has never forgotten it. We do not, however, consider that we know all of these tables so well that we need never mention them again, as a little boy of my acquaintance, who attends public school, proudly said when asked how many rods in a mile: "Oh, that's what the kids in number four learn; I've forgotten all about that long ago."

We are constantly making use of these tables in working practical problems concerning live matters. Sometimes we pretend to be surveyors and do their problems; sometimes we imagine that we have discovered a great tract of land and must divide it into townships containing thirty-six sections; again we pretend that we are painters and must estimate how much we will charge the government to paint our quarters. We also play that we are plasterers, masons, paper-hangers, carpet-dealers and carpenters shingling roofs.

Winifred keeps a little book called *Explorations in*

the Land of Arithmos and in this book she puts down all computations made and also interesting discoveries in the realms of this good giant. Professor Hornbrook has taught her to look upon arithmetic as a good giant named Arithmos and this touch of fairy lore adds interest to her study of arithmetical problems.

When the little girl was six years old her good teacher told her a most interesting story about this giant and Winifred put it into the following rhyme which was published in her first book of jingles:

"THE GIANT ARITHMOS"

"Great Jack-the-Giant-Killer brave, he killed all giants bad,
 But one good giant's life was spared by this bold warrior lad.
Arithmos was this giant great, and all bright girls and boys
 Should love the famous Giant-King far more than all their toys.
 He's very old, and very great, and also wondrous wise,
 For he can count all things on earth and even tell their size.
 He knows how many birds there are; how high each bird can fly;
 But never does he boast or brag or stoop to tell a lie.
 He is so tall that he can reach up to the starry sky
 And count the stars and meteors bright as swiftly they go by.

'Tis he alone can tell you when a great eclipse will come
 And darken the moon's lady or the old man in the sun.
 He's always so good-natured and obliging to us all:
 He'll help us with our lessons when for his aid we call,
 And tell us just the number of right apples on a plate,
 How far away Chicago is and if the train be late.
 In fact he always answers us whene'er we ask 'How
 many?'

And for his work and trouble never thinks to ask a
 penny.

Teachers and professors couldn't teach without his aid,
 And men in every business know through him they will
 be paid.

We can not sing in perfect time, nor even play a drum,
 Divide an apple, buy a doll, nor do the smallest sum,
 And even Bridge by ladies fair can not at all be played
 Unless this mighty Giant-King will kindly lend his aid.
 So as we can not get along without 'Arithmos lore'
 We should learn his wondrous truths and love him
 more and more."

As a baby, Winifred played with a few pieces of
 sterilized money and thus became familiar with Amer-
 ican currency. When she was only
Playing games with real money two years old I sent her to near-by
 stores to make purchases for me and to bring me the
 change. On several occasions when the clerks made
 mistakes to the amount of one or two cents the baby
 called their attention to the wrong change.

On rainy days we played store with cakes or gro-
 ceries made from modeline and used real money to pay
 for purchases. Sometimes we had
Playing store a ribbon store and Winifred meas-

ured off yards of ribbon when I came to buy, did up my purchase in a neat piece of paper and wrote out a bill as if she were a real saleslady. Again she pretended to be a druggist and with a pharmacist's scales measured out all sorts of pretended poisonous compounds.

Instead of giving the child a regular allowance we decided to teach her the value of money by earning it.

Earning money to learn its value She receives prizes of pennies when she has good lessons or in payment for doing little chores or running errands. She keeps an account of all the pennies earned in a week and compares the past week's with each new week's income. When she receives small checks in payment for the rhymes she writes for magazines she takes the checks to the bank and deposits them to her own account.

After the scales had fallen from her eyes through Professor Hornbrook's magic touch, she took great delight in working questions in compound interest so as to find how much money she would have at a certain age if her income continued to increase at a certain per cent. We are now studying financial conditions in banking, manufacturing, etc., to give Winifred practical use for the discoveries made in the realms of Arithmos.

We never work for lengthy periods on these subjects but always stop while Winifred is intensely interested. When I gave the child her first lesson in algebra and showed

Stop games while interest is intense

her the wonders that could be done with Mr. X, she begged to learn more, but I closed the book after only ten minutes' work with said Mr. X and on the morrow she begged for more algebra and X puzzles.

I have never wearied the child by quizzing her about problems and rules and have tried to make use of the knowledge gained in all of her studies. I also encourage her to teach little children the truths she has learned, and thus she keeps a knowledge of the fundamental principles of arithmetic in her mind while she is working problems in algebra and geometry. She and I believe that there is no use in learning things only to be forgotten and that if we have the proper keys we can bring forth from our minds any fact that we have once learned.

One day, while the heavens were outdoing themselves in deluging the earth with showers, Winifred played arithmetic games with a little friend nearly the whole day. First she taught her to draw a hexagon, and when the child grasped the meaning of this figure the two children amused themselves by making hexagon houses, boats, shoes, towers, picture-frames and even ladies. They brought their hexagon pictures to me and I was surprised to see the number they had made. I am sure this little girl will never forget what a hexagon is.

They also made pentagon shapes, others resembling a rhombus, trapezoid, rectangle, square, circle, etc.

No quizzing

Winifred's methods of teaching arithmetic

After they had drawn these figures they cut them out and put them in a box. Then they played "What is it?" Winifred would draw and give Mary a chance to say what the figure was. If Mary could not guess, Winifred named the figure and put it in her treasure pile. In this way they played until all figures were drawn and the one who had the larger number won.

They played "Tit-tat-toe" with a circle divided into sections and each section numbered and as the players shut their eyes and swung round the pencil to strike a certain number they were compelled to add this number to the one previously tapped.

They had great fun with a game of cubes, making them into geometrical figures, and with a number of brightly colored cardboard angles, squares, etc., they made some veritable cubist pictures. With bundles of toothpicks Winifred showed her little friend the relation of ten, twenty and thirty to one another, and with a box of shells she played many games of adding and subtracting.

I have always taught Winifred to use cancelation as a quick way to ascertain different measurements, and she is very fond of playing cancelation games. Professor Hornbrook gave her the foundation of the following game, though she has changed it somewhat. In a box we place all sorts of numbers not exceeding two figures. These are to be our soldiers. Then we choose a name for ourselves, Wellington being a favorite with Winifred and Napo-

Cancelation as a short route and also interesting game

leon with me. We draw a line of battle and we are ready to begin. Winifred draws a number from the box. Suppose it is ten and that she has chosen the upper position above the line for her men. Then she puts ten above the line. I draw and get only two men but I place them below the line ready for battle and feeling hopeful that my next draw will make my army larger than Winifred's. She draws and gets only two men, whom she places ready for action while I make my second draw and win five. Again Winifred draws and gains four. Now her line of battle is ten times two times four. I draw another two and my men stand two times five times two. At a glance you see that she has beaten me in number but we fight the battle to see how many of her men I can kill. My first battalion of two advances against her ten and is wiped out of existence though reducing the ten to five. Then she uses this five to kill my five but they die in the battle. My two march against her two and both fall, but she still has four men remaining and so Wellington has won another Waterloo.

This is how the battle-field is arranged :

$\begin{array}{r} \cancel{5} \\ \cancel{10} \times \cancel{2} \times 4 \end{array}$ <hr style="width: 100px; margin: 10px auto;"/> $\cancel{2} \times \cancel{5} \times \cancel{2}$	Wellington's men. = 4 Napoleon's men. = 0
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This is really a very interesting game for all children to play.

As children of to-day seem to have a tendency toward extravagance I am trying to teach my child to have a real appreciation of the value of money by playing banking with her. We pretend to invest our money and see how much we get for it in a certain time, and then we set out to see how much it costs us to live and eat the things we like and yet save a little money. The little girl has done all my marketing for the last two years and is a shrewd buyer. She examines everything she buys and is always delighted when we praise her for having made a good purchase.

She is also learning the value of money in other countries as compared with her own and sometimes we pretend to be traveling and have our money changed into francs, pounds, marks, etc.

Professor Hornbrook gave Winifred not only games which taught her the relation of numbers to one another but she urged me to teach her the history of arithmetic as a science, bringing to her attention all historic data concerning the invention, by the Arabians, of the numbers we now use, displacing the more difficult way of expressing numbers by Roman letters.

In learning these Roman letters we studied the clock, looked at all the public buildings with dates inscribed

Learning Roman numbers on them and even went to the cemetery, where we had an excellent opportunity of studying many dates on tombstones. To show one of her pupils how very thankful she should be not to have been born in Roman times, Winifred has drawn the following chart which she says little Roman boys had to study in learning their tables. The number enclosed in parenthesis was supposed to represent the table to be sung but the Roman teacher undoubtedly skipped all around, not taking the numbers in their order.

II	IV	III	V	D	L	CC
VIII	III	XI	II	XO		XI
XII (II)	X	IV (III)	VI	XLL (IV)		XL
IX	V	VIII	X	XIX		XX
VI	XI	XII	XIV	M		C
		VII	IX			
XXX	XL	XV	LXX	M		CC
X	M	XX	XL	DC		XC
LXXX (V)	LXX	XXX (VI)	L	DCC (VII)		DCCC
CM	XC	LX	LXX	DXC		DXL
L	LX	LIX	CX	DL		DXC

Believing that geometry does no good for the pupil who learns it merely by rote, we are studying this science by observation of things about us as well as by working problems. Winifred began to be interested in circles and angles by looking around the room and searching for them. She was charmed to find that her plate was a circle and that she could draw a perfect circle by running a pencil around her glass. Generally geometry is a *bête noir* to a child, but through practical research it may be made a delight. In taking walks we study geometrical lines in buildings, and at home we find them in the windows, the pictures, rugs, chandeliers, table legs and other furniture.

We learn to see that the curved line is not only the line of beauty, but of strength, and we have been trying to draw some cathedral windows with the use of curves and angles, and to discover geometrical lines in the tail of a peacock. Winifred began this work in studying Professor Hornbrook's *Concrete Geometry* and I believe that it will continue to be a source of pleasure and profitable information throughout her life.

To show you how interesting all explorations in mathematical lines have become to this little girl, who evinced dislike for her tables in infancy, I shall quote Winifred's description of *The Wonderland of Matematiko*. (*Matematiko* is the

Winifred's description of the Land of Matematiko

Esperanto name for mathematics and *Instruistino* refers to her good teacher, Professor Hornbrook.)

"THE WONDERLAND OF MATEMATIKO"

"In Matematiko, the wonderful land
Ruled over by giants, a most worthy band,
There all live together in kindness and peace
While helping Earth's mortals whose works never
cease.

And also I think that a strong helping hand
Is tendered Mars' children by this goodly band.

"But if from these giants their help we would seek
We should be very patient and humble and meek,
And go to their lands over roads smoothed in part
By labors of numerous foregoers' art.
Then back to the Daily-Life-Storehouse to stay
Bring all goodly treasures we found on our way.

"The first province reached when we go to this land
Is ruled by Arithmos with firm kindly hand,
His regions are frequented by little ones
When counting good candies or apples or buns
Or when Baby's mother cuts apples in two
And gives him "a one-half" and one-half to Sue,
His sister who travels each day in the week
In realms of Arithmos for knowledge to seek.

"The lands of Arithmos then being explored
And the wealth thereby gained being carefully stored,
Wise travelers go on following many a band
Of Pilgrims for Knowledge now seeking the land
Where, if they seek earnestly, surely they'll find
Truths known by Queen Algebra, gracious and kind,

Whose roads are far shorter than Arithmos King owns
And freer from troublesome Mad-Hasty-Stones
That fall from Mount Error right down on our path
And so often cause us to court Demon Wrath.

“When first viewing guide-books of Algebra Land,
All new travelers fear that they can't understand
The queer little figures and X, Y's and Z's
Mixed up with the numbers and A, B, C, D's.
But after becoming acquainted with these
Good Algebra agents who help and who please
All seekers for Knowledge most gladly resolve
To use these good agents their problems to solve.

“Not far from Queen Algebra's realms may be found
King Géométrio's rich lands which abound
With Reason's clear rivers that flow everywhere
While watering the Earth and while cooling the air.
There are many high mountains, where travelers will
fall

Who heed not the warning that's given to all
By Géométrio, the giant benign,
Who near to the rugged cliffs puts up this sign—
'To all who are traveling behold, now take heed,
If walking, go slowly—be fearful of speed.
Be sure to inquire at my palace door
Of smooth winding pathways trod often before;
But if you would ride in great haste to the top
Then take my good auto which never will stop;
There's none like Intense Concentration, my car,
Which carries you safely sans skidding or jar.'

“To travelers obeying this giant's advice
No 'Haste-Wasting Goblins' will ever entice
To climb Error's Mountain from which they may fall
To Slough of Despond that is dreaded by all;

Or maybe be led by 'Vain Confidence Elves'
Through seeming short byways and flowery delves
To dread Doubting Castle where cruellest of fates
Through the Giant Despair the traveler awaits.

In Géométrio's most wondrous guide-book
At first we are puzzled if we only look
At guides of this giant who many forms wear,
Some angular figures and others quite square,
Some round like a bullet or like cubes or cones,
But each of these figures some great power owns
And Géométrio will tell all who ask
How each may be used for a wonderful task—
As making dress patterns for ladies so fair
Or likewise for ribbons to bind up their hair.
We meet them each day in the rugs at our feet
And on the stone carvings we see in the street
Are subjects of Géométrio's wise land
For their useful service we mortals demand.

"Near Géométrio's broad regions there lies
The spacious rich country of Good Giant Wise,
Broad-minded and powerful builder and king,
Trigónometrio's loud praises we sing.
From his brother Géo materials he takes,
From which with his help frail mortal man makes
Tall, wonderful buildings, which, reaching so high,
We call them 'Sky-scrapers' as touching the sky.
He also builds churches, cathedrals, and schools,
And beautiful mansions are formed by his rules,
Through knowledge man found in this great giant's
home

He has built wondrous spires and many a dome,
And bridges o'er rivers, and tunnels through rocks,
And e'en chained the waters with wonderful locks.

"And now with his help a marvelous feat
Of great engineering will soon be complete
In building at Panama as you all know
A wondrous canal by which we may go
From Father Atlantic to Pacific's sands
Without traveling over Good Mother Earth's lands.

"In Matematiko one more giant lives,
And to all weak mortals much knowledge he gives,
'Tis good Kalkuluso, philosopher King,
To him all philosophers loud praises sing,
For only through his aid they go to the fount
Of cause and effect that will teach them to count
The days that will pass before all men may see
A coming eclipse on the great Stellar sea,
Or comets, or new stars, or maybe new worlds
To true knowledge seekers this giant unfurls
Wide forecasting standards as things are to be
In days yet to come upon both land and sea,
And ever this giant wise carries in hand
The banner of Truth which he floats o'er his land.

"Now some people say that the great giants' lands
In Matematiko are mere barren sands,
So desolate, fruitless and hard to advance,
But we who have had even this little glance
Of these wondrous realms as described by the pen
Of Instruistino will go there again.
She gives us to guide us a good fairy wand
Through Matematiko to bright realms beyond.
This wand helps us journey so that we may see
Each road and each crossing and always to be
On straightest of pathways the Perfect Truth's Way,
From which glorious highway we never must stray,
For Truth leads to God in His bright realms above,
Surrounded by light of the Infinite Love."

CHAPTER X

EDUCATIONAL AMUSEMENTS

DOCTOR BUSHNELL says that work is for an end, while play is the end itself and, therefore, the highest exercise and chief end of man. Life is not life where there is no amusement or play.

Play the chief end of man

The versatile and loving mother can always find means of amusing while instructing her child, if she cooperates with him in his play. From the animal mother she can learn that this play must be whole-hearted or the child will lose his interest. She can also learn to direct her little one's play for a purpose.

Some mothers confine their baby's activity or play in infancy to the movements of his jaw by putting a "pacifier" or "comforter" into his mouth when he cries and letting him suck, suck, suck rather than amusing him with games that develop all parts of his body and his senses. These pacifiers ruin the shape of a child's mouth and make him sluggish. Instead, give him something to rattle or jingle, pound or bite. Tie a balloon to his wrist and let him watch it go up and down. Use the

Mothers amusing children

bells described in a previous chapter, to amuse as well as develop a musical sense.

Give him a medicine ball to develop his muscles and use it also to help count and learn other important educational principles. As he grows older try to have some corner in the home fitted up as a playroom or gymnasium. Let him have a punching bag, a trapeze and other paraphernalia which will amuse while strengthening him. Do not let him waste energy in games that do not help in mental, physical or moral development, while there are so many interesting ways of developing the child's powers.

In all of the games played with your baby, call in the assistance of the good fairies and kind giants. Let
Glamour of the glamour of fairy lore surround
fairy lore the child's cradle and brighten his
 pathway through life. The game of "Let's Pretend" has often kept up my courage in the darkest hours, and no man or woman needs grow too old to play this game. Colonel Sellers made himself warm and comfortable by playing "Let's Pretend" the appearance of heat is heat. If we have not all the joys of life we can play this joy-giving game and, helped by the Imaginative Fairy, these joys will be ours.

Every child has an instinctive dramatic sense and enjoys these "Let's Pretend" games. The dramatic
The dramatic sense may be developed not only
sense by playing games and imperson-
 ating characters at home, but by taking the child to good moving-picture shows and theaters. There has

long been a need of children's theaters, and now that such a theater has been opened in New York, it is to be hoped that other cities will follow this good example. Such theaters will serve as one of the best and most interesting means of gaining knowledge, and many great men will follow the example of Bernard Shaw in using the stage as a lecture rostrum.

Much has been written against the baneful influence of moving pictures on children's morals, but if only good pictures are allowed to be shown, and these pictures be exhibited in large airy theaters, they will become one of the best ways to amuse and instruct children of all ages as well as grown-ups, through suggestion.

After attending these theaters or moving-picture shows the little ones can find much amusement in acting out the scenes they have just witnessed. And they can also find great pleasure in impersonating the characters in stories they have heard. Winifred and I have had great fun in acting many stories we have read. If we did not have enough characters to present the play we would make paper men, angels or animals.

All children seem to enjoy sense-developing games such as were played by their savage ancestors to develop keenness of sight, hearing, smell, etc.

To develop a keen sense of touch, Winifred and I often played blindfold games. We would walk about the room blindfolded and touch certain objects, see-

ing if we could guess what they were, or when a number of children were playing with us we sat in a row, all blindfolded but the passer who handed the first child some object. If he whispered the correct name of this object to the passer he would remain in line and pass the object to his next neighbor. If he gave an incorrect answer he must leave the "wise line" and hand the object to the passer. In this game I used bits of sandpaper, smooth paper, balls, cubes, angles, etc., to teach the child difference of quality and shape.

For sight development we played the game "How Many?" This game we sometimes played in the nursery with our chessmen, branches of trees, checkers, anagrams, beans or other small objects. At other times we played it in the woods or in passing by shop windows. When playing chess I would put a certain number of chessmen on the board and give Winifred a chance, during the time that I counted five, to tell me how many men there were. We did the same game with beans and other small objects, and at other times we placed a number of objects on the table and each of us would have a chance to see how many objects we could remember having seen on the table after one glance. When playing with tree branches or leaves we tried to guess how many leaves, shapes, etc. It was most amusing, however, when we took long walks and tried to see how many objects could be seen along the street or in shop windows.

Another sight-training game was that of "Fly Princess, Fly." We would take a few feathers to the woods and one of us start the "Princess" on her journey. We both followed her, and whenever she alighted on a bush or tree we sent her flying on her errand once again. This was great fun, good exercise for the muscles of our lower limbs, and tended to give us keen sight.

So few people grow up to be accurate observers, because the games they played in childhood did not **Developing the bump of locality** tend to make mental photographs. Playing Indian scouts is one of the best games for this development, and bumps of locality may be enlarged by encouraging children to go to places that they have previously visited, without another's guidance. I frequently tell Winifred that she may have some candy if she will take me to Reymer's Fifth Avenue Candy Shop, and, despite the intricacies of Pittsburgh's down-town district, the young lady never fails to direct me to this interesting spot. In the same way she has learned to locate other stores, theaters, etc. When she was but eighteen months old she found great delight in showing her nurse how to get to the parade grounds at Old Point Comfort or to the Old Dominion wharf, where she could watch the incoming and outgoing boats, and she not alone watched these boats as boats, but knew which was a ship, yacht, steamer, brig, launch, etc.

Color games were also interesting to the child.

Some of these games we played with prisms as previously described, and again we played "Green Art," "Blue Art."

Color games

In these games I would select a certain green object in the room and Winifred had three guesses to tell me what it was. In this way she became familiar with all green objects. Then we would play with blue, red, yellow and other colored objects, taking turns in being the "Chooser" and "Guesser" of these colors.

A spinning top whose coat was of many colors was a delight to my baby. It had a musical tone and its shining colors fascinated her. We sometimes placed it on a board divided into many sections and each section of a different color. We would then guess which color Mrs. Top preferred, and she was supposed to show her choice by pointing with her peg to a certain color when she stopped spinning.

Another color game we played like bagatelle. We had small balls of various colors and the pockets in the bagatelle board were painted these same colors. In playing our game the object was to get a red ball into a red pocket, blue into blue, etc. In order to learn not alone the colors but shapes of certain geometrical forms, I cut out spaces for angles, circles, squares, etc., in a large sheet of cardboard and painted the edges of certain squares blue, others red, etc. The object in this play was to put a red cardboard angle in the red angle space, a blue circle in a blue circle. The cardboard angles, circles, and so on, were all placed in a box. Winifred sat down in front of the large

cardboard sheet with its many empty places. First, she would draw, and she had the first opportunity to place the figure she drew in its proper place. If she failed, she must put it in the pot. Then I drew and tried to put the figure drawn in its place. After the large sheet of cardboard had all its vacant places filled we often tried to make certain geometrical figures with our angles and circles.

We had a set of beautifully colored paper butterflies and amused ourselves by each drawing a butterfly from a box and then seeing who could find the greater number of colors in it, or who could discover geometrical figures.

Games where cards or other objects are drawn from a box are always amusing to children because of the sprite "Chance" which haunts these **Games of chance** games. I have used these drawing games to help Winifred learn her tables quickly, and sometimes she plays them with other children and seems to find the games most amusing. In the box of mysteries are placed a number of cards on which are written two sevens, three eights, four nines and so on. The first player draws a card and must immediately give the answer. If he fails to answer quickly or correctly the next player gets a chance to answer and also to draw a card from the box. In the end the player having the most cards wins the game.

In teaching a child to have control of his muscles I have found the game of "Statue" a great help. In

Control of muscles playing this game each child must assume the attitude of some great statue and hold this attitude without moving while the other players count a certain number. The Greeks believed that perfect conditions of balance, tension and steadiness could only be gained in this way.

Some mothers seem to have no idea of how to amuse their children. They are so unresourceful that they actually bore themselves and must always depend on outsiders for their own entertainment. This is because they were not taught to have resources within themselves when they were children.

All little ones should be amused by learning how to make things out of spools, modeline, paper, cloth, toothpicks, marbles, blocks, clay, beans, dice and colored pencils.

How to make things Winifred and I have had the jolliest sport making babies out of peanuts, putting white cotton on top of the nut for hair, marking eyes, nose and mouth on the peanut and dressing it in a neat paper dress and coat. We put petticoats on these ladies and place needles in them so the Peanut Fairies serve their purpose in the world. Sometimes we use them to make children in hospitals happy and again to decorate Christmas trees or to play other games. We make boats and other curious things out of English walnuts, and when we have children's parties we make funny pigs out of bananas and curious people out of oranges and apples. We make wagons out of spools

and cigar boxes and build castles, towers, bridges, doll houses, etc. Our greatest spool building achievement is a representation of the Parthenon which we have kept for exhibition.

The making of kites, pin-wheels, canes and whistles has taxed our inventive ingenuity while giving us amusement, and as for our scissors, paper and pencils, we would be very sad if some wicked giant should deprive us of these joy-making tools.

We have learned to cut out all sorts of dancing dolls, houses, furniture and animals from paper and, putting them in walnut-shell fleets, have taken journeys around the bathtub world. Paper castles have sheltered many of our manufactured knights and ancient heroes.

A treasure box in which a mother can put small toys, bits of ribbon and surprises is very useful to amuse children when they must lie in bed, or on rainy days. When a child is ill he can find great pleasure in drawing out something from this box at certain times during the day. As he grows older another way to amuse him is to fill a bag with so-called "Laugh Powders." These powders consist of typewritten jokes or funny rhymes. If the child feels cross, let him put his hand in the bag and draw out a powder. The joke or rhyme will generally make him laugh and drive the "Cross Demon" away.

A button box is a fine amusement for sick children. With the buttons they can make different animals and form a circus parade. Shells are equally amusing,

and sometimes the child may amuse himself by drawing the outlines found in many shells and making funny faces.

By using five cent pieces and fifty cent pieces amusing pictures of cats, owls, frogs and the like may be drawn by the smallest children. **Using money to draw pictures** In making the face of a cat, they can learn the lesson of smiles and frowns, for when the cat's mouth is turned up in a smile she looks charming, and when turned down in anger she has a foreboding look.

I also taught my daughter how to make dresses for her dolls and to embroider little mats for people she loved. Her first finished piece of embroidery, consisting of a little sunbonnet girl of many colors, done in outline on a white mat, was finished when she was but four years old, as a gift for her dear "Auntie Warren." She learned to knit and crochet little bonnets for her dolls and for Christmas gifts to her little friends, and found it great fun to add gift after gift to her Christmas box. **A gift box** I believe it is a good idea for all children to have such a gift box, to learn to make useful things and to put them away in the box until such a time when the maker wishes to present them as gifts. On rainy days it is a great pleasure to work for the gift box and to examine the contents.

In Winifred's gift box for the present year, I find many cunning doll hats made of raffia, a number of little baskets, several bags ornamented with cantaloup

seeds, half a dozen chains made from these seeds and stained with red ink, so that from a distance they resemble coral, jumping-jack brownies made out of bright cardboard and fastened with paper fasteners, and with strings attached so that they dance about and please babies, colored dolls made out of black goods with red eyes and mouths (supposed to be pen-wipers), numerous hand-painted paper dolls with large wardrobes, many water-color sketches, dressed dolls and many other bits of handiwork made in spare moments or on rainy days. They represent no strain on the child's nervous system, but simply the use of surplus energy, and they will make many friends happy.

I do not allow Winifred to sew for more than fifteen minutes at a time, as too long periods of sewing will **Short intervals for make any one nervous. One reason that so many mothers are cross** sewing, etc. and impatient with their children is because they wear out their nerves running the sewing-machine or making marvelous pieces of embroidery that never repay them for the energy expended.

The little girl paints sometimes for perhaps half an hour without stopping, since work with the brush is not so trying to the nerves, but she is never permitted to continue work to the state of weariness.

On the same principle I do not allow her to play with only one child. Two children who always play together sometimes become tired of each other's company and one **Playing with many children rather than with one** child is always sure to become

master of the other. Emerson says that if there were but two people on earth one man would become the slave of the other before night. A child needs variety in diet, variety in forms of play and variety in companions. It may be truly said in all walks of life, "*Jucundum nihil est nisi quod refecit varietas.*"

Some mothers do not believe in girls playing with boys, but I believe a girl needs boy companions to **Good for girls to** teach her courage and execution, **play with boys** while a boy needs the girl's company to inspire him to do good deeds and to make him more gentle. As a rule boys reason better than girls, but girls are more quick-witted and imaginative. Playing together thus gives help to the boy and the girl, particularly in fencing, boxing, learning to balance by walking rope and playing croquet, tennis, rolling the hoop, open-air pageants, original plays, playing ball, running, etc. Some people do not believe that girls should take part in these sports, but why should they not develop their muscles as well as the boys? Why, indeed, unless they are to be doomed to walk with mincing gait, due to wearing hobble skirts, for the rest of their lives? Their Chinese sisters no longer cripple themselves by binding their feet. They are walking around in freedom, as the men, but fashion chains the American woman so she can not enjoy the use of the limbs nature has given her.

To amuse as well as to instruct and give health to both boys and girls, every child should be given a

Every child should have a garden garden as soon as he can toddle. Provide the little one a health-giving wheelbarrow, spade and shovel. Show him how to plant the seeds, to water them with his little sprinkling can, and to dig out the wicked "gnome-weeds" with his hoe. When the flowers come, teach him to be generous and to make others happy by giving them the produce of his garden.

Let him also build himself a little garden house where he can put sticks, stones, etc., that he finds on his walks. This house should have a good cleaning at least once a week, and the mother should join in the sport of making the palace ready for the fairy queen.

Few mothers seem to think that they can spare the time to enter into any sports with their children. They **Mothers to play with children** are so busy with their housework or sewing that they do not stop to notice the baby when he builds a tower and cries "See, mother! See!" Naturally the child soon loses interest in his play if his mother pays no attention to him, and then the mother thinks she has a cross naughty child who needs a spanking.

Children who are left to play by themselves are constantly quarreling or, growing weary of one game, they fight about the selection of another. Besides, they often learn evil from their playmates. I do not believe that children should be left to play alone any more than we should leave them to the tender mercy

of the waves when they are learning to swim. An older person should always be their leader, keeping harmony in the game and inspiring interest.

Mothers should forget dust and their household duties for a part of each day and enter with real spirit into their children's games, taking **Economy in labor** the little ones to the parks or other places of amusement. The woman who makes all of her children's dresses is not to be commended as much as her sister who buys them ready-made. They are just as cheap and the hours of nervous worry that must be spent in making these garments can be used to educate children through amusing games. I have known women to worry themselves into a fever while trying to make a dress for a child, and many a man has been driven to suicide and the children made miserable by a mother afflicted with the house-cleaning mania.

There are many ways of saving work in these days of inventions, and even the children may be taught to help with the household machinery so that mother may go out and play with them. Both girls and boys may be given a dust-cloth and told to seek for wicked gnomes of dust. They may shell peas, string beans, crack nuts and do other tasks that require time though they do not exert much energy. The mother should work with the children, inspiring them with stories of fairies or with some rewards, and the time will fly.

It seems to me that American mothers could learn many lessons from the Japanese as regards housekeep-

Learning from the Japanese ing and child rearing. There is too much furniture and bric-à-brac in most American homes, and children sometimes learn to hate their homes because mothers are continually calling out, "Don't touch this—don't touch that!" Our furniture requires much dusting and cleaning, while the fashion of wearing the same shoes on the street that we wear in the house carries death-dealing germs to our very fireside. I have often watched babies crawling on rugs on which all of the members of the house had walked after being in the streets.

The Japanese mother never crowds her house with ancestral furniture, portières and bric-à-brac. She always has clean shoes for her house, and she knows how to manage housekeeping so that she has time to spare for games with her little ones. It is said that Japanese mothers never scold, and the mother who would strike her child would be considered inhuman. Both Japanese parents are often seen playing in the streets with their children, flying kites, spinning tops and bouncing balls. On the great holidays called "Feast of Dolls," and "Feast of Flags," the first in honor of little girls, and the latter for boys, both fathers and mothers find as much enjoyment as the little ones.

All Japanese believe in card games to teach their children; and one of these games, called "A hundred verses from a hundred poets," is a marvelous game to teach little ones how to read, write and recite Japanese verse.

There are many card games which English speaking mothers could play with their children to amuse them as well as to develop mental powers and ability to think concretely. Professor Thorndike, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, says: "I know that a half hour spent by a group of children in playing a stimulating game—one that makes them think quickly, and attend to every second, is worth two hours in studying a dead language."

Card games

In a previous chapter I have described some of the card games Winifred and I have played together. Some other games that any mother can make to amuse her child while giving him useful information are games of flags, showing the flags of all nations, games with currency of different countries, cards showing the tallest buildings in the world, the great inventors, the constellation, great authors, famous kings, wild animals of all countries, birds, insects and reptiles. We have games of Bible history, histories of various countries, geography and physiology. In fact we have card games of every branch of science we have studied and all of our family enjoy playing them.

It always makes me sad to see young girls who no longer like to play. I have recently met some twelve-year-old girls who were shocked when I suggested a game of battledore and shuttlecock. I may not look graceful when I am running for the goal in Spanish soldier, but I am enjoying the sport, and children who play with me are happy.

Children too old to play

Some one has said that the child who has not eaten his peck of dirt and spent half his time in making mud pies before he reaches his tenth birthday will never know the true joys of childhood. The child who is lucky enough to be alive after having been exposed to all sorts of pathogenic organisms while wallowing in filth will be but the survival of the fittest. Dirt does not make children healthy, and playing in filthy mud exposes them to all kinds of disease. The idea that dirty children meant healthy children originated in seeing little ones, who were allowed to play in the open and get their clothes soiled, looking healthy while unfortunate "house-plants," whose clothes were never soiled, looked delicate.

All children get their clothes soiled while at play, but they should be taught to wash their hands frequently and never to put them to their mouths. Clean clay should be substituted for filthy mud when the child wishes to make "mud pies," but instead of making only so-called pies his ambition should be inspired to model objects which he sees. We have often played baker and grocery store with the prints of butter, loaves of bread, etc., that Winifred has made out of clay.

Pets also help to amuse and train a child. They make good playmates and, through caring for them, children may be taught to be kind and thoughtful of the comfort of others.

**Pets for
playmates**

To develop sources of enjoyment within a child,

each mother should encourage her little one to have a hobby, such as collecting stamps, postals, minerals and flowers; or playing ball, tennis, golf or some other game. And the mother should acquaint herself with these collections or the way to play certain games.

If a boy is intensely interested in baseball his mother should take special pains to learn the points of this game so that she may be honestly interested when her son tells of a child's hobby "Wonderful Circuit Clout."

At the present time Winifred is most intensely interested in photography. She has a kodak and, instead of shooting at birds with a shot-gun, she chases them with the kodak. If mothers would interest their boys in photography they might divert their thoughts from firearms. Prizes are offered each month by the *St. Nicholas Magazine* for the best pictures of animal life, and both boys and girls may find these rewards incentives to get good pictures. Let the child learn how to develop and print the pictures as well as take them, otherwise there is little sport and much expense in the kodak hobby.

All children should be taught to find amusement in hearing good music, to experience the mysterious exaltation which comes to those whose musical senses are developed when they hear exquisite melody. Goethe said that every one should hear a little music, read a little

poetry and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares should not obliterate the sense of the beautiful implanted in every soul.

Through rhythmic exercises, a love of music is instilled into the child, while the muscles of his body are strengthened and he gains control of both body and voice. I believe that mothers should take time to teach their children simple dances each day and also to sing simple melodies with them.

It is said that one may resist disease through song and that nations given to singing have longer-lived people than those where daily singing is not a custom. People subject to melancholy have been cured with music, and it has been a great help in soothing nervous children. A shrill-voiced mother will startle any child, but a sweetly modulated voice will calm him. Howls of rage injure the vocal cords of those who howl, and make others suffer who hear these beast-like sounds.

Most children love to sing, and through song or dance they find an outlet for pent-up energy. The baby should be encouraged to sing, and no one should make fun of him. If he is once ridiculed he will be afraid to sing when he feels inspired.

To train Winifred's musical ear we played a sort of musical cat-in-the-corner. We called the four corners of the room C, G, B, E. I would strike chords with each of these notes, and as I struck them Winifred ran for the corner represented. If she ran to the right corner she received a little golden note (cut out of gilt

paper), and after she had won ten of these notes she received a prize.

Learning to whistle is an amusement that helps to while away many happy hours for boys and girls and also develops their chests and helps their control of the voice.

“A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Always come to some bad end.”
So said a clown of long ago,
But this poor fellow did not know
That whistling girls as well as boys
Are the best of earthly joys.

Card games concerning the history of music and lives of the great composers can be made most entertaining, especially if compositions from these great men can be played by the mother, or if the children be made familiar with the works by hearing them on the Victrola or piano-player.

All children should be encouraged to form little social clubs to meet at their homes and to which the mothers should be invited. These clubs should be organized for some good purpose as well as for amusement. Winifred belongs to a sunshine club, whose members strive to make sick children happy with gifts of toys and flowers. She is at the head of the Junior Peace League and, through the efforts of these young people, the peace ball, we hope, may be started rolling. She organized the Junior Equal Franchise Federation of

Pittsburgh, so that she and her young friends might work not only for equal franchise rights, but prepare themselves to be able to vote when the franchise will be given them.

These clubs meet only once a month, and after business matters have been discussed we adjourn to the kitchen to make fudge, taffy, or divinity, and play various games.

But of all ways to amuse children, introduction to good books is perhaps the best. Mothers must remember that children receive their taste for good or bad literature from the first books that are read to them. As Doctor Johnson said: "One is apt to live for the last half of life on the memory of books read in the first half."

A great lawyer has said that his whole career has been influenced by the books he read when a child. Therefore, a mother can not be too careful in putting good literature into the hands of her child so that he may acquire a taste for that which is instructive and wholesome rather than perverted. The boy need not be deprived of Indian or cowboy stories, as many excellent tales have been written on these subjects, but yellow literature, giving exalted ideas of cowboy deeds, should not come to his notice.

He should be trained to read the daily newspaper, but Sunday supplements should be debarred from every home. At the end of this book I give a list of magazines and books which have always been a delight to Winifred, and certain books which have

helped me in her education. Lists of good books for children on varied subjects may be obtained in all public libraries.

In my belief that reading without a purpose is the idlest of amusements, I have directed all of Winifred's reading so that she has never
Directed reading wasted her eyesight for nothing.

In preparing food for children we sift out all that we do not consider healthful and give them only the most nourishing food. So, in the vast fields of so-called literature I try to let Winifred taste only of the best. Of course there are different opinions as to what is the best, but I have accepted the opinions of great men as to the truly great works of literature rather than that of an old lady friend who told me that I should make Winifred read all the "*good books*" in a certain Sunday-school library if I wished to make her into a moral woman. There were two hundred books in this library and, in my opinion, only one was worth reading. The rest savored of the old-time Sunday-school book, which did nothing but preach about the rewards given to good children and the troubles coming to bad ones.

Fortunately this Sunday-school library is not a model library for other Sunday-schools to pattern after. Most Sunday-school libraries now boast of many excellent fairy tales teaching morals in "candied" form, and instructive books about plants, animals, birds, as well as hero tales and stories of history.

Believing with Bacon, that a book not worthy of

being digested should not be read, I take great pains in directing Winifred's reading **A doll-house book** along certain lines so she can gain something from every book she reads. I also encourage her to put her thoughts down on paper and make little books of stories or doll-house books. I began Winifred's first doll-house book when she was four months old. It was made out of a large scrap-book with water-color paper for its sheets. The first page represented a garden where flowers grew and children played. The second showed a porch where children, pets and flowers were to be seen. The third page brought us to a reception hall with a great English stairway, big fireplace, cozy window with cushioned seats beneath hanging plants, etc. Each room was furnished in what I considered the best of taste and there were all sorts of goodies in the pantry and on the dining-room table.

I finished this book when Winifred was six months old and wrote in it, "To my little daughter on her sixth birthday," but when I showed it to the baby she clapped her hands with delight and tried to take it away from me with her chubby fists. She called it *my book* and found the greatest delight 'in playing games with her paper dolls and this book. The dolls would have parties and eat all the good things in the kitchen. They would play on the piano, dance, visit all the rooms in the house, take baths and do everything that Winifred did.

I would recommend such a book for all babies.

Mothers who can not draw the pictures can cut them out of magazines and paste them in place. Winifred has made dozens of these books for her friends and they always prove a source of delight.

Some mothers believe that the Sabbath should be a day of complete rest and quiet, when children should
Sabbath the go to church and Sunday-school,
glad day eat cold dinners and sit quietly during the rest of the day, studying Bible verses or looking at religious books. This was the kind of Sunday that, as a child, I was taught to believe God delighted in. As a consequence I learned many verses of Scripture, but hated the very day Sabbath even as the boy who was told to be good and he would go to Heaven where Sabbaths never end, but who replied, "I'd rather go to the t'other place and keep hoppin' about on hot coals than to sit all day studyin' Scripture or to play every minut' on a golden harp."

Not long ago a little twelve-year-old girl was arrested after she had stolen two dollars from a neighbor and had run away from home. The child was caught and when the judge learned that it was her first offense he told her he would not imprison her. Instead of being glad the child began to cry piteously, "Please, Mr. Judge, send me to prison or any place but home." Through questioning the prisoner, the judge found that the parents had preached "hell fire" to the poor child since infancy and had made her life so miserable on Sundays, forbidding her to play with her compan-

ions, to read, or even to smile, that she hated her home.

We call Sunday the "Glad Day" in our home. Titania always visits Winifred's pillow on Saturday night so that some gift is found there on Sunday morning. We have new games, a better dinner, a nice drive or walk, and something every hour in the day to make Winifred happy.

On rainy Sundays there are magic tricks, games with planchette, checkers, chess (which has been Winifred's favorite game since she was seven years old), guessing contests, experiments with a magnet or microscope, anagrams in various languages, and best of all story-telling. Books and schools have robbed the professional story-teller of his art, but any one who can tell a story is always a welcome visitor among children.

Some years ago while visiting in Iceland, where there are few schools, the children being taught in the home, I realized what an important personage the story-teller of the Middle Ages must have been. The Iceland story-tellers are almost worshiped. They are welcome at any fireside and as I listened to their wonderful tales of the old Vikings (ancestors of many Icelanders), I felt carried away to the olden times and could see the scenes described by the story-teller far more plainly than they had appeared to me in books I had read. Nearly all Icelandic children learn to read before they

Story-telling

are five years old and they are well versed in history, despite the fact that there are no public libraries. They owe most of their knowledge to the story-tellers.

Mrs. Mary W. Cronan, who recently accepted the position of official story-teller of the Boston Public Schools, says that she does not tell stories simply to amuse a child, but to lead him to see the best literature in libraries. She says that story-telling bridges the gap between the child and the library, and develops the imagination while giving moral lessons without preaching at a child.

I have often stopped telling Winifred a story in a most interesting place and told her she could find the rest of it in a certain book. Needless to say Winifred hastened to get the book and read further.

Not alone Sundays but birthdays, anniversaries and holidays are always red-letter days in our home. There **Red-letter days in the home** are birthday cakes with good-luck candles, gifts, games and surprises. Thus time never hangs heavy on our hands and Winifred finds home, that spot on earth supremely blest, a dearer sweet spot than all the rest.

CHAPTER XI

CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION

“O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin’s magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—
When life was like a story holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.”

James Whitcomb Riley

A GREAT scientist has said that mortals can never know true happiness until they make imagination their constant companion. What would life be without any of imagination’s magic beams?

Some of earth’s cold matter-of-fact people, who were never introduced to imagination’s fairies in their youth, are determined that these happiness sprites shall never enter their homes. There shall be no fairies, no Santa Claus, no Easter rabbit, and no birthday fairies to corrupt the morals of their children, who must be reared on facts, plain cold facts. They consider fairy tales untrue and tending to immorality. I could wish that the shades of Andersen and Æsop might rise from their graves and teach these stony mortals that there are real fairies

in every good person's heart—fairies who whisper to us to do good deeds and who keep us from doing evil. But when these fairies are not allowed to enter our hearts, ugly gnomes in the guise of discontent, selfishness and envy cause us to do evil.

If fairy tales are banished from our homes what can take their place? Some one suggests stories relating

Biology and botany poor substitutes for fairy tales

to biology and botany. These stories are very interesting to children when fairies aid the teacher, but no child will find great delight

in analyzing a flower or learning of different forms of animal life unless his imagination be awakened with fairy lore. This fairy lore develops imagination or creative power along with enthusiasm, "the God within us." Through fairy tales the child gains a fellow feeling with birds, flowers and animals. He is also inspired to do great deeds and to undertake seemingly Herculean tasks.

"A quick imagination," as Perthes tells us, "is the salt of earthly life, without which nature is but a skeleton." The man who tries to

Imagination a help in practical affairs and in gaining happiness

kill this gift of the gods with scientific facts sacrifices his spirit for the flesh. He can not even be

a practical man; and he knows nothing of great happiness for, as Professor James Rowland Angell in his *Chapters From Modern Psychology*, says: "Imagination is to be viewed, not only as the process whereby the ordinary practical affairs of life are guided, in so

far as they require foresight, but also the medium through which most of the world's finer types of happiness are brought to pass."

It is more cruel to keep fairies out of the home and to starve imagination than to banish all toys and goodies. The child who can not imagine seeing fairies in the tree-tops, bushes and flowers will never love nature like the little one who sees wee folk in all of Mother Nature's handiwork.

Parents who decry fairy tales should be consistent in banishing Mother Goose and all poetic creations, as they are disciples of fairydom. **What happens when fairies are banished** What then is left to brighten the child's imaginative life? If the imaginative faculty is not developed early in a child's mind he can not be a poet, a novelist, sculptor, artist, architect, doctor, lawyer or mathematician. Some people think that the study of mathematics deals only with cut and dried facts, but the true mathematician requires as much help from the "Fairy Imagination" as from "Giant Reason." Without imagination no one can be a great civil engineer, since the engineer must, before he draws his plans, first see a picture, on imagination's walls, of the bridge or ship he is to build.

Napoleon said: "Imagination rules the world." Without this fairy's aid he could never have become a world conqueror, as he fought all of his battles on imagination's field before he gave orders to his soldiers.

George Watt saw a steam-driven locomotive travel-

ing on imaginative plains as he watched the steam lifting a teakettle lid. Fulton saw **Imagination's help to great men** this same steam made to drive boats on rivers and seas. Edison was shown pictures of all his marvelous inventions through kindly "Imagination" long before he gave them to the world.

To the Wright brothers, and all other inventors of air-ships, "Imagination" presented scenes of machines flying through the air; and to Marconi she showed messages floating on air waves and sounded off on wonderful instruments.

She flashed beautiful scenes before Raphael so that he might paint them and she even helps the dress-makers and milliners by displaying new and strange fashions.

Sir Herbert Tree in his latest book says, "I can conceive no fate more terrible than that which befalls **Sir Herbert Tree** the artist in watching with **on imagination** diminished powers of self-observation, the slow ebbing of the imaginative faculty; to see it drifting out to sea in the twilight of life. Better to be deprived of sight than to feel that the world has lost its beauty—for the blind are happier than the bleared-eyed."

But there is no need to lose our imaginative faculties throughout life if parents strengthen them in youth and we continue to develop this divine spark within us. In fact, imagination, like hope, is hard to kill.

The unfortunate child who never becomes acquainted with imagination's fairies can not fight the battle of

life with great success. He is on a par with *The Man with the Hoe*, bowed by the weight of centuries that are never lifted by happy imaginings.

Imagination is worth more to a child than great wealth. If he lacks this pleasing quality in his make-up he must be a mere puppet, a nonentity, a nincompoop, since life without imagination is stagnation.

Our ancestors thrived on myths and in this material age I certainly believe that children who are taught Fairy reared children more successful than children reared on plain facts good fairy stories grow into happier and more capable men and women than children reared on cold plain facts. It is an actual fact that I have never met any one reared in a fairyless home who grew into a warm-hearted happy man or woman.

Fairies have always lived in our home and kept it Fairies in our cheerful whether in the far chilly home North, or the sunny South; whether in cities teeming with life, or desolate quarantine stations.

A few months ago, when writing for the *New York American* on the subject *Do You Believe in Fairies?* Winifred's opinion Winifred said: "Do I believe in fairies? Oh, I couldn't live without my fairy friends! They are always with me, and when I take walks in the woods I can see them smiling at me from behind the bushes and trees. Fairies have always been good angels to me. They watch over me when I am asleep and put nice gifts beneath my pil-

low when I have been a good girl. They have helped me to travel in the land of good giants Arithmos, Geometrio, Trigonometrio; their sister Algebreo and cousins Geografio and Historio.

"The fairies never allow me to be lonely, for if I have no other playmates they come to me and give me ideas to write a story or rhyme and help me if my 'feet go lame.' They also aid me in making original compositions for my art teacher and illustrations for my jingles. I know that I couldn't write stories or paint pictures without these good friends' aid, and it is they who whisper to me 'Please be good' when I am inclined to be naughty. Best of all they comfort me when I am in sorrow."

Needless to add, fairies are indispensable to my little daughter's happiness, and to imagination I looked for help in training Winifred from infancy. I taught her to love the trees not alone for natural beauty, but for the wee folk who might live in them. Fairy tales with a moral were used as lessons to teach her obedience, self-respect, neatness, promptness, gentleness, politeness, truthfulness, unselfishness, courage and, above all, self-control.

When Winifred did wrong in her early days, before she had a clear perception of right and wrong, I demonstrated to her, through a fairy tale descriptive of a little girl who was her double, how very naughty she had been.

In order to stimulate the child's imagination I found nothing better than fairy tales teeming with meaning. Even at the present time Winifred and I find great delight in looking at pictures of old castles and making up stories about them. Sometimes I tell Winifred a legend about a certain castle and then she tells me a story about the same castle. At other times she amuses herself by writing stories founded on history but embellished with fairy lore concerning historic places.

Further to stimulate the child's imaginative quality we often play the stories, and sometimes improve the plots in our amateur theater. Generally we must depend almost entirely on imagination for our scenery, but this does not dampen our enthusiasm. In fact I believe that theaters would be more beneficial to the general public if the scenes were not so realistic, leaving much to the workings of imagination, as shown by the acting of the Ben Greet Players. This is the belief of Alice Minnie Hertz, the founder of the Children's Theater. She says also that the greatest mistake in present educational methods is the tendency to suppress imagination instead of employing it as the chief factor in a child's mental and physical development. The educator's task should be to help the child in his struggle to emerge from his restricted world of egoism to the larger and more satisfying realm of altruism.

**Stimulating the
imagination
through stories
and theaters**

She believes that it is only through imagination that a natural born little egoist can be taught to respect the rights of others, and his imaginative quality should be developed through play, as the dramatic instinct is at the root of his imaginative life.

When Winifred was very young we often played that each of us had another little girl as our constant companion. Winifred's *alter ego* was called Lucy and mine was Nellie. We would have tea-parties together, and the conversation between Lucy and Nellie was indeed amusing. We played all sorts of games with our non-visible friends. These games took place when we were living on a reservation some distance from the city, and Winifred could not have playmates each day. But she was never lonely and always found pleasure playing or talking with Lucy when her nurse or I could not play with her. This nurse often remarked to me that Winifred was "queer." "Why," she said, "the child talks to spirits."

I never allowed perfected mechanical toys in our home. In the first place, they are expensive and easily broken, so it is a waste of money to buy them. In the next place, they leave nothing for a child to do, and consequently stifle the imagination. The doll who has sewed-on clothes and can not be undressed at night for fear of breaking the machinery which makes her say "Pa-pa, Ma-ma"

Making an egoist into an altruist

Games with imaginary children

Mechanical toys and talking dolls stifle the creative faculty

was not a favorite in our home. Instead, we had rag or celluloid babies which could be put into the tub with Winifred or go to bed in nighties like their little mother.

Dolls or toys that can be used by a child to construct other things stimulate the imagination. All little girls love to have a pair of **Creative toys** scissors and bits of cloth out of which they make clothes for their dolls. They delight in tiny brooms, wash-tubs, cooking stoves and miniature furniture which they can use to pretend keeping house like grown-ups. The boys like tools to build houses, and they play many imaginative games with rocking horses as war chargers or race-horses.

In the Hawaiian kindergartens the teachers play with children just as I have played with Winifred, **Hawaiian kindergartens** and the brown babies make believe to do what they see those around them doing. Thus they are taught to do household work through play.

Some mothers never seem to enter into the wonderful spirit realms guided by imagination. These mothers often ruthlessly destroy castles **Castles and hopes destroyed by good housekeepers** and fortresses built by imaginative children. With one sweep of her broom a mother may destroy a castle which her little boy has carefully built and peopled with knights visible to him alone. Thus he is cruelly brought away from happy fancy's realms to the plain, cold, matter-of-fact earth. How many castles, how many hopes,

and how many seeds of creative greatness have been destroyed by overzealous clean-housekeeping mothers! No mother has the right to destroy the imaginative quality in her child, since back of every step to progress must be the imagination or creative power.

Some mothers complain that their children are too imaginative and that this quality leads them to be untruthful. One mother of my acquaintance thought her son John was not altogether right in his mind because he delighted in lying on a rug in front of the fire and watching the burning coals for hours. When his mother called to him he would not always answer and on several occasions she was compelled to shake him in order to arouse him from his dreams. He often told stories of what he saw in the glowing coals and his matter-of-fact mother called him a "fibber" and threatened to punish him for telling falsehoods. She could see nothing in the coals so how could he behold such wonders? In her opinion this child's imaginative power was a noxious weed, rather than a flower of Paradise to be nurtured and cultivated. She sighed because her John was not like practical James who saw things as they were. She did not realize that the most efficient faculty mortals can have is this broad vision, imagination or spirit.

I have tried to make Winifred think concretely by training her imagination along with her reasoning centers. This was partly done through taking her to see good plays which

**Mothers complain
about children's
imaginative
qualities**

**Thinking
concretely**

have developed a love for dramatic art and also through teaching nature's truth through fairy tales. The stars never seem half so interesting to those who know nothing of the mythological tales attached to them. How much more Orion appeals to the child than constellations not known in the realms of song and story! Winifred and I spend many happy hours studying the stars and making up stories about them. We often imagine that we are in an air-ship on our way to one of the great planets and we make plans of how we shall live and act when we arrive at our destination.

My little girl has been blessed with the friendship of several noted astronomers from whom she has learned more about the wonders of the heavens than most children of her age learn, but mothers can make stargazing a delight to any child by telling the little one the well-known mythological tales concerning many of these far-off wonders.

To give children an idea of the wonderful size of the universe and the immeasurable distances in space,

Study of astronomy develops imagination I would refer mothers to Volume I of *The Child's Book of Knowledge* (*The Children's Encyclopædia*). This volume contains a most interesting drawing of express trains supposed to be traveling a mile a minute, fast enough to go around the world in less than twenty days, but despite their speed it would take them one hundred seventy-seven years to reach the sun and over forty millions of years to reach the nearest fixed

star. In showing this picture to many children I have noticed that the creative faculty was aroused to its highest pitch. Some children begin to plan air-ship voyages to these distant celestial bodies and others delight in reasoning as to how long it would take air-ships going twice as fast as express trains to reach certain planets. Other children, believing the planets to be peopled, tell me their opinions of the strange people living in these other worlds.

Roman, Grecian and Scandinavian myths concerning planets and gods are also great imagination developers.

Making paper gods On rainy days Winifred and I used to cut out Jupiters and Junos from heavy manila paper. We also made paper representatives of all the other most famous gods and goddesses known in the ancient days of Greece and Rome. With these paper puppets we had wars and marvelous happenings. On other days we manufactured Norse gods and their subjects. We often had some difficulty in making Sleipnir stand even if he did have eight legs and we never could make a paper hammer look ponderous enough to be wielded by Thor, but imagination helped us to believe that the gods were before us and we took great care to have Fenrer, the wolf, tied with heavy twine so he could do us no harm.

Greville Macdonald, writing in the *Living Age on The Fairy Tale in Education*, says: "Ignorance of

Ignorance of fairy-land fairy-land is the punishment of intellectual vanity—the vanity of the average pedagogue, who has forgotten that education

means leading forth and not stuffing in. To the fairy tale we must look if we are to mend our ways with the child and lead him forth to find that mighty world, the true self."

Imagination and enthusiasm go hand in hand, acting as keys to the child's treasure box of happiness. Often this box is ruined by parents throwing wet blankets on their children's enthusiasm. A few nights ago a little girl and her mother came to see me and, while sitting on the veranda listening to the band in our park, she exclaimed with delight: "Oh, mother, do look at those gorgeous delicious pink clouds behind the hills! They look like strawberry ice-cream." The scene was one of beauty and in my own mind I was thinking that the English language lacked adjectives to describe these gorgeously tinted robes of Mother Nature, but the mother replied coldly: "Elizabeth, what a silly child you are! The adjective delicious applies only to eatables, and you can't eat clouds." Naturally the child's ardor was dampened by her mother's rebuke and she had little to say during the rest of her visit.

Yesterday I was standing on the platform of a small railroad station waiting for a train to Pittsburgh. It was hot and I felt irritable because the train was late. No doubt I looked as cross as I felt, but in happy contrast to my state of mind was that of a little boy who was hanging to the back of a freight car on a side track. His mother

called: "Edgar, come here or I'll whip the stuffings out of you." In the most earnest tone he replied: "I tan't. I'ze on the way ter Buffalo and the train won't stop." His mother called and gesticulated in vain. The child imagined he was on his way to Buffalo and held on to the car. Finally the mother angrily pulled him away and slapped him for being disobedient. The poor little fellow looked at her through his tears and in an aggrieved tone said: "I'ze not bad. I touldn't tum. De train was goin' ter Buffalo." "Don't tell such fibs or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life," said the mother while shaking her child. She then pushed him down on the edge of the station platform and continued her conversation about a missionary society with a saturnine-visaged woman who was apparently her dear friend and coworker in saving the souls of benighted heathen.

Not being particularly interested in missionary teas I left the seat I occupied near these righteous church workers and sat down by the sobbing youngster. We soon got acquainted, and by playing games of fairies and gnomes with pebbles and sticks we both forgot our troubles and spent a happy ten minutes together.

Of late much has been written in books and magazines concerning the Montessori system of education

The Montessori system does not develop the imagination

and many mothers have bought the apparatus simply because it was expensive and so must be good, and particularly because it is the up-to-

date fashion just now to have children educated by Montessori methods. Other mothers who could not afford the apparatus and have had no opportunity to send their children to Montessori schools have felt that they were depriving their little ones of opportunities that every child should have. It is probable, however, that the children are no great losers in these cases. I may be a Cassandra, but I predict that the Montessori system will never give to the world any great men and women, because it does not tend to develop imagination, the search-light of the intellect. Doctor Maria Montessori is a remarkable woman, who has done great good in the world for the mentally defective. Her system will always be a help to these children, but I can not see how it can be of any great benefit to the normal child. A teacher who has experimented with this system in teaching deaf and dumb children and also perfectly normal children says that it is a great help in developing the sense of touch in deaf students, but he does not consider it the best system by which to instruct a normal child.

Every educational system bears the stamp of personality. Doctor Montessori has genius and experience, but she is not imaginative and can not impart this power of imbibing life's best joys to others. She is full of sympathy for her pupils and believes that the fundamental principle of scientific pedagogy must be liberty for the pupil, but unfortunately she has not lighted her pathway to knowledge with imagination's

brilliant rays and so I fear that the world will not see any great lights produced by her system.

She teaches a child that a square is a square and a cube is a cube. There is no touch of beautiful imagery around these facts. Hence pupils of the Montessori system will not be creative, inventing and producing new wonders for mankind.

Doctor Montessori speaks quite ironically of "foolish fairy tales," but if there are no fairies, then we mortals must have killed them with our cruel doubts. Fairies will not dwell with those who have lost faith in them. But I can not see how any one doubts fairies' existence when he stands by a sleeping baby's couch and watches the smiles playing on his rosy lips. Surely the imaginative fairy hovers about the babe and whispers stories which make him smile.

It was this fairy, in olden times, who held beautiful scenes before the Grecian mother's eyes so that when her babe was born he reflected the scenes of beauty in his handsome countenance. Mothers of to-day could have sons superior even to the ancient Greeks if they courted this fairy's constant presence.

It is this same fairy who whispers happy thoughts to lovers as they sit side by side talking of the future.

What fairy imagination does for us	It is she who lives in the bow of the violinist, gives speed to the fingers of the pianist, and guides the hand of the artist and sculptor.
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We need imagination to uplift and strengthen us in all walks of life. Without it, life may be compared to

Even salvation dependent on imagination a gray day where there is no light in the sky. Imagination can give us more happiness than any other faculty we possess. Through her magic wand, life's pathway is strewn with roses. She enters into the dark prison and paints beautiful scenes on the walls. She goes to the bedside of the sick and brings helping cheer. She makes tasks light and lifts the burden of care from our backs, leading us to beautiful realms of joy. And not alone happiness but our hope of salvation lies in the cultivation of the imagination, since faith itself, on which the basis of civilization rests, is an imaginative product.

CHAPTER XII

DISCIPLINE

E DUCATION is not alone a knowledge of books, but a development of character. Many mothers realize their power to train a child in vocational lines,

Education development of character knowing that if he is to become a great musician, artist, etc., his training must begin in infancy.

But all mothers do not realize that they have the same power in character building. They forget that the love of truth, unselfishness, justice, courage, sympathy and cheerfulness must be implanted in the child's mind just as a taste for music or art. There are no schools for babyhood character building and this most important foundation for a child's future depends on the mother. If she does not assume this responsibility she is recreant to her duty of true motherhood.

No mother can begin too early to plant the seeds of moral training in her little one's mind and heart.

Beginning moral training in infancy "Moral education," as Doctor Mor-ton Prince says, "should begin in the cradle, since what the world really needs is not more brains, but more character."

It is just as important to give a child moral strength as physical or mental. Every human being is a trinity **Each one a trinity** within himself. If we develop the one god of strength we become merely powerful brutes. If we develop only the mental we are liable to be physical weaklings and rascals. If we develop the spiritual alone we have not the strength to continue long on this mundane sphere. Hence all three of our innate gods should be developed in order that we be well rounded beings who can live happily on earth in preparation for a life to come.

Infancy is to life what the foundation is to a building. It is longer in higher forms of life than in the **Prolonging infancy period** lower; and among civilized races than in the savage state. Fishes which have no intelligence are never babies and the chimpanzee, which is the most intelligent of all animals, requires the longest period of care and training from its mother. Thus mothers of intelligent children should prolong the period of infancy or the time when the child seeks its mother's advice, as long as possible.

Every mother has the power of suggestion over the sensitive mind of her child and this power may be used **The parents' power of suggestion** for evil or good. If the mother and father wish their child to grow into glorious manhood or womanhood they must set him a good example. The father of the great German scholar, Karl Witte, tells how he and his wife attempted to display only those characteristics with which they wished to imbue their son. They

were always courteous in his presence even when he was in the cradle and they never failed to be his loving companions and playmates. Pastor Witte said: "All children are what we are."

A mother who foolishly strives to follow the latest fashions and thus drags her husband into debt, who spends her afternoons in artificially lighted rooms when the sunshine calls to all Earth's children, "Come forth and let me give you strength," and who talks of nothing but silly society chatter is liable to have a daughter of her own stamp.

The father who smokes and drinks excessively, plays poker and lives at the club need not be surprised if his son follows in his footsteps. Because father smokes, the little boy is willing to endure agonies to be like his father, and because father swears he tries to swear also. I once heard a three-year-old boy cursing loudly as he cavorted around the lawn on a small broomstick. He would lash his wooden steed furiously and call out: "Damn you, I'll teach you a lesson, you damned beast." I asked him why he spoke to his horse in such a dreadful manner and he answered with pride: "That's the way to talk to real live horses. That's what my daddy says when he rides Tom."

We mortals have great influence on those around us. As Maeterlinck says: "Be good at the depths and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths." Imagine then the

The influence we exert on those around us

great influence that a mother has over her baby. She has the power, as some one has said, to sow a thought and reap an act, sow an act and reap a habit, sow a habit and reap a character and sow a character and reap a destiny. And moreover by trying to train her baby properly and to set him a good example she not alone molds his destiny through the great power of maternal love, but she makes herself into a better woman. Few great and good men have not had great and good mothers.

From earliest infancy the most important training to be given a child is that of occupation—the secret of happiness. **Idleness mother of all evil** Idleness is the mother of all evil. Even the tiny baby becomes irritable or destructive when his nervous energy is not properly directed into occupational channels. The old saying, “Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do,” is all truth.

Plato said: “No one is wicked voluntarily.” He becomes so because of a disposition of body or a bad education, misfortunes that may **No one voluntarily wicked** happen to any one. Parents not alone influence a child by heredity and environment, but by their examples of being either workers to make the world better or simply drones.

Children trained early not alone to be busy in exercising their muscles but to drink deep from the well of knowledge and to have highest thoughts of love and sympathy for their fellow men will always be happy.

One of the first twigs that must be directed in a

straight course in child training is that of self-control.

Self-control one of the first twigs to be bent Alexander the Great, who conquered worlds, died because he could not control himself; and no man can have greater satisfaction than that arising from his power to control himself at all times.

Mrs. Mary V. Grice says: "Let the first lesson in the 'bending of the twig' be that of self-control. The youngest child is old enough to be started in that direction. Always remember in the effort that you are in this way laying foundations for a richer, fuller life than you can in any other way give your child, for 'the happy man is not the one who has possessions, but the one who has himself in possession.'"

A mother should not be discouraged because her baby shows he has a temper. This is a sign of excessive nervous energy which may be turned to good uses. Anger uncontrolled is like volumes of escaping steam; but when controlled it may do great good.

The spoiled child is like the uncontrolled forces of nature which work havoc in their path. He makes other people miserable and is unhappy himself simply because his parents have not shown him how to educate his will and practise self-mastery.

But the child will always be a joy and comfort to his parents, friends and himself if from babyhood he is taught obedience and self-control through the guiding hand of love.

Self-restraint

The mother of a spoiled child is usually too lazy to discipline the little one and train it into a straight tree. The child who is pampered and petted, who is taught nothing of self-restraint, is liable to be at the mercy of his explosive temper and can not have the mental balance that he who is conscious of self-mastery possesses. This can be instilled into a baby through the power of suggestion. When he cries for something that he should not have his mother should not give it to him but even before he talks she should try to impress him with the suggestion that he wants to be a good boy. She should say: "Baby is a good boy. He is mother's comfort. He is brave. He will not cry," etc. By making these suggestions to him she inspires him with the wish to live up to this reputation.

If he hurts his finger the mother should not continue to talk about the pain. She should try to make him forget his suffering through thought suggestion in other lines and should inspire him to be brave like the Indians, or noble knights in the days of chivalry. Thus he learns to bear manfully what it is necessary to endure and places himself above the so-called "cry babies" who go whimpering through life eternally seeking sympathy for their real or imaginary woes. But learning to bear his own pain must not make him unsympathetic for others who are suffering. The unsympathetic boy is always rude and sometimes unkind toward his companions, but the truly courageous and kind-hearted lad lends a helping hand to all in trouble.

Perhaps the best way to encourage a sympathetic feeling for others while learning to bear pain one's self without flinching is through the Knights of King Arthur's Club. No knight or lady in this club can use profane or unkind language in speaking to companions or to animals. Each must try to be courteous, considerate, and patient with every one and above all he must never sulk or pout. These knights and ladies are in honor bound to "keep a-smiling."

Each knight must try to keep his promises with playmates and try always to be on time, never too late or too early. There has been little written against the "too-early-bird's" habits, but I think that they are to be deplored as much as the snail's behind-hand qualities. I once had a friend who always arrived at least half an hour before the time set for our meeting, and, as I am a busy woman, who must arrange my day's work as a general plans his battle campaigns, she very often caused me much annoyance.

In order to reach perfect "knightship" and "ladyship" all members of this order must strive to gain perfect control over themselves so as to control their inclinations and even their thoughts. No knight has an unruly tongue to bring trouble into the world. Knightly tongues are under the perfect control of their master's will. They do not throw forth hot words un-

til the knight has stopped to count, like the great warrior Cæsar, at least twenty.

In order to make youthful knights, the parents must be knightly also. They must always be polite to each

Parents must be knightly also other and not have two sets of manners; one for private family use and one reserved for company. If the mother forgets that she is a lady and says "Shut up" to her little squire he will make the same reply, thus debarring himself from the glories of knighthood. If she asks a favor without using the magic word "please," her child should not be punished for giving her similar commands. If she forgets to say "Thank you" when her child does a favor for her why should she consider him ungrateful if he forgets to thank his parents for anything they do for him? If we would train our children to be courteous or knightly we must set them a good example.

Good manners are simply the outward manifestation of a good heart, and people who are boorish in their ways are either suffering from a disordered nervous organism, ignorance or evil thoughts.

People may learn arithmetic and geography after they are grown, but without reasonable culture and good manners a boy or girl is heavily handicapped in the race of life. There has ever been, and there ever will be, a great demand for well-mannered young people. The business man does not bother about how

much knowledge of history, etc., a boy may have, but he wants a boy who has easy manners and knows how to be polite to those with whom he comes in contact. In other words, a lad who knows "how to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

All babies are born egoists. They are little tyrants who seem to expect others to wait on them while they
Babies born egoists give nothing in return. This is the result of parental training. If a child is early taught to do something for himself and to think of others he grows up self-reliant and also sympathetic.

A psychologist has recently attempted to prove that children, despite training, are egoists up to the
Belief that children are not sympathetic age of adolescence. He tells many stories of children's acts and sayings as proof of his belief. The following is an example:

A teacher, who considered it her duty to warn her pupils about catching cold, graphically described the
A story of egoism death of her darling little seven-year-old brother who had gone out to slide in the snow with his new sled, had caught cold and in a few days was dead. The tears were in her eyes as she told her story, but she saw no wet lashes on the eyes of her pupils and one little boy on a back seat called out: "Where's that nice new sled?"

The little heathen who selfishly thought of the sled instead of the poor dead boy was truly an egoist, but I am sure that if the teacher told this story as a sorrow-

ing sister should, there were many boys and girls in that room who felt deeply sympathetic.

All knights must be taught to think of others before themselves, and, above all, to be pleasant to all whom they meet, remembering the old Japanese saying: "He that brings sunshine into the lives of others can not keep it from himself."

Recently I have met a little knight who certainly disproved the theories about all children being egoists.

**A young knight
who is not an
egoist** He has been carefully trained by kind and courteous parents to be self-reliant, doing things for himself that other boys generally ask their parents to do, and always thinking of others before himself. I was delighted with the chivalrous manner in which he treated Winifred and when I praised him for his cleverness in being able to tie his own cravat and dress himself, he seemed afraid that Winifred's feelings would be hurt, since I was tying her hair ribbon at that moment, and he said: "Oh, yes, I can tie this cravat, but I never could fasten a ribbon on my head if I were a girl. A boy's clothes are so much easier to put on. I'm sure Winifred could dress herself in a little while if she were a boy."

This little knight is also very obedient. He has been taught not alone to obey his parents but to listen to the voice of conscience, thus gaining mastery over inclinations and appetites.

A child should not be given a command without an explanation, and be expected to obey implicitly. He

Commands without explanations should be taught that his mother asks him to do a certain thing because it is for his own good and that he is not the only one who must obey, as all mortals are subject to obedience. No child should become distrustful of his parent's word and thus doubtful about giving the obedience a parent asks.

Mrs. Washington, when asked by a distinguished French officer how she had managed to rear such a splendid son, said: "I taught him to obey."

In asking Winifred to do anything for me I never command her, but through stories of brave men who have not paused "to reason why"

When Winifred did not obey I have tried to impress on her the necessity of prompt obedience. However, when she has shown reluctance to obey and has given proper excuses for not being "mother's good soldier" I have not punished her. I give the following example to explain my meaning: One day last winter we were playing on the veranda when three ragged children came by and called out, "Hello, pretty girl!" Winifred did not answer and I said: "Winifred, do you hear the little girls calling you a pretty name? Say 'Hello' to them." "Oh, no, mother," she replied, "I don't want to call to them." "And why not?" I asked in surprise at this seemingly discourteous spirit of my daughter. Then she explained to me that these little ragamuffins were only teasing her and if she should answer them they would call out insulting words, as, "Oh, you think

you're pretty, doncher? He! He! He! Well, you're not! We wuz only foolin'."

"You see, mother," said Winifred, "I know those kids better than you do even though you are so wise. I answered them once and I know better than to do it again."

Lord Chesterfield claimed that manners should be one-half of a child's education and if by manners is **Lord Chesterfield on manners** meant not alone so-called politeness and ease of manner but the training in habits of truthfulness, honesty, perseverance, industriousness and self-respect I would say that they should occupy three-fourths of his education.

Habits acquired in youth certainly cling to us throughout life. People generally judge those whom **Habits are clinging** they meet, first by their personal appearance and dress, and second by the English they use and their so-called manners, particularly at the table.

Many a college man shows that he came from untutored parents by using expressions he learned in infancy and by not knowing how to hold his knife and fork. The child who learned to be untruthful and dishonest in his childhood will seldom grow up to be an honest or truthful man. An honest man is the noblest work of God, and, beginning with our babies, we should teach them to be honest to themselves and to us.

In teaching children to be strictly truthful there lies the greatest task confronting a mother. Children who

Is it right to tell "white lies"? are imaginative are prone to exaggerate things that they see and all unconsciously to tell so-called "white fibs." These are white indeed and seldom do harm unless they lead to overexaggerated statements as the child grows into manhood. He should be taught that the stories which come to him are amusing and should be written down to make little books, but when mother asks him to describe anything he must try to be very accurate and describe it exactly as it was.

A lie with the intention to deceive a parent or any one else is of another stamp. Oliver W. Holmes says: **Oliver W. Holmes** "Sin has many tools, but a lie is the on a lie handle that fits them all." A child who deliberately tells a falsehood about another child or lies about something he has done should be punished. But even under the category of the real lies with intention to deceive I believe there are times when children should not give the truth to the world unveiled, but should try to keep from wounding others' feelings by "beating about the bush."

Winifred has been taught by her father to look on any untruth as a heinous sin and to speak the truth at any cost. At times this tendency to give forth plain unvarnished facts has caused me considerable trouble as I unblushingly confess that I would rather polish off the rough corners of some facts than hurt any one's feelings. Let me give you the following instance as an example to show you my meaning:

One afternoon Winifred, her father and several chil-

dren went with me to a picnic. Our good kind cook baked a cake for Winifred and **The unvarnished truth sometimes hurts** took great pains to decorate it with white icing marked "*Chérie*." When Winifred saw the cake she was delighted with its appearance, but when she tasted it she found that "its looks were deceiving." I knew that the cook would ask her how she liked the cake as soon as we returned home, so I told the child to say, "Oh, the cake was lovely." In this expression I hoped to deceive the cook into thinking that Winifred meant the cake tasted good and yet the child would not be telling a direct lie, since the cake had appeared lovely to her. But the child's father interfered, saying that I was teaching the child to deceive or, in plainer words, to lie and he believed with Montaigne that after the tongue has once got a knack of lying it is almost impossible to reclaim it.

Being convinced by this argument that I was in the wrong I told Winifred to tell Victoria that the cake looked prettier than it tasted, but to say it with a smile so that she might think it a joke. As you will see, my wicked propensity to deceive was still clinging to me.

When we arrived at home the good cook met us, and after petting Winifred, she asked: "And how did my darling *Chérie* like the cake I baked for her?" Winifred told her the plain truth and as I saw the tears streaming down this good soul's cheeks I resolved that the "white fibs" are no crimes and I would prefer

to be punished for them in days to come rather than to hurt people's feelings on earth.

I was once the Queen Guinevere for a Knights of King Arthur Club and I plainly told these youthful knights to try and avoid giving direct answers when these answers would wound. But Winifred's early impression to stick to the plain truth has made such an impression that I fear she will never be guilty of telling the white lies I advocate as "Kind Fairies."

Another trait that our little knights and ladies should have is that of unselfishness and generosity, but one need not be taught to give up all of his earthly possessions. He can not follow the old Scriptural saying to have faith that he will be clothed and taken care of even if he be penniless. In this practical age he must learn to look out for himself, for little of friendship and comfort will be left him if he give away all his possessions.

I have always been possessed with a mania to give away everything I own. This habit has sometimes caused me considerable trouble and I have not trained Winifred in my footsteps. As an only child she has not been tested as to her generosity toward brothers and sisters, but she is always happy to give gifts to poor children and to those she loves. She has made it a business to try and do some good turn for some one each day and is always disappointed if she can not tell me of something that she was able to do in a helping-hand way before night comes.

She is hoping to make enough money so that she can buy warm clothes for a lot of poor children, feed many starving cats and dogs and free all of the wild animals in the zoo. No doubt it is fortunate that Winifred has not yet made her fortune, for the warmly-clothed children and well-fed cats and dogs, as well as some of us, might become parts of tigers, lions, bears, etc.

However, I do not discourage Winifred in her work. Later on she will see the impracticability of turning wild animals loose. Now she believes that with love they can all be tamed and made to live happily with us as do our dogs and cats. I encourage her to work for others, and I believe it is a good idea to let every child have some purpose in view which will be his all-absorbing ambition, holding him steadily to his aim. This purpose will make him industrious. All great inventors, artists, writers, etc., have a purpose in life. The most idle classes are the most criminal, who as children have not been trained to work for some great end. As they grew up they would not persevere in tasks given them. Their mothers had not given them the habit of patience to work and wait for better things.

Michael Angelo, who worked for twelve years studying anatomy so that he might paint the human figure to his own satisfaction, said: **Genius is eternal patience** "Genius is eternal patience." He told all who sought his advice that he believed anything that was worth doing at all should be done well and that no small task should be slighted. This great

artist did not believe in fate or in laying our failures upon God, but he had faith in the cultivation of any talent through work and self-respect.

When self-respect, the foundation of all true manliness and womanliness, is lost all character is gone.

When self-respect is lost all is lost Without self-respect a man may become a gambler, a drunkard, a glutton, a thief, a sloven or a human pig. All knights must retain a proper self-respect or proper pride, and the parents who destroy this pride by repeatedly telling of a child's misdeeds before strangers are unworthy of the name of father and mother. When a child is constantly told he is wicked he believes the statement and, throwing aside all self-respect, strives to live up to his wicked reputation. When he loses self-respect he also loses all good manners which, as Lord Roseberry says, are the oil which make the wheels of life run smoothly. In a recent address this great statesman said: "Good manners are a sign of charity toward your fellow men, of duty toward your neighbor, and also a sign of self-respect. A man who respects himself is always well-mannered toward others. Good looks are not at our command. They are the gift of God and are bestowed only on a small percentage of mankind. But self-respect, and good manners which make a goodly appearance, are at the command of any boy, and give him a commercial value. With these two aids that always go together, he can live in peace and happiness with all his fellow men; without them

he will constantly be in the atmosphere of strife and discord."

In striving best to prepare Winifred for the battle of life in character development, I adopted ten "nevers," and first among these was, "*Never give a child physical punishment.*" How would any mother feel toward a giant who would throw her over his knee and spank her? The giant might intend to cure the mother of some bad habit, but she would hate the one who administered corporal punishment.

Many mothers confess that they can never whip a child until they have lost their tempers. After their anger has passed they take the naughty child in their arms and kiss the red marks made on the delicate flesh in their wrath. The baby then feels that he has been martyred and deserves some reward, which is usually given him in the form of sweetmeats. Such punishment can never make a noble man out of any boy.

Herbert Spencer said that the training of a child implies the most strenuous training of its mother, who must learn to control herself before she can control her little one. Hysteria in mothers means hysteria and may-be insanity in a child.

Doctor John B. Murphy, the world-famous surgeon, says: "At the bottom, the very foundation of the

The mother and hysteria cure of hysteria, lies will power.”
 The mother who knows how to rule herself does not suffer from hysteria and, having mastered herself, she knows how to train her child to be his own ruler.

Many a mother produces nervousness, anger and even hysteria in her children by her voice and manner. And these mothers, in a moment of passion, follow out the old idea of “An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.”

Some parents still believe with Solomon, that if they spare the rod they will spoil the child. **Havoc wrought by shrill voices** ened by what they call their spiritual duty, they apply the rod in order to make their children truly righteous. Helen Hunt Jackson, in one of her books, tells of a Presbyterian minister who whipped his three-year-old baby so that he died from the administration of this Solomon rod, simply because the baby refused to say the lengthy prayers his father dictated. The great God who rules this universe asks for no enforced prayers. He wishes us to come to Him without fear, and to ask for His aid as if He were a loving father. Had this boy lived to manhood's estate he would never have loved God. Like Robert Ingersoll, this austere early training would have made the Almighty Father seem to be a cruel Deity.

Many a child has been ruined for life by corporal punishment. Edison tells us that a box on the ear

Injuries to children from corporal punishment

caused him to be deaf in that organ. A friend of mine, who is a complete nervous wreck, claims that her trouble was brought on by a stepmother who boxed her ears or struck at her for the least indiscretion. As a child she was constantly dodging these blows, and even now she jumps and shields her face if any one throws out a hand in her direction.

A child not alone suffers physical pain when he is whipped, but his mind is injured by the terror and fear therein incited. There are humane societies to prevent men

Gives birth to resentful spirit

from whipping their horses but, so far, no societies have been formed to interfere with parents who treat their children cruelly, believing that a child must suffer in order to be good. Children so treated grow up with a resentful spirit. Recently I saw a little boy whipping his dog. I asked him what the poor dog had done to merit such treatment. He replied: "Oh, nothin', but my ma's always lickin' me, and I thought I'd try it on Buster for a change."

Another child has told me that when she grows up she intends to "knock the stuffings out of her children every night," so as to pay up for the beatings her mother has given her. One can generally tell the child who receives physical punishment by the way he treats his pets and playthings. The little girl who beats her kitten is but an imitation of her mother whipping her.

Children are not naturally bad. The old saying that

bad boys make good sailors simply means that the brightest children have the most energy, and when they are not given proper work as an outlet they get into mischief. If the nervous energy expended by a so-called naughty and mischievous lad be properly directed, he will grow into one of the world's great workers. Idleness, as the handmaiden of crime, fills our prisons. Recently a criminal in the Boston law court boasted that he had never done a day's work in his life. Other idle people do not actually commit murders, but they kill time and allow the muscles of their bodies and minds to suffer from lack of exercise simply because they were not trained to keep busy in youth.

A mother of my acquaintance had a mischievous boy, who was always doing damage to her flowers.

A cure for mischievousness She asked my advice in training this lad, since whipping seemed to do him no good. I urged the mother to buy him a set of garden tools and let him expend his energy in making a garden, so that he could feel that he was an important factor in the world's great wheel of labor, or doing something worth-while. The prescription worked like magic, and a few days ago the erstwhile naughty John sent me a head of lettuce for my luncheon salad. John's mother is now proud of him. "He is so good," she says. And why? Simply because he has found something to do that interests him. No busy children are ever bad. They are happy because they are busy.

My second "*never*" in child training is, "*Never scold.*" In olden times, the few scolds who lived in any city or village were punished with the ducking stool. In these days, owing to the mad rush and nerve-racking life many men and women lead, there are large numbers of both male and female scolds. In fact they are so common that no one thinks of punishing them for the fault.

While walking through one of the slum districts in our city on a hot evening a short time ago, I failed to hear one pleasant word spoken by the many mothers who had congregated on the steps of their homes or sat around on store boxes in the alleys. They looked tired and, no doubt, after a hard day's work in the intense heat, they felt irritable, but it seemed terrible that these mothers should find relief in scolding the children whom they had brought into this world without the little ones' volition.

It is not, however, only among the poor hard-working people that we find scolding women. Many mothers who have every comfort in life are given to scolding, worrying and lamenting. Every time a child disobeys, the scolding mother pours forth volumes of harsh speech which is sometimes more harmful to the sensitive child than a severe spanking would be.

A mother of my acquaintance reserves her scolding for the bedtime hour, or time of the day's reck-

**Scolding at
bedtime**

oning. She is generally out playing bridge all the afternoon and comes home in a nervous frame of mind. The nurse reports John's and Mary's misdeeds. As the mother hears how John tried to saw the legs off of her new baby grand piano, and how Mary tore the point lace curtains in the drawing-room, she becomes so angry that she pours forth tirades of bitter words, and sometimes whips the children and sends them to bed supperless. At other times she tells the nurse to perform this disagreeable act, and she does not hesitate to scold her children even in the presence of guests. She says they are the worst children she has ever seen, and she can not imagine why a good Christian woman of her make-up should be tormented with such devils. She does not realize that the fault is at her own door, and that these children would be a joy to her if she were pleasant to them and would direct their energies to useful purposes. They are but the reflection of their mother's idle and purposeless life.

**Only peace
angels should
hover around
a child's bed**

attempted to send Winifred to dreamland with kisses and loving words, rather than with scoldings. At bedtime hour all of the little troubles of the day are banished and after a jolly romp or a funny story we are both in a good humor as the sandman approaches.

We older people know how tongue lashings hurt us. We realize that unkind words are like nails driven into hard wood. The nails **Harsh words that sting** may be withdrawn, but the holes will remain. Why then should we torture little ones with harsh words' stings? Many boys beg their mothers to give them horse-whippings rather than to keep harping about their misdeeds and the bringing of white heads with sorrow to the grave.

A scolding mother never holds the confidence of her children, for when they do wrong they are afraid **Scolding mothers lose the confidence of their children** to tell their mother for fear that she will scold them. Many a boy just entering on manhood might have been saved from going on the wrong path if he could have told his mother in confidence of his first false step and been helped by her advice and sympathy. He longs to confess his wrong, but fears to tell his mother as he knows she would upbraid him.

A young man, whose mother died within the last year, refused to attend her funeral, and when I chided him upon his apparent heartlessness, he replied: "Nature made her my mother, but I never loved her. I learned to hate her when I was a tiny boy in kilts, as she was constantly scolding and whipping me. As soon as I was old enough I ran away from home and, despite the letters my mother wrote asking me to return, I never wished to see her again, as I had had enough scoldings to last me through life."

CHAPTER XIII

PUNISHMENT THROUGH NATURAL CONSEQUENCES

IN training Winifred it has been my endeavor to steer clear of whipping as the Scylla, and scolding as the Charybdis of parental love and authority. I have tried to make my child see that when she does wrong she must bear the consequences just as we older people do when we transgress laws of nature or of our country. When she has been good all day the Fairy Queen Titania changes coffee beans beneath her pillow to nice chocolate drops and makes sour lemons into juicy oranges. If she is naughty, Titania does not pay us a visit.

If Winifred throws down her dress carelessly or forgets to fold up her ribbons, the dress continues to lie on the floor and there is no fresh one on the morrow, while Titania does not bring pretty new ribbons. If paper dolls are left on the floor they disappear for many days, and Winifred knows that she can not play with them until I see fit. She also knows that she has brought this punishment on herself.

Winifred has had some bitter lessons because of thoughtlessness. Once she left her precious child Lucy on the grass beneath a tree. Rowdy, the dog,

came along and almost devoured her. When the little girl came weeping to me for sympathy I took her into my arms, but I did not promise her a new dolly. Instead, I explained to her how cruel she had been in leaving her child to such a dreadful fate, and I pictured to her how wicked I would be should I leave her all alone to be devoured by a tiger or lion. Thus the child saw that she had brought this punishment on herself.

A few days ago Winifred asked permission to visit a friend. I told her she could go, but to be at home promptly at half past twelve.

She gave me her promise and skipped down the road to Regina's house. When it was half past

A child understands that he brings punishment on himself

twelve I was surprised not to see *Chérie*, as she has always been most obedient in returning at an appointed time. She came in ten

minutes later. There were no cross words, but I showed her the clock. She said she was sorry, and I accepted her apology. Lunch was later than usual, and after lunch she ran to get dressed for the theater, since Tuesday was the day that we usually went to see some good play. Again I said nothing but, pointing to the clock, I told the little girl that the "Careless Gnome" had made her lose ten precious minutes and thrown us backward on our day's journey, so that we could not get to the theater in time. The little girl understood that she had brought this disappointment on herself and she felt no bitterness against me.

Tears were shed and I sympathized with her, but gave no promises of other joys. Since that time she has never been tardy, and I believe she will always be careful to keep appointments in the future. Winifred knows that when I make any statement I mean what I say, and after we thoroughly understand each other as to why she should do or not do certain things, there are no retractions.

I often hear mothers telling their children that they must not do this or that and then, forgetting all about **Unfulfilled promises** their commands, they allow the children to do what they have told them not to do. I have heard children laugh and joke about their mother's forgetfulness in meting out punishments or rewards and, naturally, these children have no confidence in maternal promises. Not long ago I heard a mother promise her little son five cents if he would learn one of Winifred's jingles. The little fellow, full of enthusiasm, left his companions at play and spent the whole morning studying *The Giant Arithmos*. Then he came to his mother all ready to recite the rhyme. She was busy at the time and said in a cross tone: "Run away. I've no time to hear you now." "But where is the nickel you promised me?" pleaded the little fellow. "I haven't any now. Didn't I tell you to run along? Don't you see I'm busy?" The poor youngster hung his head and went away disheartened. Needless to add, if his mother asks him to learn anything else and promises him a

nickel he will not try to learn it, not having any faith in her promises.

I have found a record chart a great help in making Winifred obedient and thoughtful. We always make a new chart every Sunday morning and destroy the old one on Saturday night, so that all memory of naughty deeds may be banished. This chart is divided from left to right into seven compartments, covering the seven days of the week. From the top to the bottom we divide the record into as many sections as we desire. Some of these columns are headed obedience, politeness, generosity, kindness, courage, patience, truthfulness, cheerfulness, neatness, industry, self-control, good lessons, good deeds.

Every day that the little girl is perfectly obedient a golden star is put in the obedient column just before the dinner hour. If she has **Golden stars and black marks** been disobedient, an ugly black mark is placed there instead. In the same way if she is polite, generous, does some good deed of kindness to people or to animals, shows courage and fortitude, strives to gain knowledge with strict attention, has patience in practising on the violin or piano, or in drawing pictures and writing stories; sticks to the truth, always has a smile, keeps her books and toys in order and, above all, never shows ugly temper or pouts, she receives golden stars in each

section. If she acts in an opposite manner, this shield or escutcheon is marred with ugly black marks.

On Saturday afternoon Winifred and I review this chart together. We count all the black marks and the **Examination of chart** golden ones, and see which are greater in number. Winifred knows that if the stars win, there will be pleasures in store for her during the coming week, and the fairies will bring lovely gifts of flowers and candy, ribbons and books, but if the black marks are in the ascendancy, a week of penance must follow with no great joys to look forward to.

The black men have ruined our escutcheon only a few times, and Winifred shed tears when she saw the **Rewards and deprivations** record of her naughty deeds, but she felt no anger toward her mother. She knew that she had brought these sorrows on herself and, smiling through her tears, she would say: "Well, mother, I'll do better next week." I would encourage the child with love and kisses; together we destroyed the spoiled escutcheon and on the morrow we made a new one, both of us hoping that it would shine brilliantly with stars by the end of the week. On several occasions, after unusually good weeks, the charts have been absolutely perfect, and we have preserved these escutcheons to show that the girl has been a perfect child for at least two weeks of her life.

I do not consider myself an ideal mother, nor

class my methods of discipline as perfect, but they seem to be somewhat of an improvement over the old-time methods, as many of my friends have proved by experiment. If the spirit of love and patience can rule in the home lighted by smiles, if we can only banish the cruel rod and the Harpies' nagging tongue, we may have a heaven here on earth. All that we need to make this earth a paradise is a race of smiling men and women who follow the golden rule.

All children must be disciplined lest they become spoiled. A spoiled child is a life blighted in its bud. His life, unwatered by the dews of love, grows harder and harder, and he goes to his grave unmourned. But this discipline need be nothing stronger than a mother's firmness and love in leading her child with a loving hand into right pathways. If the tiny stick seems inclined to be crooked the mother need only bend it into straight lines in infancy and it will grow into a glorious tree, of which she may well feel proud.

A third "*never*" in method of character building is, "*Never say 'Don't' to a child.*" I have never known a child to learn obedience through his mother's constant cries "Don't do this! Don't do that!" When Winifred was a little baby I am afraid that I was quite often guilty of hurling "don'ts" in her direction. These cries often

startled the child so that she would desist from doing something for a time, but they gave her, in the end, a still greater desire to do the forbidden act.

While visiting a charming lady in Indianapolis, who seemed to have a great influence over my little girl, I noticed that this lady never said "Don't" to the child. At one time, when the little girl was pounding on the piano, making discordant sounds, I called out: "Don't do that, *Chérie*, darling." The child obeyed me, but her feelings were hurt and, instead of coming to my arms, she crawled up on a big armchair and assumed the air of a martyr. I was rather amused at Winifred's conduct, but Mrs. Brown said: "Don't you think it would have been better to have directed the child's attention to something else?" A few minutes later Winifred forgot her injured feelings and, for lack of something else to do, began to expend extra nervous energy by beating a tambourine. Before I could interfere, Mrs. Brown called: "Oh, *Chérie*, please run into the next room and see what you can find in a little brown package on my dresser." The child ran in haste to do what she had been told and returned screaming with delight, as she had found a tiny china doll. Mrs. Brown then explained that the doll would be hers if she would keep quiet and make it some nice dresses. She gave her some bits of cloth, little ribbons, etc., and for the rest of the afternoon Winifred cut out dresses with holes for arms; put them on the tiny doll and fastened them with a sash tied about the waist.

Since that time I have tried never to say "Don't" in speaking to Winifred, though sometimes my ingenuity has been taxed in diverting her thoughts from things I did not wish her to do.

My fourth "*never*" is, "*Never say 'Must' to a child.*" This word, spoken to big or little people, arouses antagonism. No mortal likes the word. No mother likes to be told that she must do this or that. How then can she expect her little child, born with a love of freedom, to do any task with a glad spirit after he has been told that he *must* do it?

I know mothers who say to their children: "Willie, you must have all these arithmetic questions by noon or you will get a whipping. Tommy, you must have this wood cut by six o'clock or I'll see that your father punishes you. Nellie, you must finish hemming these napkins or you can't play with Mary all this week." Naturally, these duties become tasks under an overseer's whip, and the children, feeling as if they are slaves, hate the work and yearn to be old enough to be their own bosses.

The true mother must be a diplomat who knows how to bring about obedience in her home through suggestion, rather than stern commands.

I have had little trouble in persuading Winifred to study or to do certain tasks, because I have always asked the Fairy Interest's help. On rare occasions, when Winifred

**The true mother
a diplomat**

**Solitude instead
of harsh words**

rebelled against doing certain things that I thought she should do, I have not scolded her, but left her in solitude where she could think over her disobedience. It generally took but a few minutes to make the child repentant, and she would come to me with a smile, ready to do what I had asked.

There is no use trying to force a child to study by telling him he must learn a certain fact. Such discipline is like bringing a horse to the water though you can't make him drink when he is not thirsty. Children do not like to work blindly at any task because it is their parents' will. They want to know why they must do certain things, and when their interest is aroused they will work with a glad will.

My next "*never*" is greatly needed in helping to mold a child into noble manhood and womanhood—

Never allow a child to lose respect for his parents or himself

"Never allow a child to lose respect for his parents or himself."

The child who loses self-respect is lost indeed, and he who is ashamed of his father or mother is to be pitied. Many a child is made to blush with shame because other children ridicule his parents. Sometimes the most moral and upright parents cause their children to suffer because they will not "do as the Romans do," but through eccentricities in dress or habits or through carelessness make themselves conspicuous and open to ridicule. Some mothers with a mania for clean corners often spend so much of their time scrubbing and cleaning like the almost amphibious Dutch house-

wives, that they neglect to clean themselves or to keep their children looking neat. Other mothers work so hard to make fancy clothes for their children that they neglect their own dress and acquire slovenly habits. When their children go on the street with them, other children look at these mothers and laugh. Sensitive children can not help blushing with shame when they hear their parents ridiculed.

I know a mother who has lived a hard pinched life in order to give her daughter luxuries and send her to

A daughter ashamed of her mother	a fashionable boarding school and yet the girl does not love her mother. er. She frankly confessed to me
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that she suffers agony when her mother comes to visit her, because the girls call her a "frump," and she says that she has been ashamed of her mother since she was four years old and some boys made fun of this mother's old-fashioned hat. She says: "Mother has always worn her hair in an ugly tight knot, and her shoes down at the heels and minus buttons. Her dresses are dreadful misfits and there is often a gap between her shirt-waist and skirt. Dad was ashamed of her and would never be seen on the street with her and finally one day he ran away from home and we have never heard from him. I think that he would have continued to love mother if she had cooked less and put a few frizzes in her hair and taken time to put on her clothes."

Although many of you may think that this girl was heartless, she certainly deserved sympathy, and I do

not consider her mother a real mother despite her labors to educate her child.

Many a girl who is attractive in appearance before marriage develops into a slovenly unattractive woman

Slovenly women and, as Shakespeare said, "A slovenly woman is an odious sight."

When a mother makes her husband and children ashamed of her she loses the best part of motherhood—that of happy companionship with her loved ones, whom she feels not alone love her but are proud to be seen in her company.

God has given us our bodies to care for and to make the most of with such raiment and adornment as our

Good clothes "purse can buy." It can not be denied that clothes play an important

part in society, and the careless mother not alone makes her children ashamed of her but sometimes by her example gives them slovenly habits that will cling to them for life. Many a man has been helped to obtain a good position by being well dressed. Neat clothes not alone help the wearer in appearance but they give him a feeling of self-respect. I have often noticed this even in animals. On one of our government reservations, where Uncle Sam was too stingy to keep a cart horse for rough hauling, we were compelled to use Don Pedro, the carriage horse, for both driving and carting. When Don was driven in the carriage he held his head high like a proud gentleman, but when in the cart he hung his head as if with shame.

All babies should be taught to have respect for their persons and to take delight in keeping clean hands, noses and mouths. They must know that little pigs are not allowed in decent society and that no ladies and gentlemen care to caress children with dirty fingers, tousled hair and, worst of all, filthy noses. At a very early age children may be taught personal cleanliness and how to use a handkerchief, tooth-brush and nail-brush, not alone for health's sake but to develop proper respect for one's person. Such personal cleanliness does not lead to vanity, which is only eagerness for outside admiration, but to true self-respect.

They must not, however, be taught to think too much of dress and of appearance. There should be moderation in all things, nothing being good in excess. Vanity in dress is generally learned from mothers. As some one has jokingly remarked: "When a boy is little, his father asks him, 'What are you going to be?' but when a girl is young, her mother says, 'What are you going to wear?'"

Some women have a great love of the beautiful and this love leads them into extravagance in dress. Others love clothes simply to enhance their own appearance; regardless of cost, they must outshine their sisters. All mortals need something to do and idle women generally enter into this "clothes competition." Their daughters follow in their footsteps and I am

often amused to hear ten-year-old schoolgirls talking about the fashions and the new dresses they are having made.

The true mother puts neatness and cleanliness into her child's daily habits and then awakens larger ideas
Athletics an through interesting studies and
antidote athletics. I have always found tennis and baseball excellent antidotes for love of finery. Tennis changes Louis Quinze slippers to sensible shoes and baseball does away with too many frills and furbelows.

I do not believe, however, in humiliating children and killing self-respect by making younger girls wear
Younger children their older sisters' cast-off gar-
not to wear cast- ments. The older children some-
off clothes times suffer keenly when a new baby comes to take their place in the mother's arms but their suffering is nothing in comparison with that endured by the youngest member of the family who must wear all the cast-off clothes. I believe in buying only a few clothes and letting the children wear them out instead of passing one garment from the head of the family to the foot. All children like to feel that their clothes were designed expressly for them and every child wishes to be the undisputed possessor of his clothes as well as a cherished jack-knife or doll.

One way to teach a child good manners and self-respect is to allow him to dine with the family and to
Dining with treat him as if he were a chum to
his parents father and mother. In our home

we try to make meal time one of joy, and the conversation is always on subjects that interest Winifred so that she may converse with us. Some people teach their children that they must be seen and not heard at the table. In fact, some parents make their children feel as if they were a nuisance in the home and thus the little ones lose respect for themselves.

We have always tried to make Winifred feel that home would not be home without her and to encourage **Showing a child that you trust him** self-respect and self-reliance; we have never given her occasion to doubt our faith in her goodness.

If we leave her alone we do not caution her not to do this or that but we tell her that we know she is going to be such a good little home keeper while we are gone and not do anything that would harm her. Through stories of children who have played with matches, knives, etc., and come to bad ends I have impressed her with the need of caution and when she gives me her word of honor that she will stay in a certain place and steer clear of harmful things I always feel that she is perfectly safe. On the other hand, Winifred never feels that she is compelled to obey me, but she looks upon her parents as experienced guides and loving advisers who wish only for her welfare.

A child should not be taught only self-respect but proper respect for the rights of the property of others.

Respect for property of others German children are early taught to respect their country's property. They know better than to deface trees and throw

paper and banana peels in the public streets. Uncle Sam has not yet trained his children so carefully and flat owners are sometimes compelled to put up signs: "Flats not rented to families with children or dogs." Many parents furnish bad examples to their children by driving nails into the walls and otherwise defacing property of others.

And now we come to another "*never*" in childhood discipline, "*Never frighten a child.*" Fear is the greatest enemy of mankind. All mortals are prone to fear something and none of us has too much courage. Therefore mothers should strive to instil courage rather than fear into the minds of their babies. A child who is frightened into being good never loves his parents and he is liable to become a victim of hysteria, or even insanity.

I know of one case of melancholia which resulted from depression caused by stories of hell fire told to the victim when he was but five years old, by an overzealous and fanatical Sunday-school teacher. Many children's nerves have been injured under cover of so-called religion by parents or outsiders striving to frighten the little ones into being good. I have known children to sleep with their heads under the bedclothes for fear of seeing Satan or his imps at night, and some little ones can not be persuaded to go into a dark room alone. Fear sends hideous nightmares to haunt the pillows.

Up to the age of five years a child believes everything he is told. This is the trustful age and during this time he must be taught to be brave, to have no fear of the darkness and to know that his mother will always protect him. He should not be told stories of dreadful crimes or hideous monsters which may pay him visitation during his sleep, but peaceful and happy stories of fairies and dear little sprites should brighten his dreams.

When Winifred was a baby and seemed afraid to go to certain places, I would go ahead saying: "See, darling, there is nothing here to hurt you or mother." This gave her confidence and she would follow me. To all children who fear animals, loud harsh noises or swift motion this seems the only way to inspire courage and to drown fear. By suggestion a mother may also help to make her child more courageous if she hypnotizes him into believing that he has no fear by constantly telling him: "John is such a brave little knight. He is not afraid."

Children should not be taught to be rash and foolhardy. They should learn to know the difference between real danger and imaginary and to guard against injury from fire, water, vehicles, etc. I have always been foolhardy and have risked my life needlessly on many occasions simply because companions in my youth taught me never to take a dare. Having learned from

my own rashness that there are some things which even the brave man should avoid, I have tried to make Winifred guard against real dangers.

Sometimes a child becomes fearful because of a disordered physical condition and when he is in this condition there is no use to argue or **Fear caused by physical condition** try to reason with him. His attention must be taken from thoughts of fear through something of great interest or by giving him a tepid bath.

As every act that a child does is preceded by a thought, constant thoughts of brave, generous and **Thoughts can make him brave** true heroes will make the child wish to be brave and true and save him from the thousand deaths the cowards die. As Spenser said:

"It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor."

If our minds are filled with diseased worry and fear instead of concentrated, clear, serene thinking **Thoughts as life companions** we can not be happy, and neither can we keep our children's minds serene through black fear. The thoughts that we make our own can become such tyrants as to banish all hope and make us become a misery to ourselves and those around us. If we were to select a companion for life, naturally we would try to choose some bright, entertaining person. Therefore in choosing thoughts

which remain with us as lifetime companions we should be careful to chase away all those stained with worry, gloom and fear, and keep bright thoughts of cheer and love instead.

Many a child has gone through life as a miserable coward, made so by parental influence of his mother or by her example in childhood.

The child who fears his parents is most to be pitied and yet there are mothers who think that they must make the child fear them in order to win his obedience. This fear is like fear of God as a power who rules over this earth and sends fierce floods and dreadful lightning as a flaming sword to destroy the wicked. The child who fears his parents and God, goes to church for fear of punishment and prays to God lest he be destroyed. He can not enjoy the beauties of an electric storm because he knows he is sinful and he fears he may be struck dead at any moment.

In striving to make Winifred brave I have told her stories of brave men and women, pointed out the beauties of a storm rather than the terrors, and above all tried to set her a good example by never giving way to tears in her presence. The ever tearful woman is a torture to herself and to her children. She is even worse than the scold but in this day of action she is disappearing from our midst. The wise woman has learned to know that the demon "Tear" does not always bring her what she cries for, but only mars her looks. Winifred has been

taught to grit her teeth and bear pain rather than to be a "cry baby."

She knows that it is dangerous to go out into a storm, but when she is under shelter she has no fear of God's wrath being vented upon her through a lightning stroke. I have told her that God is a loving father who loves all His children and does not wish to punish them. I have not given the child any set prayers to learn. She thanks God for His mercies and asks for His blessings in her own simple language as her heart dictates. She has not been taught to believe in any man-made creeds, the cause of so much dissension among men. Believing that true religion is founded on the pillars of love and truth and does not consist in any special outward form of worship, I have tried to make her see that her Catholic playmates are just as good in God's sight as the Presbyterians, and these two powerful religious sects are no better than the Methodists, Episcopalians and members of other sects. They are all worshiping God and doing their best to live a moral life according to their enlightenment. I tell her that there is an intuitive principle within all mortals which makes them feel that there is something beyond them, some great power to which they must bow down, and if they worship this power as their conscience dictates there is no reason why our good God should punish them in a life to come.

We should teach our children to be broad-minded, to overlook the sins and faults of those we meet and

Teaching broad-mindedness to believe that there is salvation for all men, regardless of the way in which they worship God. Thus they learn to feel universal kinship and to have tolerance for the beliefs and failings of others. No parents should set themselves up on a pedestal before their children as if they were without sin. They should show that they are striving to live good, clean, pure lives, but they must constantly strive to do better. Self-satisfaction means stagnation and degeneration.

Show your children that you are never content with your work but must continue to look upward. Like a tree you must not cease to grow but constantly put forth new leaves and branches.

One of the strongest "*nevers*" that I would suggest in child training is, "*Never allow a child to say 'I can't.'*" These are words of a coward and weakling, while "*I'll try,*" are the watchwords of the boy or girl who succeeds in life. If we cultivate the acquaintance of the "I'll Try Fairy" he will never desert us no matter how dark the pathway of life may be. He teaches us to sing rather than to sigh, to press forward rather than to lag behind. He gives us patience to perform all our tasks and endows us with perseverance, concerning which glorious trait of character Hafiz says: "On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as perseverance."

"I-can't" tendencies may be destroyed and "I'll-try" qualities implanted in a child's mind through the moth-

Teaching perseverance through examples

er telling him stories of great men who have won through perseverance. At one time when Winifred felt greatly discouraged because a careless servant destroyed her week's work of French exercises, she put her head down on the library table and in a most dejected voice said: "Mother, I simply can't write those exercises over again." I knew that the poor child had just cause for discouragement, but I showed great surprise at hearing the cowardly "I can't" come from my brave little girl's lips and I told her of Carlyle whose work of many years had been destroyed by a careless servant. He never uttered the words "I can't," but set to work and rewrote his great work; and I encouraged her to begin her task over again, following in the example of Audubon whose work of twenty years was eaten by mice, but who would not be discouraged and made his drawings all over again.

Sometimes when Winifred feels inclined to think she can not do some task I show her a number of

Showing examples of patience to teach patience

dressed fleas and we talk about the little Mexican children, who with infinite patience, have dressed these fleas while working under a microscope; or I show her bits of old lace and tapestry, which have required infinite patience in their making. Once we read the story of how oriental rugs are made thread by thread, so as to show the child what patience, continuity or "sticktuitiveness," can do. At other times we visit the museum and look at wonderful pieces of

pottery, embroidery, carving, etc., as speaking examples of what perseverance has done.

One reason that many children have no faith in their own powers is because parents make puppets of them, doing tasks that the children should be taught to do for themselves. **Parents make puppets of children** It is not necessary to buy a Montessori outfit in order to teach a child how to button and lace things. When he is a tiny baby let him try to button his own shoes or fasten the dress of his mother. I have sat for long periods letting Winifred learn to feel that she was a useful factor in life by buttoning her mother's dress. Sometimes I felt impatient at the length of time it took my baby's wee fingers to perform this task and at other times when I had many things to do I felt like buttoning the baby's shoes and my own dress instead of letting her do this work. But I argued with myself that if I did not show patience my child could not well learn to be patient and useful. When she grew impatient I would praise what she had done and inspire her with fresh courage, or if she were weary, I asked her to let mother help a little. When parents show children that they think they can not do a certain thing, or are afraid that something will befall them, the child is always fearful and belongs to the "I-can't" class.

I know a little girl who is not allowed to skate for fear of falling and making holes in her stockings, or worse still, breaking her legs. **Parents' fear makes weaklings** She has been taught that it is danger-

ous to row or swim as she is certain to be drowned ; so she may watch others bathe and have a good time while she hangs her clothes on a hickory limb and goes not near the water. She has never been allowed to ride horseback and when I coaxed her to mount on Wini-fred's good Prince Karlo's back she said : "Oh, no, I can't ride him. He would throw me off and break my neck." In the same spirit, she says she can't climb a tree, and she is afraid a snake will bite her if she goes to the woods. Naturally she will be a failure in life, because her mother is a weakling and can not look the world squarely in the face, banishing fear and doubt and following "I'll try."

My eighth "*never*" is, "*Never refuse to answer a child's questions.*" Curiosity is given to a child as a

Never refuse to answer a child's questions

means for gaining knowledge. The child who never asks a question is an imbecile. Most mothers grow

weary of the many questions evolved from the teeming brains of Johns and Marys, since all children are human interrogation-points. Sometimes the mothers also feel ashamed at their lack of knowledge, since they can not always answer these questions satisfactorily, and thus they, too, may learn through this natural method of education by seeking knowledge from others.

When our little ones ask us silly questions we should not ridicule them. It sometimes requires great

Do not ridicule a child

courage on the part of a timid child to ask certain questions and

if met with ridicule he will cease to put forth his inquisitive tentacles to gain knowledge and will become like the lobster, which when cast upon a bank by the tide does not seek paths leading back to the ocean but stupidly remains where the waters have cast him. A child's questions can be used as a means of opening the doors of understanding and sowing good thoughts and teaching him to think for himself.

In answering a child's questions a mother should be careful never intentionally to deceive him. If she does

Do not deceive your child not give him truthful answers to his questions and he discovers his parent's deceit, he will lose all faith in that parent, and may become deceitful himself. Some parents actually seem proud of their children when they are inclined to invent cloaks to hide their sins. One father proudly told an acquaintance that his son was destined to be a great politician. He said: "Why, the other day Jack ate all the preserves in the pantry, and I heard him say as he smeared the cat's face with the stuff: 'I'm sorry for you, Tom, but I can't have the old folks suspect me.'" This child certainly had received suggestions of deceit from his parents, or he would not have conceived the idea of laying his fault on the poor tom-cat.

As a ninth "*never*" I would say, "*Never tease a child.*" Men have been sent to the gallows because

Never tease a child they were teased as children. Nothing makes a child more impudent, rude and cross-grained, than to be teased. We know this is true even in animal life. A puppy that is

teased grows up into a snarling dog. Teasing and ill-natured comments make a child bitter and arouse feelings of hatred, envy and malice.

I know of one little boy who tried to kill his baby sister because his father teased him by saying, "Ha! ha! my young man, the baby has pulled off your nose. She's got your place in bed and I guess she'll make you toe the mark in this house."

My tenth and best "*never*" is, "*Never allow any other place to become more attractive to your child than his home.*" Recently a half-dozen boys, aged from six to twelve years and belonging to good families in Chicago, were arrested for breaking into a house and robbing it during the owner's absence. When the boys were caught they confessed that they had no need to steal but each one told a similar story about living in a strict home where there was no sunshine or pleasure.

It is necessary that there be discipline in the home, since there would be constant commotion and conflict without it, but the child need not know he is being disciplined. Through love, which, as Dante says, is the one thing on earth that is inexhaustible, and with cooperation and patience the parent can guide his child in proper pathways and direct his thoughts, for "as he thinketh, so is he."

If mothers make their homes sunshiny spots through smiles and courtesy to husbands, servants and children, the children will never be impatient or ill na-

tured. They will grow up into sunshine plants. And if fairies are never banished from the home, but made to help in all tasks and to cheer in hours of sorrow these children need never be lonely or sad, for the imaginative fairy will take them away to interesting realms when the world looks dark and gloomy.

If the mother always shows gratitude to her child when he offers his help and never forgets to say "Thank you," the child will not show ingratitude—the worst of crimes—when he leaves his home.

If a mother has faith in her boy while he is at her fireside she can have faith in him when he is out in the world, particularly if she has taught him firmness of character. By firmness I do not mean obstinacy born of ignorance and pride.

As Diderot said, "Man's duty is to make the earth pleasant," so I believe a mother's duty is to make the home pleasant if she would have her children grow into noble men and women.

As companions greatly influence a child's character the mother should choose his early friends while teaching the little one to be stanch in his friendship, since, as Emerson has truly said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

A mother need not tie her boy to her apron-strings and make him into a "stay-at-home sissy" under her policeman-like guardianship. To make a child fear the world in his absolute obedience to your will is simply crushing his will. But every boy through his

mother's influence should learn to love home better than any spot on earth and look on it as the haven where he always finds peace and rest.

In no home should there be a tyrant. Under each roof should be a free republic where the child need not be pitied as being ruled by tyrannical parents and the parents need not suffer as Themistocles, who said that his son ruled all Greece since this baby ruled his mother, the mother ruled over Themistocles and he ruled over Athens, which ruled over Greece.

The ability of any one as a trainer lies in his power to guide and direct rather than to repress, and guide and direct our children we must if we would lead them into safe pathways where they may care for themselves. Our great love for our children should not make tyrants of us in our desire to mold them into perfect beings and neither should our love make us become our children's slaves. We must cooperate with them in loving sympathy and show them by suggestion and example how to live upright lives. We mothers are the builders of the next generation, since the boys and girls of to-day are to be the men and women of to-morrow.

CHAPTER XIV

HEALTH FIRST OF ALL

UNLESS the goddess Hygeia is our friend, life is truly a curse to man, woman and child. We can not enjoy the beauties of nature or man's great works when we are tortured by "Pain Imp." Therefore, it is important that we guard our baby's health as the most precious jewel of his existence.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago, says: "I believe from the moment a child is born until it passes from beyond parental control that its physical condition should be given the closest attention. If we are cultivating a grove of black walnut trees for profit, or a cluster of rose bushes for beauty, there is no phase of their daily existence we miss."

As we can not take care of a garden one week and neglect it the next, expecting the weeds to stay away, so with our children, we must guard them constantly.

First of all, the baby should never be deprived of fresh air; and he should have the best of old-fashioned tonics—plenty of "Adam's ale" inside and outside.

The milk of healthy mothers is the best food nature can provide, but if for any reason this must be denied **Best food for the child, modified cow's milk babies seems to be the best substitute.** He should always be given plenty of water, and after the fourth month a teaspoonful of sweet orange juice about one hour before feeding time. Later on, most children thrive on prune juice, meat broth, soft boiled eggs and baked potato. We gave our little girl no meat until she was two years old.

Most children like cereals, which appear to be wholesome food, but Winifred disliked every kind of breakfast food and, believing that what is not pleasing to one's taste is not good for him, we never enforced partaking of these foods.

There has long been a German proverb which runs: "The man is what he eats"; and truly one's diet seems **"The man is what he eats"** to be a most important factor in character forming.

Recently a new so-called science has arisen under the name of "leguminotherapy," a long name for scientific vegetable diet. The men who make a study of this so-called science say that they can mold the character of children by feeding them certain foods. If this be true, then as a child eateth so will he be. They believe that eating raw carrots will give a child beautiful teeth and complexion, while potatoes develop reasoning powers, string beans artistic qualities, cabbage and cauliflower produce vulgar and common thoughts; and green peas make one frivolous.

In accordance with their ideas, if Johnnie dislikes mathematics he should have a liberal percentage of mashed or baked potatoes for his diet; and if Mary does not appreciate art she should be fed on green beans, while fickle Nancy should never have a taste of green peas, and rude Tommy can not travel in Germany and eat sauerkraut.

These leguminotherapists have no positive proofs of their theories, but from personal observation I have noticed that Russian peasants, who subsist almost entirely on carrots, have unusually good teeth and remarkable complexions. I also know that pickles, mince pie, green apples and too many sweets will make any child see "nine little goblins with green glass eyes."

Beginning at the earliest moment, the baby should not be fed whenever he cries, but only at regular intervals. How would the mother **Stomachs ruined in babyhood** feel if a giant should force her to eat when she was crying from colic caused by having already eaten too much? Such treatment would be liable to kill the mother. No wonder infant mortality is so high!

It is also wrong to give babies soothing sirups. Doctor Harvey Wiley says that millions of little ones have lost their lives through these preparations, which contain morphine.

As the child gains the power of speech he should not be given sweets whenever he asks for them. There should be moderation in the food habit as in

all other things. Habits of intemperance are often caused by feeding children too often and giving them overstimulating food.

Many young children have their stomachs ruined through spending all their pennies for cheap candies. We often see young girls going to school with all-day-suckers in their mouths. Sometimes they drop them in the street, pick them up and renew the perpetual sucking process.

Most cheap candies are colored with coal-tar dyes and are most injurious to a child's stomach. To satisfy his craving for sweets give him a lump of sugar, a stick of peppermint candy, through which he can suck the juice of a lemon or orange, and home-made fudge, taffy or butter-scotch.

As a factor in creating happiness the stomach plays a most important part. Some one has said:

"Whether life is worth living or not depends upon the liver"

"Whether life is worth living or not depends upon the liver," and all mortals who have had quarrels with this same stomach and liver can verify the statement. By keeping our children's stomachs in good order and "squeezing their livers" through proper exercise, we can save our offspring from becoming miserable, melancholic, long-faced dyspeptics, who hate the whole world (themselves included) and who, like La Farge's "Man with the Appetite," would gladly give all their wealth for the pleasure of enjoying a meal through another man's stomach.

You remember the story of Louis XV, who was one day accosted by a beggar, pleading: "Oh, give me a little of your gold! I am so hungry!"

"Go on," replied the king, "and thank God that you have an appetite."

Woe be to the mother who allows her children to reach the Louis Quinze state because she does not keep poisonous and overstimulating foods from him or permits him to become a *petit gourmand*.

It has been truly said that all babies are good when they are fed properly, and the same may be said of **No one naturally** adults. We are not naturally **depraved** depraved mortals, but dyspepsia often makes us so. One of the chief ways to ward off indigestion is courtship of the God Cheer while we eat. Mothers should always strive to have children eat their meals in pleasant surroundings, where laughter is the principal guest. Banish worry from the table if you would have long life for your children and yourself. Smile, and good digestion will wait upon you. Laugh and grow healthy, wealthy and wise.

Healthy individuals make a healthy nation. History shows that when a people lose their physical strength, it matters not what **Healthy individuals make a healthy nation** wealth or culture is theirs, they are fated to perish as a nation, since the vitality of the nation depends upon the biological fitness of the people themselves. Therefore, it is to the advantage of every nation to preach health

to its people. This doctrine should be one of the first lessons taught in the public school as well as in the home.

Many mothers can not teach their children laws of hygiene, and these mothers should receive instruction through moving pictures or simple lectures given in the mother schools, which I hope soon to see in every city and village.

I am often amused by hearing people say: "Oh, your little daughter looks entirely too strong and healthy to be a genius." They seem to think that in order to be possessed of brains one must have a lean and hungry look, with stooped shoulders, narrow chest, sallow face and begoggled eyes.

It is true that some of our great men and women have suffered from ill health, but if strength of body as well as mind had been given to them, they would have done even greater work, since a strong body helps to make a strong mind. All mothers as well as teachers should encourage children to gain strong bodies by living clean lives as the knights of old, or by following in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, who could lift nine hundred pounds, and Daniel Webster, William Cullen Bryant, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Ward Beecher, John C. Calhoun, Count Bismarck, Jennie Lind, Adeline Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Julia Ward Howe, John Wesley,

Louisa May Alcott and many other great people blessed with health and strength.

I do not pretend to be a health doctor, but as so many mothers have asked me how Winifred has developed into such a strong robust girl, despite the unusual mental work she has accomplished, I shall tell you how I sought to keep "Health" with us.

In the first place, I tried to surround my baby with a cheerful environment, since even tiny babies become depressed in an atmosphere of tears, and depression leads to indigestion as well as bad nerves.

**How I tried to
make my child
strong**

When Winifred was six weeks old she could sit alone and had the appearance of a child four months of age. I attributed this physical strength to living in the open air and learning how to exercise. Relying upon a baby's simian instinct to hold anything placed in its fist, I began when she was but a few weeks old to put a small smooth stick in her hands and to lift her as she clung to it.

When the weather was pleasant the child spent most of her time on the beach. There, under cover of a green sunshade, she could watch the waves chasing one another. Her mouth was not deformed with a so-called comforter and her nerves were not wrecked with the jerks of cradle rocking. When prevented by inclement weather from sleeping out-of-doors, she slept in her own little white bed, covered with a light eider-

In the open

down quilt, and was never hampered from kicking and moving her arms by long fancy dresses and petticoats.

From her first days on terra firma I was very particular in testing the temperature of her bath and in not frightening the little one by
Care of her bath bathing her when she was inclined to be irritable. Many a child learns to hate and fear the bath because some one carelessly puts him into too hot or cold water, or forces him into the tub when he does not wish to go.

As Winifred grew old enough to understand stories, I taught her to love her daily bath by playing
Games of the bath games with her. Sometimes she was a little mermaid, swimming in the sea; other times she played that she was a lovely nymph of Neptune's realms; again she played that she was a whale or a big fish. At other times she found great amusement in pretending to rule the sea and make a lot of tiny birch-bark canoes with celluloid doll passengers sail in the direction she chose. One of her favorite games was with a tiny Indian doll, whom we christened Hiawatha. She would make him stand in his canoe and float down an imaginary river while she and I recited portions of Longfellow's beautiful poem. In this way she learned all of this poem before she was five years old, but I never allowed her to grow weary by reciting it all at once.

I also made the bath attractive by having a celluloid doll that the baby bathed when she was taking

her own bath. If it was necessary to wash Winifred's head she submitted cheerfully so that she might give Lucy "a big lather."

When she was scarcely over a year old I told her that she must help me to keep her white horses very clean, and every time she ate even a cracker, she would run for her tooth-brush and polish the white horses and rinse her mouth with water.

**Keeping the
twenty white
horses clean**

She was also taught that only pigs like dirty faces, and that she must wash her hands many times a day.

Whenever her nurse washed her hands, Winifred hastened to wash the hands of Lucy, and sometimes I let her amuse herself by filling a small tub with water, protecting her dress with a rubber apron and allowing her to wash the hands and faces of her whole doll family.

She was early taught how to use a handkerchief, and prided herself upon always having a clean nose.

So firmly did I impress upon her the vulgarity of dirty noses that at one time she refused to play with a little boy of wealthy and cultured parents because, as she said: "He is vulgar, mother. Just look at his nose!"

In order to develop the child's chest, I taught her how to take deep breathing exercises, and to sing and

**Benefits of deep
breathing exer-
cises, singing and
whistling**

whistle. She has not been blessed with vocal cords to make her a real singer, but she has learned to whistle remarkably well, and

amuses her young friends by imitating birds and whistling the airs she plays upon the piano.

Every day we play ball and take long walks. A child should be given daily exercises of this kind to

Keeping down excessive energy through exercise keep down his excessive energy. Many mothers think that their children are nervous when they are simply restless, yearning to throw off excessive energy. Nervousness is due to irritability of nerve centers and requires a doctor's treatment, but any mother can diagnose the case of nerves from that of too much steam. The restless child gets into mischief if he has nothing to do, but the nervous child twitches various parts of his body, bites his nails, screams when he is crossed and jumps in alarm at any unexpected noise.

When children are cross, talk with an imperfect pronunciation, and sleep with their mouths open, they need the doctor's aid to relieve them of enlarged tonsils or adenoid tissue. But when children are cross on rainy days and damage the furniture, it is generally the result of misdirected energy, and the clever mother is the best physician to turn this energy into productive channels.

I did not allow my baby to put her hands into her mouth, and she never acquired the habit of sucking her thumb because I held her hands as a tiny infant every time she made the attempt. She was taught to keep all

Hands out of mouth

foreign substances out of her mouth and told never to eat anything given to her without asking permission.

She had many toys, but no toy pistols, firecrackers, tin-swords and other child killers. I never took her

No dangerous toys or amusements on roller-coasters, loop-the-loops or other insane so-called amusement places. I believe that all of these amusements are not alone dangerous, but act as false stimulants to a child's nerves.

We always have a gymnasium in our home which contains not alone the ordinary apparatus for exercise,

A home gymnasium but also a sand-pile (saver of doctor bills), a see-saw, sliding board and a tree ladder. Such a ladder may be made out of a tree-trunk with limbs added where they are needed to make an easy ascent. Climbing such a ladder is one of the best exercises to learn how to balance one's self.

When only a year old, Winifred took her first horse-back ride on the horse's despised relative Mr. Burro.

Healthful and amusing exercises make backbone Two years later she learned to ride on his real Horseship and still enjoys this sport above every other amusement. She has also learned to row, swim, play ball, tennis, do fancy and interpretative dances and climb trees as well as mountains. Through these exercises and games I believe she has gained health and courage to face the world with plenty of "backbone," so she need not go floundering about like a ship without a pilot.

I certainly believe that no child is happy who is not busy. Voltaire said truly: "The secret to happiness is first, occupation; second, occupation; and third, occupation."

The demons fear, worry, grief, hatred, avarice and discontent should find no place in a child's mind.

Effect of fear, anger, etc. These perverted emotions produce general disturbances of the nervous system, generate both mental and physical weakness, retard growth and even work as poisons on the whole system. Many a child has been thrown into a fever through fear, or a fit of anger.

A scientist recently said that the natural lot of life for man should be one hundred fifty years. He claims that every animal but man reaches the allotted age of five times the length of time it takes to reach complete maturity. According to his observation, the ordinary man is not fully mature until he reaches the thirtieth mile-stone. Therefore, he should live to be seven score and ten. "But," says this wise man, "fear and worry kill off one-half the human race before they live a fourth of their allotted years."

We should teach our children never to cross bridges until they come to them; to feel that there is nothing harmful in Mother Nature's dark, sleepy coat of night, and that true courage is to be admired in every one.

I have tried at all times to put my little girl to bed in the best of spirits, believing in the old proverb:

Go to bed with a smile and smile on awaking "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." We play quiet games together and talk of the fine time we will have on the morrow. I can not think of anything more injurious to a child than to scold or whip the little one just before going to bed or immediately after meals. A child should be sent to dreamland with a smile on his face. There should also be a smile on awaking, and both mother and child should say: "We are going to have a fine time to-day." The first step toward becoming happy lies in the thought, "I will be happy."

Train the little one into habits of right thinking and right living and he will grow up with a strong body and a strong mind.

CHAPTER XV

EUGENICS, PRENATAL INFLUENCE, ENVIRONMENT

ALL education must begin with the mother who builds the foundation of her child's mental, physical and moral life even before his birth.

It is the mother, despite man's assertion of lordship over creation, who has always been the most important factor in the world's history. In the days when our ancestors dwelt in caves, the father did not even know that he was a father. He had no thought of his child. But the woman found a suitable cave as a nest or home and here she brought her babe into the world, caring for him, protecting him from his enemies, and training him as best she could for the battle of life.

Man owes everything to woman. She is the source of his existence, but as a stream can not rise higher than its source, so the son can not outshine his mother. It is for this reason that few great men, in the past, have had great sons. These men were often so engrossed in their great works that they did not take time to choose their mates wisely. Therefore, in many cases, the children were molded by their mothers into inferior casts.

Many good-hearted women wish to do everything for their babies, but sin through lack of knowledge. I hope that our public schools may soon be utilized in the evenings to give these mothers the information they need. I also hope that training may be given to young boys and girls to keep their bodies strong and minds pure. These children are to be the parents of the next generation and lessons in hygiene and morals would do more good in making them noble specimens of manhood and womanhood than extended studies in astronomy and calculus. It is interesting to know how far away the nearest fixed star may be, but it is of far more importance to know how to preserve the bodies God has given us and to bring a better race into the world. We can not restore misshapen men and women to the noble symmetry of manhood and womanhood as planned by God.

At the present day not alone individuals but nations are working on the problem of giving the child a healthy body and mind so that he may become a good citizen. These nations (and we may count this great republic among the number) are striving to gain better citizens, believing that parents who give healthy happy children to the world are doing more good than they who win great fortunes or become the heroes of many battles. They hope for a better race through following the principles of eugenics.

The term "eugenics," as generally used, seems to

lay most stress upon physical well-being, but eugenics in the broadest sense applies also to planting seeds for character building and mental strength.

Sir Francis Galton who, over a century ago, tried to impress on his contemporaries the importance of heredity, defined eugenics as the science dealing with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race and that develop these to their utmost advantage.

To be true eugenic mothers we must consider not alone the health and character of the man who is to be our child's father, and what we are to eat in order that the baby may be physically strong, but we must fill our minds with noble thoughts to give him mental and moral strength.

Few mothers realize the great importance for their little ones of prenatal influence. As long as a mother can not see her child she does not consider her responsibility for the child's health and happiness. Physicians have shown that the health of the child depends greatly upon the nourishment given it by its mother. She should therefore make a study of the foods that contain proper ingredients to make her child strong. No sane mother would feed a tiny infant with pickles, lobster and "high-balls" immediately after its birth and yet many frivolous expectant mothers feed their unborn babes with such injurious food and drink while it is preparing for its journey into the world.

But mothers should not alone think of a child's physical condition in giving him his proper equipment for life in its fullest sense. She must also give him mental and moral strength.

Every child who comes into this world should be born in an atmosphere of love. Before the baby's birth every breath drawn by the expectant mother should be of joyful anticipation of the little one's arrival. It is certainly a crime to give a child a heritage of tears. The mother who weeps before her child's birth, handicaps that child through life, inflicting him with the curse of sighs rather than the golden gift of smiles and courage to face trouble which must come to every mortal.

And not only should the mother place the light of smiles on her baby's brow, but she should endow him with tendencies toward the right, a love of beauty, justice, truth, honesty and all that is good. She should read good books, think beautiful thoughts, hear good music, see beauties in nature and art, cultivate happy imaginings, and above all do good deeds while she stands at the portals of motherhood.

She should also banish the demon "Fear," which physicians tell us interferes with heart action, stops the secretions in numerous glands, changes the milk into poison, throws the blood into a whirlwind of chemical changes, whitens the hair, dries the bones and makes an old person out of a young one in a single night. This

demon, who has always been the worst enemy to prospective mothers, can only be kept at bay through the Gods of "Courage" and "Cheer."

Then, when baby is heralded into the world, he will be clothed in the invincible armor made by these gods and the great powers "Love" and "Wisdom." Thus he will be defended from falling by the wayside into sloughs of Fearful Despond, or from being captured by the Giant Despair, who often leads to Suicide's abyss.

The present ridiculous fashions in dress and absurd marriage customs are to blame for the birth of many delicate children and the destruction of marital happiness. Recently one of my friends gave birth to a deformed child whom the doctor said had been crippled owing to the mother having had a serious fall. She had fallen while trying to step over a gutter, and the cause of her fall was the modern tight skirt which gives no freedom to walk or run.

Many an unhappy marriage, which often means unhappiness for some poor child or children, has its start during the engagement days or the honeymoon. Fashion decrees that there shall be endless rounds of bridge parties, dinners, dances and other social functions in honor of the bride to be. A recent bride of my acquaintance attended fifteen bridge parties in one week and took ten grains of aspirin each day to cure headache brought on by over-

Improper clothing

Happiness sacrificed beneath wheels of Fashion Juggernaut

wrought nerves. In addition to social functions this future wife and mother stood for hours before the dressmaker while having her gowns fitted. She was also compelled to receive many callers and naturally spent much time with her fiancé. Then came the great excitement of a fashionable wedding, the long wedding journey, hastening from place to place, and worst of all a visit to the groom's relatives where the bride's nerves were on a high tension for fear she would not meet with the whole family's approval. Then home again where there was further nervous worry in furnishing a home and having the first experience with the home management. As a bride, in her new home she was expected to return all social obligations incurred during her engagement and consequently there were more dinners and social functions.

Only six months have passed since this bride became a wife but she has crossed the health border line, has lost control of her nerves and temper, has frequent quarrels with her husband, and is rebellious because she is an expectant mother. How can such a woman bequeath her child his proper heritage of health and happiness? But this is only one example of the many women who are sacrificed yearly beneath the wheels of Fashion's Juggernaut.

The Rooseveltian idea that every woman should become the mother of as many children as nature can give her is indeed fallacious. It
Quality not give her is indeed fallacious. It
quantity decrees misery and full alms-
houses. It is quality, not quantity, that we want,

During the last year, in a certain Ohio town, a mother gave birth to her seventeenth child. When a reporter visited her home she complained bitterly of the six living "torments" and said she would like to see them in the graveyard with their brothers and sisters. Should such women, the weak ignorant slaves of passion, be praised as real mothers because they have gone through the animal act of giving birth to many living beings? Far more worthy is the true mother who brings a few children into the world but gives these children before and after birth the best that she can give.

All normal women want children, and the wife who loves her husband longs to lay his first born son in his arms. But no woman should wreck her life and make her home a place of misery by bringing more children into the world than she can properly care for. Statistics show that nine out of ten working men desert their wives because of the children who keep them awake at night and wear out the one-time-smiling wife, making her into a cross scolding dame, so that home becomes a bedlam instead of a haven of rest.

No woman knows the great joy of heaven until she hears the first cry of her new-born babe and no mother knows what hell may be until she descends into the dark paths of misery, watching her little one suffering agony or being carried away by the death angel.

Therefore no woman should taste of motherhood unless she feels that she has the strength to bear earth's greatest trials with fortitude and to keep a smile for the man who has chosen her for his life's companion. Her motherhood should not make her forget the duties of wifehood and for baby's sake she should not desert her husband each summer, leaving him to many temptations which beset the lonely man. If he yields to these ever present temptations the home will be wrecked and the wife can lay the blame of its wreckage on her own shoulders.

When a mother has brought a child into this world where, as Aristotle says: "Life is a twofold blossom of sorrow and happiness with the blossom of sorrow ever waxing the stronger," she should not give him to the exclusive care of hirelings. She should realize that she has brought a soul, not alone into this world, but for worlds to come—for eternity—and she should cheerfully devote her life to him. The duty of parenthood can not be faithfully done by proxy. No paid hirelings can give the child his proper early training.

All animals take care of their young. No mother lion would consent to a sister, mother or any outsider taking a hand in raising her babies. **Animals better parents than some mothers** It is woman alone who hands her offspring to others for rearing. No wonder then that the human race is deteriorating

and that scientists believe human brains are not so active as in days gone by. The fall of Rome, it is said, was brought about through Roman mothers' neglect of their little ones. May this great republic never lose any of its glory through neglect of American mothers in rearing their children!

Children of well-to-do intellectual people of to-day generally are given into the care of uneducated nurses.

Better training for horses than children

Few mothers deem it necessary to examine a nurse as to her mental qualifications. The nurse is hired to attend to the physical well-being of the child. All day long she teaches him repression, instead of expression, with her "Don't do this and don't do that." The eternal "don'ts" heard in many nurseries have tended to destroy mental growth. It is because of this repression in infancy among the children of the wealthy that so few of these children enter the life of scientific investigation and artistic creation.

A man who has a fine blooded horse does not give him into the hands of an ignorant stableman, but places him in the care of a man well informed as to the proper training of horses. How much more important the training of his child, and yet many an intelligent man sees his wife become a mother simply as a law of nature and after the child's birth allows him to be given into the charge of an ignorant nurse for the first six years of his young life, the very years when he needs the best training.

Many vicious traits in children can be traced to their

being left under the charge of careless hirelings who remained with the children simply
Vicious traits re- result of improper **early training** for filthy lucre and had no interest in the little ones' mental or moral growth. Bad tendencies were not uprooted, and like weeds, they grew into vicious habits destructive to a noble character.

There is no reason why a mother, who has means, should wear herself to a frazzle in taking sole care of her baby, but I believe that every mother should have the supervision of her baby's diet, bath, clothing and above all mental training. She should also be most careful in selecting a nurse to care for her treasure, being willing to sacrifice herself in many ways so as to get the best nurse that her purse can afford.

A child's disposition certainly depends greatly on the disposition and habits of those who care for it in infancy. I have often noticed that
Effect of smiles and frowns upon **babies** children nursed by disagreeable nurses reflect the cross expression of their caretakers on their own flexible faces. For this reason a cheerful nurse should always be selected and the mother should wear a smile when she enters the nursery. The spirit of childhood responds instantly to joybeams and whatever our troubles may be, we mothers should strive "To fold away our fears, and put by our foolish tears, and through all the coming years—*just be glad.*"

Not alone should the mother smile on her baby, but she should place him in an atmosphere of sunshine.

Environment

The Japanese believe that by being surrounded by beautiful things a child may be made beautiful. The Greeks believed that beauty could be given to a child by its mother gazing on objects of beauty before its birth and some of the old philosophers cite examples of ugly deformed men and women who became parents to handsome children through beautiful environment.

There seems to be truth in the theory, since living in filth and squalor tends to make the occupants of such surroundings as ugly as their environment, while being surrounded by things of beauty makes one more happy and content, driving away lines of sorrow and disgust caused by ugliness.

A child is a mass of impressions and experiences derived from millions of ancestors and not an animated vegetable as some scientists would have us believe. I believe that he is susceptible to environment from the moment of his birth and that true education is a constant development from the first breath of life to the last.

When a baby is expected in the home, the best room should be prepared for his arrival, e'en though it be the time-honored guest chamber.

Preparing the nursery

It is not necessary to expend large sums of money in making this nest cozy and attractive. Simplicity and good taste with an eye to hygienic conditions will make it ideal. Green tinted walls are restful to baby's eyes and white woodwork is attractive as well as the emblem of purity.

He should have a white enameled bed with a good mattress covered with rubber sheeting, and a soft eiderdown quilt to cover him, instead of heavy blankets which make him feel tired rather than refreshed after slumber. The floor should be stained and covered with one or two small rugs matching the walls. A carpet should never be used in a nursery.

If possible this nursery should open on a screened porch where the little one can spend most of his time in the open. Fresh air is nature's gift to all her children, but as we march along the path of civilization we have spurned this gift more and more and thus become inferior in physique to our savage ancestors.

On the nursery walls hang a few good pictures, copies of great paintings, but highly colored, as babies do not at first notice dull colors. Place copies of great works of sculpture on the table, dresser or mantel. Plaster of Paris copies may be obtained for a very small sum if you can not afford marble. Through these great works of man the little one's perceptions of light and color may be developed and he may have a taste for the beautiful cultivated unconsciously.

A writer in *The New Statesman* recently complained that everything is getting uglier and uglier.

Are we growing uglier? He thinks that women wear hideous caps instead of pretty bonnets, ungraceful gowns and still worse-looking boots. He also says that a home has an expression just as a face and he considers all modern homes lacking in the artistic beauty of ancient castles. "In fact," he says,

"the world and its people are getting uglier each year."

Let us hope that he is mistaken. But to prevent such a blemish of lovely Mother Earth's appearance let each mother seek to make the world better and more beautiful by placing her little one in an environment to cultivate beauty, since environment as well as heredity is truly the mother of us all.

A great educator of to-day says that our vital need is enlightened motherhood. He believes that first les-

Enlightened	sons in book knowledge should be
motherhood our	given to all children by their
vital need	mothers just as the little ones re-

ceive nourishment from the mother's breast.

Herbert Spencer did not believe that only certain persons should be teachers, but all. He says: "A

All should be	knowledge of the right methods of
teachers	juvenile culture, physical, mental

and moral, is a knowledge second to none in importance. This topic should occupy the highest and last place in the course of instruction passed through by each man and woman."

A mother can certainly have no greater purpose in life than to educate her child and at an intelligent

Greatest purpose	mother's knee the little one can
to educate a child	learn education's true aim which,

as William James has said, is "to see the good in life."

It may be difficult for some mothers to begin teaching, but if they persevere and try to improve themselves each day new thoughts and plans will come to

their minds which will be especially adapted to the instruction of their children. When children go to school, mothers should cooperate with the teachers in helping to educate their little ones.

The Chinese were the first people to make collections of facts and give them to pupils in general schools, but they did not advance in civilization because the mothers were kept in total ignorance and only men received instruction. They realized that men without knowledge were "dark, dark like walking in the night," but they did not see that in order to have brilliant men they must have wise mothers. Since these people have awakened to the idea that like mother like son, and are spreading knowledge to both girls and boys, they are making vast strides.

No child can attain strength and success merely through the acquisition of knowledge without the foundation of right principles which should be laid by a loving mother's hands. How few people realize that "The destiny of nations lies far more in the hands of women—the mothers—than in the hands of those who possess power. We must cultivate women who are the educators of the human race, else a new generation can not accomplish its task." Thus spoke Froebel, who has done so much to make the pathway to knowledge a path of joy.

Upon the home depends the prosperity of any country, and woman is the home maker. The irritable,

Prosperity of a country depends upon the homes faultfinding mother who lays aside her cloak of courtesy when she enters the home and lets out all the disagreeable thought demons, generally has children of the same pattern. Such mothers drive children from home and furnish occupants for prisons and asylums.

The true mother rises above annoyances, vexations and troubles, meeting them with calm cheerful thoughts, and keeping a smile to brighten the home.

Upon early home training depends happiness in old age Happy the child who is led by his mother, in the environment of a glad-hearted home, toward the highest mental, physical and moral development: and happy the mother when she fulfils her highest vocation in becoming her child's

teacher and leader. But mothers must remember that they can not begin too early in this guidanceship. It is not the moral principles or the knowledge gained in middle life that will remain with our children in old age, but the principles instilled into them in childhood.

Let us, therefore, fill our children's minds with beautiful thoughts while they are still in the cradle, and in the evening of life they will bless us for this knowledge, which will comfort them as they stand by the "massive gateway" waiting to pass into the world beyond, where they may drink deep at the *source* of all knowledge—that of *Everlasting Truth*.

HELPFUL LITERATURE

HELPFUL LITERATURE

I. MAGAZINES FOR CHILDREN

American Boy, Boys' Magazine, Boy Life, Children's Magazine, Children's Star Magazine, Cassell's Little Folks, Little Chronicle, Newsboys' Magazine, Our Boys, Our Junior Citizens, St. Nicholas, The Boys' World, Uncle Remus' Magazine, Youth's Companion, Youth's World.

II. MAGAZINES FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS

American Motherhood, Child Welfare, Child Lore, Education, Journal of Education, Primary Education, School and Home, School Arts Book, School Journal, The Teacher, Teachers' Magazine, Child Study, Kindergarten Magazine, Kindergarten Review, Baby Magazine, Mothers' Magazine, American Educational Review, American Primary Teacher, American Journal of Education, Educational Foundations, Manual Training Magazine, Musical Observer, Nature Magazine, Work with Boys, Bird Lore, Craftsman, Guide to Nature.

III. BOOKS WHICH HAVE HELPED WINIFRED

Abbott: *Days Out of Doors.*
Abbott: *Heroes of the Nations.*
Alcott: *Flower Fables.*
Alcott: *Little Men.*

Alcott: *Little Women*.

Alcott: *Old Fashioned Girl*.

Andersen: *Fairy Tales*.

Atkinson: *Greyfriar's Bobby*.

Bacon: *Operas Every Child Should Know*.

Baker: *Wild Beasts and Their Ways*.

Ball: *The Story of the Heavens*.

Baring-Gould: *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.

Baring-Gould: *The Crock of Gold*.

Baskett: *The Story of the Fishes*.

Bates: *The Naturalist on the River Amazon*.

Beard: *Jack of all Trades*.

Bignell: *A Quintette of Gray Coats*.

Bonney: *Volcanoes*.

Books of the *After School Library*, published by the
American Institute of Child Life.

Books of *The Book of Knowledge*, published by the
Grolier Society.

Books of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific
Circle.

Brassey: *Voyages in the Sunbeam*.

Brooks: *Historic Girls*.

Brown: *Rab and His Friends*.

Bryant: *Poems*.

Bulfinch: *Age of Fable or Beauties of Mythology*.

Bulfinch: *The Age of Chivalry*.

Bullen: *Denizens of the Great Deep*.

Bunce: *Fairy Tales: Their Origin and Meaning*.

Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Burns: *Poems*.

Burroughs: *Squirrels and other Fur-Bearers*.

Burroughs: *Wake Robin*.

Burt: *One Syllable Histories*.

Butterworth: *Story of Magelland*.

Byron: *Childe Harold*.

Carmen Sylva: *A Real Queen's Fairy Tales.*
 Carpenter: *The Story of Frederick the Great.*
 Cervantes: *Don Quixote.*
 Chaucer: *Canterbury Tales.*
 Comstock: *Insect Life.*
 Coussens: *Poems Children Love.*
 Crane: *Italian Popular Tales.*
 Curtin: *Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians.*

Damon: *Ocean Wonders.*
 Darwin: *A Naturalist's Voyage.*
 Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe.*
 Dickens: *David Copperfield.*
 Dickens: *Nicholas Nickelby.*
 Dickens: *Old Curiosity Shop.*
 Dodge: *Julius Cæsar.*
 Dopp: *The Early Cave Men.*
 Dopp: *The Hut Dwellers.*
 Dopp: *The Later Cave Men.*
 Dopp: *The Tree Dwellers.*
 Du Chaillu: *The Land of the Midnight Sun.*

Eckstrom: *The Bird Book.*
 Emerton: *Spiders.*
 Ewing: *The Brownies.*

Field and Cram: *Little Beasts of Wood and Field.*
 Field: *Verse.*
 Fisk: *Myths and Myth Makers.*
 Foa: *Boy Life of Napoleon.*
 Foster and Cummings: *Asgard Stories.*
 Fouqué: *Undine.*

Garrett: *King Arthur and His Court.*
 Geikie: *Geology.*
 Gibson: *Blossom Hosts and Insect Guests.*

Gibson: *Sharp Eyes*.
Golding: *Boy Travelers Through Africa*.
Goodrich: *Rome*.
Grimm: *Fairy Tales*.
Grinnel: *Blackfoot Lodge Tales*.
Guilleman: *Wonders of the Moon*.

Hall: *Heroes of Our Revolution*.
Hawthorn: *Tangle Wood Tales*.
Holder: *The Ivory King*.
Holder: *Along the Florida Reefs*.
Holland: *The Mother Book*.
Holmes: *Poetical Works*.
Homer: *The Iliad*.
Homer: *The Odyssey*.
Hornaday: *American Natural History*.
Hornbrook: *Concrete Geometry*.
Hornbrook: *Grammar School Arithmetic*.
Hornbrook: *Primary Arithmetic*.
Howard: *The Insect Book*.

Ingelow: *Fairy Stories*.
Ingelow: *Poems of Old Days and New*.
Irving: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

Jacobs: *Indian Fairy Tales*.
Johnson: *Among English Hedgerows*.
Johnson: *Little Folks' Book of Verse*.
Johnson: *Livingston and Central Africa*.
Johnson: *The Elm Tree Fairy Book*.
Johnson: *The Fir Tree Fairy Book*.
Johnson: *The Oak Tree Fairy Book*.

Kaufman: *Our Young Folks' Plutarch*.
Keightley: *Fairy Mythology*.
Kingsley: *The Greek Heroes*.

Kingsley: *The Water Babies.*
 Kipling: *The Jungle Books.*
 Kipling: *Wee Willie Winkie Tales.*
 Knox: *Horse Stories.*
 Knox: *Marco Polo for Boys and Girls.*

Lamb: *Tales from Shakespeare.*
 Lang: *The Arabian Nights.*
 Lang: *The Green Fairy Book.*
 Lang: *The Red Fairy Book.*
 Lang: *The Yellow Fairy Book.*
 Lear: *Nonsense Books.*
 Longfellow: *Poems.*
 Lover: *Legends and Stories of Ireland.*
 Luken: *The Boy Engineers.*
 Lytton: *Last Days of Pompeii.*

Macomber: *Stories of Great Inventors.*
 Manning: *Heroes of the Desert.*
 McKnight: *Captain Jack the Scout.*
 Miller: *Four Handed Folk.*
 Miller: *Little Brothers of the Air.*
 Mix: *Mighty Animals.*
 Morgan: *Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man.*

Naake: *Slavonic Fairy Tales.*
 Neill: *The Robber Kitten.*
 Neill: *Three Little Pigs.*
 Nesbit: *Royal Children of English History.*
 Noyes: *The Enchanted Island.*
 Noyes: *The Flowers of Old Japan.*

O'Shea: *Old World Wonders.*
 O'Shea: *Six Nursery Classics.*
 Ouida: *Dog of Flanders.*
 Owen: *Herpines of History.*

Pasteur: *Gods and Heroes of Old Japan.*

Patterson: *Pussy Meow.*

Peary: *Children of the Arctic by the Snow Baby and Her Mother.*

Peeps at Many Lands Series, published by Adam and Charles Black.

Perdue and Griswold: *Language Through Nature, Literature and Art.*

Poe: *Poetical Works.*

Poe: *The Gold Bug.*

Porter: *Wild Beasts.*

Potter: *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny.*

Potter: *The Tale of Mr. Jeremy Fisher.*

Potter: *The Tale of Peter Rabbit.*

Potter: *The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin.*

Proctor: *Other Worlds than Ours.*

Reid: *Cliff Climber.*

Riley: *Child Rhymes.*

Roosevelt and Lodge: *Hero Tales from American History.*

Saintine: *Myths of the Rhine.*

Seton: *The Biography of a Grizzly.*

Sewell: *Black Beauty.*

Scott: *Ivanhoe.*

Scott: *Kenilworth.*

Scott: *Poetical Works.*

Scott: *Rob Roy.*

Smith: *Plants and Their Children.*

Smith: *Tales and Stories from Spenser's Faerie Queene.*

Southey: *Chronicles of the Cid.*

Spyri: *Heidi* (Winifred's favorite book).

Stevenson: *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

- Stevenson: *Poems.*
 Stevenson: *Travels With a Donkey.*
 Stevenson: *Treasure Island.*
 Stockton: *The Floating Prince.*
 Stoddard: *Lectures.*
 Swift: *Gulliver's Travels.*
- Tappan: *Robin Hood: His Book.*
- Velvin: *Wild Animal Celebrities.*
 Verne: *Explorations of the World.*
 Verne: *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.*
 Vincent: *The Land of the White Elephant.*
- Wahlenberg: *Swedish Fairy Tales.*
 Warren: *Stories From English History.*
 Whittier: *Works.*
 Wiggin and Smith: *Magic Casements.*
 Wiggin and Smith: *Tales of Laughter.*
 Wiggin: *The Birds' Christmas Carol.*
 Wood: *Nature and Her Servants.*
- Yonge: *Patriots of Palestine.*
 Yonge: *The Book of Golden Deeds.*
 Yonge: *Young People's History of France.*
 Young: *Manual of Astronomy.*

IV. EDUCATIONAL BOOKS WHICH HAVE HELPED ME

- Adler: *Moral Instruction of Children.*
 Aiken: *Methods of Mind Training.*
- Baer: *Physical Education.*

- Baldwin: *Mental Development.*
Bancroft: *School Gymnastics.*
Barnes: *The Historic Sense Among Children.*
Beard: *How to Amuse Yourself and Others.*
Beard: *What to Do and How to Do It.*
Beecher: *Popular Amusements.*
Berle: *The School in the Home.*
Betz: *Popular Gymnastics.*
Birney: *Childhood.*
Bolton: *Principles of Education.*
Bradford: *Heredity and Education.*
Browning: *Educational Theories.*
Burrell: *The Mothers' Book.*
Butler: *Meaning of Education.*
- Call: *Power Through Repose.*
Chamberlain: *The Child.*
Champlin: *Cyclopedia of Games and Sports.*
Christopher and Smedley: *Reports on Child Study.*
Colim: *The Learning Process.*
Compayre: *Intellectual and Moral Development of the Child.*
- Drayton: *A Brief Course in the Teaching Process.*
- Earhart: *Teaching Children to Study.*
Emerson: *Manners.*
Emerson: *Physical Culture.*
- Forbush: *The Boy Problem.*
Forel: *Nervous and Mental Hygiene.*
Froebel: *Education of Man.*
Froebel: *Reminiscences.*
- Graves: *Great Educators of Three Centuries.*

Green: *Memory and Its Cultivation.*

Groos: *The Play of Man.*

Groos: *The Play of Animals.*

Harrison: *A Study of Child Nature.*

Harrison: *Use and Misuse of Books.*

Haskell: *Child Observations.*

Henderson: *Education and the Larger Life.*

Hogan: *A Study of a Child.*

Hopkins: *How Shall My Child be Taught?*

Hopkins: *Motherhood.*

Huey: *The Psychology of Reading.*

Hutchinson: *Food and Dietics.*

James: *Pragmatism.*

James: *The Principles of Psychology.*

Johnson: *Education by Plays and Games.*

Kay: *Memory, What it is and How to Improve it.*

Kephart: *Camping and Woodcraft.*

Kidd: *Savage Childhood.*

Kirkpatrick: *Fundamentals of Child Study.*

Larkin: *Within the Mind Maze.*

Lindsley: *Health in the Home.*

Mabie: *Books of Culture.*

Matteson: *Notes on the Early Training of Children.*

Montaigne: *The Education of Children.*

Moore: *The Mental Development of the Child.*

Nutt: *Health and Hygiene for the Household.*

Oppenheim: *The Development of the Child.*

O'Shea: *Aspects of Mental Economy.*

O'Shea: *Dynamic Factors in Education.*

O'Shea: *Education as Adjustment.*

- O'Shea: *Everyday Problems in Teaching.*
O'Shea: *Linguistic Development and Education.*
O'Shea: *Social Development and Education.*
Otis: *At Mother's Knee.*
Pestalozzi: *How Gertrude Teaches Her Children.*
Pestalozzi: *Leonard and Gertrude.*
Poulessen: *In the Child's World.*
Preyer: *The Mind of the Child.*
Proudfoot: *Mothers' Ideals.*
- Richter: *Levana.*
Ross: *Social Control.*
Rousseau: *Émile.*
Rowe: *The Physical Nature of the Child.*
- Sargent: *Health, Strength, and Power.*
Schmucker: *The Study of Nature.*
Scott: *Social Education.*
Sharp: *Some Aims of Education.*
Shinn: *The Biography of a Baby.*
Shinn: *Notes on the Development of a Child.*
Sidis: *Psychology of Suggestion.*
Sisson: *The Essentials of Character.*
Small: *The Suggestibility of Children.*
Spencer: *Education—Intellectual, Moral and Physical.*
Spencer: *Essay on Education.*
Stonewood: *Gymnastic Stories and Plays for Primary Schools.*
Stranger: *A Brief Course in the Teaching Process.*
Sully: *Children's Ways.*
Sully: *Studies of Childhood.*
- Thorndyke: *Notes on Child Study.*
Tracy: *Psychology of Childhood.*

Wells: *Three Years With a Child.*

White: *Book of Games.*

Wiggin: *Children's Rights.*

Winterburn: *Nursery Ethics.*

Wright: *Maxims of Health.*

INDEX

INDEX

- ALLEN, DAPHNE, precocity of, 10.
ALPHABET, learning the, 43.
AMUSEMENT: best in reading good books, 171; not dangerous, 239.
ANAGRAMS, 60.
ANATOMY, easy way to learn, 105.
ANNIVERSARIES, celebrating, 176.
AQUARIUMS, visits to, 85.
ARITHMETIC: games, 130; historic data concerning, 144; not interesting, 128; Winifred's method of teaching, 141.
ART, learning in the cradle, 18.
ASTRONOMY, study of develops imagination, 187.
ATMOSPHERE, of love and cheer, 251.
AUDUBON, walking in the paths trod by, 71.
- BABY TALK, harm done by, 27.
BALL, heritage of every baby, 25.
BALLOON, best first toy, 24.
BATH, games in the, 252.
BEE-HIVES, a game, 60.
BEETLES, learning about, 73.
BERLE: children, 10; Professor A. A. on ideas of education, 11; in teaching five-syllable words, 27.
BIOLOGY, poor substitute for fairy lore, 178.
BIRTHDAYS, celebration of, 176.
BISMARCK'S regrets, 59.
BOOKS: influence of, 48; in teaching Winifred, 48; scrap, 49.
BOTANY, interesting way to learn, 70.
BOX, a gift, 160.
BOYS, need color perception training, 21.
BROAD-MINDEDNESS, 237.
BURBANK, LUTHER, on nature as a teacher, 76.
BUTTON BOX, a, 159.

- CADE, BYRON, precocity of, 10.
CAMP-FIRE GIRLS, 87.
CANCELATION: interesting game, 143; short route, 142.
CHILDREN, made into puppets, 239.
CHANCE, games of, 157.
CHART: to learn even numbers, 132; to learn odd numbers, 132; to learn Roman numbers, 145; to make children good, 221.
CHESTERFIELD, LORD, on manners, 205.
CHESS, Winifred's favorite game, 175.
CHINESE, advancement, 271.
CICERO'S ORATIONS, 119.
CLOTHING, improper, 262.
CLUBS, social, 170.
COLOR BLINDNESS, 21.
COMIC SUPPLEMENTS, harm done by, 19.
COMPOUND INTEREST, 140.
COMPUTER, Japanese, 134.
CONCENTRATION, 15.
CONFUCIUS, precocity of, 4.
CONTROL, of muscles, 158.
CORDELIA, voice, 54.
CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, 211.
CRONAN, MRS. MARY V., opinions of story-telling, 176.
CRY BABY, trying not to be, 235.
- DANCE, learning to, 55.
DANCING, opinion of Doctor G. Stanley Hall on, 55.
DEFINITIONS, Winifred has never learned, 93.
DESTINY OF NATIONS, in hands of mothers, 258.
DICE, learning to add by throwing, 130.
DISCIPLINARIANS, the fairies as, 182.
DOLL-HOUSE BOOK, 173.
- ECONOMY, in labor, 164.
EDUCATION: founded, 258; four factors, 111.
ENGLISH, learning first, 28.
ENVIRONMENT, Japanese and Greek, 268.
ERATOSTHENES, sieve of, 136.
ESPERANTO: at Chautauqua, N. Y., 33; diploma received, 32; help in learning geography, 35; help in learning other languages, 32; learning in cradle, 31; Mother Goose, 38; Winifred teaching, 38.
ETERNAL DON'TS, 223.

- ETYMOLOGY, interesting way to study, 114.
 EUGENICS: defined, 260; making better citizens, 259.
- FACTORS, of education, 111.
 FACTS: in nutshells, 95; in jingles, 100.
 FAIRIES: as disciplinarians, 182; in our homes, 179-181; when banished, 179.
 FAIRY IMAGINATION, what she does for us, 192.
 FAIRY REARED CHILDREN, 181.
 FASHION JUGGERNAUT, 262.
 FEAR: effect of, 261; caused by physical conditions, 234; of God, 235; of parents, 235.
 FOOD STUFFS, gaining knowledge of, 137.
 FOREIGNERS, correspondence with, 94.
 FOREST, king of, 80.
 FOURTH DIMENSION, the, 9.
 FREDERICK THE GREAT, precocity of, 4.
- GAMES: a hundred verses from a hundred poets, 165; anagrams, 48; with cards, 166; with money, 160; geography, 92; bee-hives, 60; making rhymes, 60; for sense development, 153; to learn colors, 156; of chance, 157; two step, three step, 132; knights, 134; witch, to learn odd and even numbers, 135; practical, to learn weights, measures, etc., 136; finding notes, 51; grammar, 122; in arithmetic, 130; rhythm, 52; with xylophone, 52; rhythmic dances, 52; flags, 109; finding babies, 114; Latin tag, 119; bath, 252.
 GARDEN, for every child, 163.
 GARIBALDI, precocity of, 5
 GENIUS: defined, 209; temperamental and intellectual, 2; insanity, 3.
 GIANT ARITHMOS, 138.
 GIANTS, five good, 126.
 GIRLS, playing with boys, 162.
 GLAD DAY, Sabbath, 174.
 GOETHE, precocity of, 5.
 GOOD CLOTHES, 228.
 GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS, destroy castles and hopes, 185.
 GOOD LIVING, depends on liver, 248.
 GRAMMAR: games to learn, 122; by simple rule, 122; why people use bad, 122.
 GREAT MEN: inferior sons, 258; homes of, 109; precocity of, 4; strong in body and mind, 250.

GRICE, MRS. MARY V., on nature as an educator, 77.

GROS, PROFESSOR RAYMOND, methods of, 119.

GYMNASIUM, in the home, 255.

HALL, DR. G. STANLEY, on dancing, 55.

HANNIBAL, precocity of, 4.

HAPPINESS, made by imagination, 178.

HARDY, EDWARD, linguist, 10.

HAWAIIANS, never tone-deaf, 54.

HEALTH, first of all, 245.

HELPFUL LITERATURE, 275, 284.

HINDU, story of a foolish, 13.

HOLLAND, a day in, 89.

HOLMES, OLIVER W., on a lie, 206.

HOME, most attractive, 242.

HORN BROOK, PROFESSOR A. R.: concrete geometry, 146; comes to rescue, 129.

HORSES, some receive better training than children, 266.

HUXLEY, precocity of, 5.

HYSTERIA, Dr. John B. Murphy on, 211.

IDEAS OF EDUCATION: Berle, Professor A. A., 10; Burbank, Luther, 76; Grice, Mrs. Mary V., 77; Gros, Professor Raymond, 119; Hornbrook, Professor A. R., 129; James, Professor William, 41; O'Shea, Professor M. V., 50; Sidis, Dr. Boris, 8; Spencer, Herbert, 9; Thomson, Professor James, 6; Witte, Reverend Karl, 7.

IMAGINATION, 177.

KANT, IMMANUEL, precocity of, 5.

KELVIN, LORD, precocity of, 6.

KING, of forest, 80.

KNIGHT, a young, 203.

KNIGHTS, and ladies, 200.

KNOWLEDGE: gaining practical, 124; gaining while teaching, 90.

LAMPOONS, Greek and Latin, 4.

LANGUAGES: best time to learn, 27; developing reasoning powers, 111.

LANDSEER, EDWIN, precocity of, 4.

LATIN: as taught in schools, 112; object of learning, 113; Prussian method, 113; natural method, 114.

LEARNING: names of bones, 105; to read, 48.

- LEGUMINOTHERAPISTS, 246.
 LETTERS, writing real, 67.
 LIBRARY, each child have a, 49.
 LIES, are white lies excusable?, 206.
 LIFE, allotted, 256.
 LITERATURE, characters in, 108.
- MACLOSIE, PROFESSOR GEORGE, at Chautauqua, N. Y., 33.
- MAN, is what he eats, 246.
 MANNERS, need of, 201; Lord Chesterfield on, 205.
 MELODIES, as exercises, 57.
 MEMORY OF BABYHOOD DAYS, 17.
 MILL, JOHN STUART, precocity of, 5.
 MILTON, JOHN, precocity of, 4.
 MODELINE, as an educator, 91.
 MODERATION, 3.
 MONEY, playing with real, 139.
 MONTESSORI SYSTEM, does not develop imagination, 190.
 MOTHERS: builders of next generation, 258; to play with children, 163; to take interest in child's hobbies, 168.
 MOZART, WOLFGANG, precocity of, 4.
 MUD PIES, danger in, 167.
 MURPHY, DR. JOHN B., the mother and hysteria, 211.
 MUSCLES, control of, 158.
 MUSIC: as amusement, 168; interesting ways to learn, 57; in pattering rain, 53; what we gain through, 58; why we should all study, 58.
 MYTHOLOGY, use of, 86.
- NEVERS, THE TEN: 1. Never give corporal punishment, 211; 2. Never scold, 215; 3. Never say "Don't," 223; 4. Never say "Must," 225; 5. Never allow a child to lose respect of self or of parents, 226; 6. Never frighten a child, 232; 7. Never allow a child to say "I can't," 237; 8. Never refuse to answer a child's questions, 240; 9. Never tease a child, 241; 10. Never allow any other place to become more attractive than home; 242.
- NUMBERS, chart to learn odd and even, 132.
 NURSERY, preparing the, 268.
- OAK, story of, 80; the wishing, 82.
 OAKS: largest, 81; most famous, 81; their uses, 81.
 OBJECTS, of educational value, 18.

- OBSERVATION, 13.
OCCUPATION, keeping baby busy, 25.
ODE TO SOLITUDE, 4.
O'SHEA, PROFESSOR M. V., on reading, 50.
OUTINGS, fund for, 75.
- PARENTS, to be knightly, 195.
PATRINO ANSERINO, 37.
PEACE LEAGUE, the Junior, 35.
PEN, mechanical instrument, 65.
PETS, for playmates, 167.
PICTURES, moving, 153.
PLAY: chief end of man, 151; for a purpose, 41; learning science through nature, 87.
PLAYING: in sand, 88; with a globe, 88.
POETRY, effect of classic, 16.
POPE, ALEXANDER, precocity of, 4.
PRAYERS, no set, 236.
PRECOCITY, of great men, 4.
PREDICTION, a dire, 34.
PROMISES, unfulfilled, 220.
PUNISHMENT: corporal, 211; through consequences, 218.
- QUALITY, not quantity, 263.
- READING, for a purpose, 49.
REFORMATORIES, nature saves children from, 75.
RESPECT: for property of others, 231; of person, 229.
RHYTHM AND TONE, gaining ideas of, 51.
RHYTHMIC DANCES, 52.
ROD, the religious belief in, 212.
- SABBATH, the glad day, 174.
SAINT-SAENS, precocity of, 4.
SALVATION, dependent on imagination, 193.
SAND, an educator, 88.
SELF-CONTROL, one of the first twigs to bend, 198.
SELF-RESPECT, never allow a child to lose, 210.
SENSE: development, 15; dramatic, 152.
SENSES, to be developed, 17.
SIDIS, DR. BORIS, ideas of education, 9.
SIDIS, WILLIAM JAMES, precocity of, 9.
SIEVE, of Eratosthenes, 136.
SMILES, effect of, 249.

- SONG, a bony, 105.
 SOUND, developing, 17.
 SPELLING: learned through games, 60; learned through rhymes, 61; learned by using typewriter, 62.
 SPENCER, HERBERT: intellectual genius, 2; on self-control, 211.
 SPIDERS: a lecture on, 73; compared with insects, 74.
 STORIES: acting out, 97; education through, 97; ants, bees, etc., 72; strange plants, 79; to be told rather than read, 100.
 STORY OF LOUIS XV, 249.
 STORY-TELLING, 175.
 SURROUNDINGS: becoming acquainted with, 18; effect of change in, 26.

 THEATER, stimulates the imagination, 183.
 THOUGHTS AS LIFE COMPANIONS, 234.
 TITANIA'S HOME, 183.
 TOLSTOI, learning Esperanto, 32.
 TOYS, mechanical, 184.
 TREASURE BOX, 159.
 TYPEWRITER: good fairy, 63; to take place of pen, 64.

 UNSELFISHNESS, 208.

 VARIETY, in playmates, 161.
 VERB, life of sentence, 117.
 VERGIL, a baby pacifier, 16.
 VILLAIN, no great nature lover, a, 74.
 VILLIERS-STUART, FITZGERALD, precocity of, 10.
 VIOLIN, first lessons on, 58.
 VOICES, Cordelia-like, 54.

 WEAKLINGS, made by fear, 232.
 WHISTLING, 170.
 WIENER, NORBERT, precocity of, 8.
 WITTE, PASTOR, teaching his son, 69.
 WOMEN, slovenly, 228.
 WORD BUILDING, 38.
 WORK AND PLAY, defined, 42.

 YOUTH, talents of great men in, 4.

 ZOOS, visits to, 85.

